

ARK

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1950

PRICE

6^d



£4000 in prizes — exciting new contest, see page 17

ENTER THE RINSO/LIFEBUOY

£6,000

Big Spring Double

3 BIG FIRST PRIZES

OF A 12 H.P.
VAUXHALL SEDAN



See how the prizes double up!

- 3 VAUXHALL 12 H.P. SEDANS
- 6 MALVERN STAR REFRIGERATORS
- 12 SIMPSON WASHING MACHINES
- 24 HOTPOINT VACUUM CLEANERS
- 48 SUNBEAM MIXMASTERS
- 96 HAWKINS PRESSURE COOKERS
- 192 HOTPOINT ELECTRIC IRONS

381 prizes in all

GET FREE ENTRY FORM
FROM YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE

Free entry - easy to win

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Get a free entry form from your usual chemist or store. It contains the rules which govern this contest... but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started.
2. Study the six facts about Rinso listed below and ask yourself which fact appeals to you most. Put the figure 1 in the square beside it. Place the figure 2 against the fact which appeals to you next, and so on, down the whole list of Rinso points until you have placed them all in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6. Then do exactly the same for the facts about Lifebuoy, putting them in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6.
3. Complete the sentence about Lifebuoy using no more than an additional 12 words.

DO NOT SEND IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT but use the official entry form, obtainable from your chemist or store, and post to "Rinso/Lifebuoy Spring Double Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE RINSO FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Rinso saves work in the kitchen as well as in the laundry.
- ☐ Rinso has magic in its thicker, richer suds.
- ☐ Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world.
- ☐ Rinso gets greasy dishes sparkling in a jiffy.
- ☐ Rinso washes whiter and brighter than brand new.
- ☐ Rinso is best for everything.

THE LIFEBUOY FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather contains a special health ingredient.
- ☐ Lifebuoy protects kiddies from the dangers in dirt.
- ☐ Lifebuoy has a new, refreshing fragrance.
- ☐ Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts.
- ☐ Lifebuoy helps you make friends.
- ☐ Lifebuoy gives all-over protection that lasts all day.

I always use New Refined Lifebuoy because

(complete this sentence in no more than 12 words.)

Contest closes Oct. 19th. 1950

CORRECT ORDER OF PLACING
AND MAJOR PRIZEWINNERS
WILL BE ANNOUNCED
ON AUSTRALIA'S
AMATEUR HOUR
NOVEMBER 16TH



FALL

of a

Star

19 SEP 1950

By

MONICA
EWER

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with the show from the start. Warren Lancaster had never even been sure that he liked the play. He had refused to open in London, or indeed any place where there was a risk of publicity, so that Sunday found the company in a small theatre in a small town.

The company, though cloyingly polite, were not pleased. Not that Warren cared. People no longer mattered much to him. In five years of rising to stardom he had discovered the penalty of success. You lost your real friends. Everyone who approached you had an axe to grind.

With his stage manager, Clem Monk, Warren had gone straight to the theatre from the train. There was a tricky leap in the first act and he wanted to try it before rehearsal. The stage carpenter erected what would ultimately look like a parapet and Warren jumped, as he had many times before, and this time crashed unconscious on the stage.

The next few hours were a series of blurred impressions. Warren knew only that he couldn't use his left arm, that he couldn't draw an easy breath, and that Clem had to put him into a car. Afterwards there was a country hospital and X-ray photographs and a shot of something while his arm was set and the ribs strapped.

After that he heard the surgeon say, "You've splintered the bone at the elbow, Mr. Lancaster, and you've cracked a couple of ribs. Afraid we'll have to keep you here for a few days."

Then he was in a wheel-chair and Clem was having an argument with the matron.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Monk, we haven't a private room free," she was saying.

"But Mr. Lancaster must have a private room."

The matron turned to Warren with the sort of smile to which he had become so accustomed. "You know we'd do anything for you, Mr. Lancaster," she cooed. "But both the private rooms are occupied."

He managed a smile. "That's all right, Matron, shove me anywhere you like."

Please turn to page 4

"Susan!" Warren exclaimed, astonished at the change in her. Everyone turned to see the stranger he was greeting.

ILLUSTRATED BY
LEONARD GREEN



LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL!



No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—needs no special rinses. It gives your hair a new silken sheen.

Reveal the natural beauty of your hair with NEW

Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO



NEW "WONDER-FOAM" LATHER
leaves hair clean—full of sheen

Here is a new kind of liquid shampoo with a new kind of lather—"WONDER-FOAM". "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo bursts into millions of tiny bubbles which penetrate so thoroughly, so gently. Now you can really clean away every speck of dirt and dandruff from your scalp as well as your hair.

No special rinses needed! "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed. It contains no soap or greasy oil, so cannot leave a dulling film over your hair. Perfect for normal, oily or dry hair.

Thrilling new highlights. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair clean, full of sheen . . . glistening and gleaming with thrilling new highlights. And does it the first time you use it.

Hair sets easier . . . Curls last longer. Your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier". Curls last and last, while every hair gleams with a new silken sheen.

NEW!



Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

PRICE 3/- PER BOTTLE

THEY screened off a bed for him in the far corner of the men's ward and a nurse shot something into his good arm. A merciful unconsciousness supervened.

When he woke he lay for a moment trying to remember what had happened. He heard people talking on the other side of the screen.

"You were late on your round again, Nurse Paterson, gossiping with the patients?"

A small crushed voice answered, "I'm sorry, Nurse Craddock."

"Now get the tea trolley."

Someone else had joined the group, a young voice too, but more self-assured. "What shall I do about Mr. Lancaster's tea, Nurse?"

"You can take it to him when he wakes."

"Oh, thank you, Nurse!"

Warren groaned inwardly. He didn't feel like a star, he felt like a rather miserable nobody and he wanted to forget for a while that he was a professional charmer. If he had an old mother, he thought, he would like her to nurse him. An old mother, Warren mused dreamily, anyone who didn't care a hoot about his position and cared a lot about himself.

A light, quick step—and a pretty dark-haired girl stood at the end of his bed.

"You're awake," she said eagerly. "I'll get your tea." She gave him what should have been a devastating smile before she went away. Really there was no rest from women. Even here the little probationer had to flaunt her charms.

A slightly squeaking trolley was rolled up to the bed opposite by a small, thin girl with pale gold hair wisping out from under her cap. The patient, an old man with a clown face, welcomed her with a grin.

She settled the old man's cup and plate on his locker, bending her head to listen to his eager talk. Then she glanced at the clock and moved away, turning back to smile at him.

Warren's attention was distracted at this moment by the arrival of his own dark-haired nurse with his tray. He glanced at it suspiciously. The old man opposite had two thick slices of bread, a helping of jam, and a piece of cake. But on Warren's tray were scones, wafer-thin sandwiches, and a slice of dark fruit-cake.

"Why am I the only one to get a tray?"

"Oh, Mr. Lancaster, that's how Matron has her tea. She wanted you to have exactly the same."

It would have been a relief to be rude, but all he said was, "Please thank Matron for me."

She hovered for a moment longer, but as he said no more she reluctantly went away to push another tea trolley. Warren amused himself watching the progress of the two nurses down the ward. Though the brunette had lost so much time with him, she ended five minutes ahead of the blonde.

Then they both came back with huge brown teapots for anyone who wanted a second cup. The little blonde would never get anywhere, Warren thought. She waited till the old man opposite had finished his first in comfort before she poured his second. The dark one made them hurry. She was the kind that would end up as a matron.

A few minutes later Clem reappeared with the news that the company had decided to go back to town. The London office was shattered on hearing of the accident. The newspapers would play up the story. Clem himself would stay till Warren was ready to leave.

"What good can you do here?"

Warren asked. "Get home to your family. I'll send for you if I need you. And don't let them make any

Fall of a Star

Continued from page 3

plans at the other end till I get back."

It would be rather nice, Warren thought, not to see old Clem for days, not to see any of the company, not to read any lines, or look at the box-office receipts. Nice to get out of that exclusive, exciting world for a while and be back among real people.

He slept again and when he woke the little blonde was coming towards him with a sheaf of telegrams.

"You must have a lot of thoughtful friends, Mr. Lancaster," she said.

"Nonsense. Just a theatrical convention."

She looked at him with soft, brown, innocent eyes. "We've got another actor here," she volunteered, indicating the old man in the bed opposite.

"He played with Henry Irving. He was one of the little princes in the Tower." She hesitated. "Would you—would you—"

He sighed. Now she was going to ask him to hear her little brother recite or give her sister an audition.

"Would I what?"

"I'll go and tell him and then—would you just wave to him—one actor to another?"

He nodded, amused. "First open these envelopes. A good nurse would have realised that I can't do it with one hand."

"I'm not a good nurse," she said gravely. "If I don't improve they won't keep me." She sighed. "It's the patients, you see."

"No, I don't."

"I shouldn't have mentioned it. Good nurses never talk about themselves. I'll go across and tell Mr. Browning."

A moment later she was talking to the old man, and when he looked

"Never forget to assure a woman that she is unlike any other woman in the world, which she will believe, after which you may proceed to deal with her as with any other woman in the world."

—D. B. Wyndham Lewis

eagerly across Warren raised his hand in salute and old Mr. Browning clasped both his over his head, his wrinkled face alight with excitement.

Funny little nurse, Warren thought drowsily; she hadn't had any of the usual reactions to his fame; she wasn't even impressed. He fell asleep.

At eleven o'clock on Monday morning, his funny little nurse came to him almost obscured by flowers, fruit, and books. Warren considered these tributes with horror. "For Pete's sake! Clem must have broken the news to all our dearest friends."

She ran a finger over the closed petals of a pink rose. "They're lovely," she said.

"You take them, if you like."

"Oh, could I—could I put them on the table in the middle of the ward? Then they could all see them."

"First take off the cards."

Before she could finish, the brunette probationer bustled up with a couple of huge glass vases. "I'll get a small table, Mr. Lancaster, then you can have them right next to you," she said.

"Like a corpse! No. Were putting them in the middle of the ward."

The dark one, forgetting her professional status, said, "Oh, Susan, you would!"

"I'm sorry, Verity, I thought—"

Warren interrupted. "Couldn't you girls eat those?" he asked, waving toward the three huge baskets of fruit.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lancaster," Verity gave a shocked giggle. "We want you to have them."

A crash on her side of the ward

sent Verity flying. Susan looked at Warren anxiously and a pink spot burned in either cheek. "Mr. Lancaster," she whispered, "could I have an apple for Terry?" She jerked her head toward a young boy half-way down the ward. "He's so nice and he has no people, and he rode a delivery bike and a truck crashed into him and—"

"Take the lot, Susan."

"No! Nurse Craddock would kill me. He can eat an apple when she isn't looking."

He studied her thoughtfully. "You're a subversive force. I was sorry for you when I heard that nurse scolding you, but now I know that she was right. Take the apple quickly."

"Oh thank you—thank you," she gasped.

He looked at the pile of books. "You haven't an eager reader on your list?"

Her cheeks were pinker than ever. "I wasn't going to ask—honest I wasn't!"

"Which do you think he'd like for a start?"

She put the apple in her apron pocket and read the titles. "This one."

"But how do you know?"

"It's a travel book. He used to—oh! They're coming!"

They were certainly coming—the doctor and matron were making their rounds. Susan flattened herself against the wall and crept around to the other side of the ward, while Warren listened to their suggestion that he should get up and sit in the sun in the matron's garden, and that his meals be brought to him in the matron's private sitting-room. They overruled his protests and five minutes later Nurse Craddock, in her masterful way, was getting him dressed.

"Now I'll come and show you the garden."

"Give me ten minutes, Nurse. I want a word with a fellow actor."

"Not that old fellow opposite! He'll talk your head off. Probably all he ever did was walk on with a stage army."

But it wasn't so, Warren took a chair by the old man's bed and listened enthralled to tales of the old times till Nurse Craddock firmly led him away.

Sitting in the matron's garden, eating in the matron's sitting-room, he felt like a child who had been dragged away from a party. His funny little nurse, little Susan, was probably getting herself into all sorts of hot water and he wasn't there to rescue her.

He was allowed back for his afternoon's rest, and he managed to stop for a word by Terry's bed.

"Hear you had a nasty accident."

"Susan tell you? She's a corker, isn't she? Thanks for the apple. You're awfully famous, aren't you? Something run into you, too?"

"No, I fell. Just born awkward. Can you eat chocolate?"

"Can a duck swim?"

"We'll see what can be done about it."

Nurse Craddock bore down upon them. "Now, Terry, you ought to be resting. Don't keep Mr. Lancaster standing there."

Warren turned to her. "I want to send a business telegram."

"I'll get you a form, Mr. Lancaster."

Later that day Clem Monk was surprised to read a wire which said: "Send me two pounds chocolate, two pounds mixed. Half a dozen good travel books. Doing fine. Lancaster."

Please turn to page 10

ILLUSTRATED
BY
KEITH
DALGLEISH



A TOWN LIKE ALICE

By
NEVIL SHUTE

Pointing to the bore, Pete told Jean, "When they can't get nothing sweeter, cattle will drink that."

JEAN PAGET was one of a party of women and children captured by the Japanese in Malaya during the war, then made to wander from village to village because there was no prison camp for them.

When JOE HARMAN, Australian prisoner-of-war, stole food to help them, the Japanese commander had him beaten and crucified. Later the women arranged to work in paddy fields at Kuala Telang.

After the war, when Jean inherits a large amount of money from her uncle, she returns to Kuala Telang to have a well built for the women. While there, she learns that Joe Harman did not die, and decides to go on to Australia to locate him.

Joe, meanwhile, is in England looking for Jean, but NOEL STRACHAN, elderly solicitor in charge of Jean's affairs, thinks it is unprofessional to tell him her movements. He encourages Joe to return to Australia.

Now read on:—

WHEN Jean Paget stepped down on the Darwin airport she was wildly and unreasonably happy. She landed after dark, but there was a hotel room already booked for her.

At the foot of the gangway there were three young men who scrutinised her care-

PART SEVEN OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

fully. At the time she took them for officials of the airport. It was only later that she found out that they were newspaper reporters.

One of them came up to her as soon as she was through the Customs; there had been nothing to make a story in this load of passengers. A happy-looking girl was a small dividend, however.

He said, "Miss Paget? The stewardess tells me that you're getting off here. Can I give you a lift into town? My name is Stuart Hopkinson; I represent the 'Sydney Monitor' up here."

He had a small car parked outside the hangar. They got in, chatting about the journey from Singapore. Presently he said, "You're English, aren't you, Miss Paget?" She agreed. "Would you like to tell me why you're visiting Australia?"

She laughed. "Not very much, Mr. Hopkinson. It's only something personal—it wouldn't make a story. Is this where I get out and walk?"

"You don't have to do that," he said. "It was just a thought."

"Would it help if I said that I thought Darwin was just wonderful? 'London Typist Thinks Darwin Wonderful!'"

"Is that what you are—a typist?"

She nodded.

"Come out to get married?"

"I don't think so."

He sighed. "I'm afraid you're not much good to me for a story."

"Tell me, Mr. Hopkinson," she said. "How do the buses go from here to Alice Springs? I want to go down there, and I haven't got much money, so I thought I'd go by bus. That's possible, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "One went this morning. You'll have to wait till Monday now; they don't run over the week-end."

"How long does it take?"

"Two days. You start on Monday, stop at Daly Waters Monday night and get in late on Tuesday. It's not too bad a journey, but it can be hot, you know."

He put her down at the hotel and carried her bag into the lobby for her. She was lucky in that overcrowded place to get a room to herself, with a balcony overlooking the harbor.

It was hot in Darwin, with a damp enervating heat. This was no novelty to her because she was accustomed to the tropics. She bolted the door, had a shower, and washed some things in the hand basin, then lay down to sleep with the bare minimum of covering.

She woke early next morning and lay for some time in the cool of the dawn considering her position. It was imperative to her that she should find Joe Harman and talk to him; at the same time, the meeting with Mr. Hopkinson had warned her that there were certain difficulties ahead.

However pleasant these young men might be, their duty was to get a story for their paper, and she had no desire whatever to figure in the headlines. "Girl flies from Britain to seek soldier crucified for her . . ." It would be far easier if she were a man.

However, she wasn't. She set to work to invent a story for herself, and finally decided that she was going out to Adelaide to stay with her sister. That seemed fairly safe.

She was travelling by way of Darwin and Alice Springs because a second-cousin called Joe Harman was supposed to be working there but hadn't written home for nine years, and her uncle wanted to know if he was still alive. From Alice she would take the train down to Adelaide.

Lying on her bed and cogitating this it seemed a pretty waterproof tale; when she got up and went downstairs for breakfast she decided to try it out on Stuart Hopkinson.

She got her chance that morning as he showed her the way to the bus booking office.

Please turn to page 22

Page 5

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950

Heel blister? Stick on a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID adhesive bandage—in packets 12 for 10d., 24 for 1/6—everywhere.

Styled for ACTION!



DUNLOP

"Volley" S.S.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

- ★ ACTION-GRIP HERRINGBONE SOLE
- ★ EXCLUSIVE "DUNLOPILLO" INSOLE



"Volley" S.S.

WITH BISCUIT COLOURED SOLE

FOR INDOOR COURTS
AND YACHTING



Your favourite store has the complete range of DUNLOP sport shoes

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INC. IN VIC.)

BABY SITTER

By
SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BOOTHROYD

THEY were lighthearted with anticipation. Phil was fixing his tie and declaiming: "To-night we live! To-night Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lenster are stepping out with gaiety and abandon! Also at great expense. Dinner at Arica's, with wine; third-row seats for the best musical in town; night-club undetermined but sure to clip the bank-roll."

He gave the tie a final tug.

"Not to mention an orchid for a lovely lady—my Emma, the queen of my heart!"

"Not to mention my new dress," Emma took up the refrain. "Zip me up the back, will you, darling? And your tux let out and pressed and cleaned and your new dress shirt and that large white carnation. But don't we look handsome!"

She whirled about, put her arm through his, and pulled him before the long mirror. Emma was small, pretty, capable; her hair-do was smooth and sleek; Phil was medium tall, squarish, a little slower than Emma, but obviously a solid character.

Emma blew him a kiss in the glass. "Hi, Mr. Lenster," she said, "this is our fifth anniversary—remember? We're old marrieds. Think we still know how to dance?" She stopped abruptly, listening: "I thought I heard Ann cough."

"Ann is sleeping like the good kid she is," said Phil, "and so is Bongo Phil, the wonder-boy. Please, honey, none of this momma-and-poppa stuff to-night. You worry too much. I wish that baby-sitter would come. I'm raring to go."

"I hope she'll be all right. She's a big girl, taller than I—"

"That doesn't make her very big."

"I only saw her for a couple of minutes at the school, but I thought she looked fairly bright." Emma was talking to convince herself.

"Anyway, that old sourpuss Miss Almey recommended her, and anybody Miss Almey recommends would have to pass an acid test, I'd say. And I had to check with the school nurse because I couldn't take a chance about her carrying germs or something."

"That was smart! Emma, you're gorgeous! I'm proud to be seen out with you."

"You're sweet," said Emma. "It's no wonder I love you! Oh, there's the bell. You let her in, darling. I'll be right along." She called after him, "Her name's Julia Topping."

She heard Phil's voice as she went down the hall and when she went in he was helping the girl off with her coat and she was obviously not accustomed to such attention.

"Good evening, Julia," said Emma. "It's nice of you to be so prompt."

Julia was a gangling 15-year-old with a long blank face. Her brown hair was curled in front in an amateurish way.

She had pulled in her full skirt with a wide red belt and her thin arms hung out of a cheap short-sleeved blouse; her feet were cramped into high-heeled pumps.

"Good evening, Mrs. Lenster," she half-whispered. Her eyes dwelt on Emma's gala appearance hungrily.

"Now you understand, Julia," went on Emma. "Mr. Lenster and I will be

"You needn't worry about the money. Just try to look after Julia and be more sympathetic," Emma said.

out rather late, but Mr. Lenster will take you home and if you get too sleepy there's a couch in the nursery. Come along and I'll show you."

Julia followed her, stumbling a little on her high heels. At the door of the nursery Emma put her finger on her lip and then turned on a shaded light.

"Here they are," she said, dotingly. "Little Phil's almost three—he's over there. This is Ann, she's just eight months. They're very good, they usually sleep straight through, but if they do wake up give them a very small drink of water and talk to them quietly and turn out the light. Keep them covered and if they twist about and get outside, put them straight very gently. You've done this sort of thing before, I suppose."

She pulled the covers over the children with caressing fingers, fingeringly.

"Yes, Mrs. Lenster," said Julia.

"That's fine. There's the couch, take a nap if you get very tired. Now come with me."

She led Julia into the kitchen. "I put some sandwiches—here—if you want a snack. And there's milk in the refrigerator; you can help yourself. There's a bottle of coke if you don't care for milk. I'll leave this side light on so you can find your way about easily."

She convoked Julia back to the living-room. "Here's the phone, right on the desk, and here are the names of the three places we're going with their numbers, Julia—see, restaurant, theatre, night-club, all perfectly clear. If anything happens that you can't handle, don't wait, call us at once. I've written down

the time we'll probably be at each place. You understand?"

"Yes," said Julia, her eyes riveted on Emma's fur coat.

"Make it snappy, Em," said Phil. "They mightn't keep our table."

"Put the bolt on the door, Julia, and don't let anyone in, no matter who, while we're out. And if any phone calls come please make a note of them. Now don't be worried, I'm sure you'll get along perfectly well. Oh, yes—you can read any magazines and books you want. Mr. Lenster will pay you when we get back."

"Can I play the radio?"

"Well, yes, if you turn it down. Here's the knob, see? You might wake up the children if it was loud. But please don't touch the phonograph or the records, Julia. Mr. Lenster has a special collection and doesn't like them handled."

AS they went down in the elevator Phil said: "She's an odd fish, doesn't look much like the Graven School type."

"She's sort of a charity pupil. The old lady her mother works for pays for her, Miss Almey told me. Oh, I do hope she'll be all right. Ann and Phil are so little."

"Now don't worry, sweetie, she'll do fine. I'm sure she will."

The doorman greeted them jovially: "You surely look like big doings to-night, Mr. Lenster. I guess you want a taxi."

"You guess right," said Phil. As they drove off Emma exclaimed: "I wish I'd asked Tim to go up there about 10 and see if everything is all right."

"Tim goes off at eight, honey. Arthur's on nights."

"Tim could have told Arthur."

She caught Phil's warming glance; "Oh, darling, I'll not say another word of momma-and-poppa talk to-night. But the babies are so precious and that girl's so—I don't know, so unresponsive."

Phil put a comforting arm about her. "I know, I know. But you just stop twittering and forget it. We're strictly for jocund mirth and so forth from now on."

Back in the apartment Julia put her ear to the door, and when she heard the elevator go down she slipped out into the hall and brought in a package she had hidden three steps down the inside fire stairs.

She carried it into the kitchen and opened it. Two cartons of coke, three boxes of sweet crackers, six packets of gum. She put the coke in the ice-box, opened the crackers and piled them on Emma's best plates. They looked, she thought, keen.

Then she went into the bedroom, fingered over Emma's cosmetic tray, tried the lipstick and powder and dabbed herself heavily from a bottle of perfume that Emma cherished beyond pearls. A pair of costume earrings lay on the dresser and Julia put them on.

Then she opened a drawer and counted Emma's slips, but didn't

take them out. After that she turned to the closet and counted the dresses.

"Gosh, what a lot," she said aloud. "They're keen."

She took one down, an old blue-sequined dinner-dress, and looked at it for a long time, attracted by its glitter, held it up to herself, and shook her head ruefully. "Too small for me," she thought, and hung it back.

Now she went to the living-room, opened the cigarette boxes and smiled to find them well filled. She turned on the radio, found a dance band, and pranced about the room waving her arms and singing to the music. A ring at the doorbell stopped her gyrations and she ran to open it.

When Emma Lenster came in at half-past one Julia was sitting on the edge of the sofa, her coat on, her bag in her hand.

"Oh, you poor child!" cried Emma. "You must be dead! Run on down, Mr. Lenster's holding the taxi. Are the children all right?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lenster," said Julia, already at the door. "G'night." She was gone before Emma could say anything more.

Please turn to page 59

The Youngest VICE PRESIDENT

by
**Rosalie
Wilson**



Hilda watched and waited, her happiness depending on the success of William's many plans

WILLIAM T. FOSTER withdrew a deposit slip from the top right-hand drawer of his solid mahogany, plate-glass-topped desk, made several notations on it in self-satisfied, slanting strokes, inserted the slip and a number of crisp, green notes in the blue-covered savings book, and unfolded his six feet two inches from his mahogany swivel chair.

He emerged from the small but well-appointed office of vice-president into the cool, dim, marble dignity of the Hillsdale Trust Company, and noted with approval that the wrought-iron hands of the modern clock above the Special Interest Only window had been adjusted at his request so that it no longer ran two minutes fast.

He presented the book, the slip, and the money at the window labelled Mr. Taylor. "Good morning, Bert. Beautiful day."

Mr. Taylor counted the notes twice, dropped them into the cash drawer, and inserted the book in the machine. "It's raining outside."

William looked towards the revolving doors and saw, with surprise, that it was raining heavily. Mr. Taylor inserted the blue book back in its tan cover and pushed it under the wicket. William slipped it into his pocket. There was no need to examine the total. He was completely aware of the total and of the fact that, with this deposit, he had reached another goal.

He grinned at Bert Taylor. "Nice day for the type of weather we're having."

On the way back to his office he stopped at Hilda Cartwright's desk. "I'd like to see you for a minute."

"I'll get my book."

Hilda appeared in the doorway and smiled at him. William's heart began to pound. "Sit down," he said.

Hilda sat down and flipped open her notebook and waited with pencil poised. Her copper-colored hair curled around her well-shaped head, and her blue eyes regarded him solemnly from under an improbable length of dark lashes.

William cleared his throat. "There's something missing," he said. "A roll of drums or something."

Hilda's brows rose inquiringly.

"Look," William said proudly. He pushed the little blue book across the desk towards her. Hilda opened it and examined the total.

"Why, that's lovely," she said warmly. "Now you can afford a car or a small yacht, a very small one of course, or you could retire for a year and write a best-seller about the investment business."

"I could," William admitted, "if I aspired to any of those things. Which I don't. However, I feel it does give me the right to ask whether you might be willing . . . that is, whether you feel . . . whether you think we . . ."

Hilda watched him redden. "Whether I'd marry you?"

"That's it," William said eagerly. "That's it precisely."

Hilda leaned back in her chair. "You've nearly overwhelmed me with your rhetoric," she said. "You can be a very persuasive fellow, William. Although a trifle headstrong and impulsive. What delayed you?"

William eyed her doubtfully. "I don't quite follow you."

"I mean," Hilda said, "you've only known me for thirteen years." There was a gleam of mischief in her eyes. "My family moved here when I was eleven. I'm twenty-four now. In that time

you've seen me around on an average of four days a week, five and a half since I started working here. You've taken me to the pictures, to dinner, to a number of dances, and to the beach, upon which occasions you have always conducted yourself with admirable restraint. In thirteen years, William, a girl begins to wonder whether you might just be toying with her."

William ran a finger around inside his collar. "You know how I've always felt about you, Hilda," he said.

"How have you felt?" Hilda inquired softly.

"Well, you're a nice, sensible girl," William began tentatively.

Hilda sighed. "That's what I thought you thought."

"What I mean is," William said, "I love you. Only I couldn't talk marriage until I had something to offer you. Security, a feeling of stability, some money in the bank."

"Suppose," Hilda said, "you never achieved any of these things?"

William looked blank. "I had to achieve them. I planned them and I worked hard for them. Step by step. I started here in the bookkeeping department, then transit, teller, customer contact, junior executive and vice-president. I am one of the youngest vice-presidents in this town."

"You planned it step by step," Hilda said. "You worked hard. You were polite to all the right people."

"I did," William said belligerently. "And I was. Is that bad?"

Hilda shook her head. "Between teller and customer contact you took a little time out to fly in a pretty blue uniform. Was that planned too?"

William looked uncomfortable. "That was just one of those things. It was something that had to be taken care of."

"Not by you especially."

"I felt it needed personal attention."

Her eyes softened. "It could have messed up your nice, neat plans permanently."

"It was a calculated risk," William said stiffly.

"You see what I mean," Hilda sighed. "How could I ever depend on you? A hasty, rash, hot-headed creature of impulse like you."

"I have a feeling," William said slowly, "that I'm being kidded."

"How suspicious you are!"

William cleared his throat. "This isn't like you, Hilda. I expected a simple yes or no."

Her voice held a faint trace of annoyance. "You expected a simple yes."



"No, oh, no!" William protested, horrified at the thought of Barbara considering him as a husband.

"Frankly," William said, "I did. I assumed that my feelings towards you were not unreciprocated."

"And that," Hilda said in a tone that would have warned a more perceptive male, "was why you presumed that all you had to do was to push a bankbook across a desk, lay the facts before me, and complete negotiations as though you were taking out a mortgage on my future."

"I don't," William said, puzzled, "see what you're getting so mad about. Maybe I haven't plied you with champagne and orchids, but I haven't made any indecent suggestions either. You sound as if I'd insulted you."

"If you only would," Hilda breathed. "Once anyway. It would prove you were human."

"I am human," William said.

"Ha," Hilda said bitterly. "Have you ever, once, planned anything that you didn't achieve?"

"Certainly not," William said indignantly.

"You've planned," Hilda said slowly, "on marrying me, haven't you?"

"For some time."

"If you listen carefully," Hilda said, "you can hear the echo of a shattering crash in the distance."

William took a deep breath, withdrew to safer ground, and prepared to reconnoitre cautiously. "I made a bad mistake in bringing this matter up at the wrong time and in the wrong place. I apologise for that. I love you very much, Hilda, and if you'll have dinner with me to-night I'll try to convince you of the fact."

He looked at her and blinked. "I... I never told you how beautiful you were, because it was so obvious, and I never told you in so many words how I felt about you because I believed that only a blind man could miss seeing it every time I looked at you."

Hilda relaxed in her chair. "Now," she said, "we're getting somewhere."

"Then you will have dinner with me?"

"It's my curiosity," Hilda sighed. "But I will, of course. I want to see just how persuasive you can get."

After she was gone, William looked at the

little blue book on the desk, the book that could have ruined a whole future. Two whole futures. He opened the top drawer, pushed the book far back inside it, and slammed it shut.

"Good morning, William."

He looked up at the majestic figure that swept past the doorway. William jumped to his feet quickly. "Good morning, Mrs. Carruthers," he told her wake.

Selby Biggers, president of the Hillsdale Trust Company, bowed Mrs. Carruthers out and came back to William's office. "Like to see you when you have a minute."

"Right now," William said. He followed Mr. Biggers back to the president's office. Selby Biggers was fiftyish and distinguished looking. He wore a polished and urbane air. William Foster planned to be just like him, as far as was possible, at the same age.

"Sit down, boy."

William did.

"Mrs. Carruthers just had a most interesting idea," he said.

"Ah," William said. All Agatha Carruthers' ideas, William knew quite well, were interesting to the Hillsdale Trust, since it would never have been founded at all without the Carruthers Nut and Bolt Works. The Carruthers Nut and Bolt Works was largely responsible not only for the Hillsdale Trust Company but for Hillsdale itself. Moreover, two of its officers were members of the company's board of trustees and Mrs.

Carruthers' son Bertram was chairman of the board.

"Mrs. Carruthers thinks," Mr. Biggers said, "that we ought to have a Personal Investment Service here."

William nodded sagely. "It seems," he said judiciously, "like an excellent idea."

"That's what I said," Mr. Biggers agreed. William was hardly surprised.

"Like you to look into it," Mr. Biggers said. "Get me the facts and figures. Set up a tentative plan on paper."

"Me, sir?" It slipped out before William realised it.

Please turn to page 76

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BOOTHROYD

You'll skip
through
the day..



..after a good, sound sleep

... thanks to BOURN-VITA

Life holds no problems for children when they're feeling fit, sleeping soundly every night. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita before bed ensures a deep, untroubled sleep. The kind of sleep that refreshes mind and body — prepares them for whatever the day brings forth.

Bourn-vita's wonderful flavour and natural goodness come from the health-packed ingredients — barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and delicious chocolate. Bourn-vita is a delightful drink that is good for you.



NEW ECONOMY SIZE 4-
Also in 1/2 lb. tins 2'6

Prices may be slightly higher
in some country areas.

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
For sleep and energy

WARREN

seemed to himself to grow younger every day. Susan was a great girl. She was sweet and she was foolish and she would never make a nurse. She got too fond of her patients.

And Warren had wanted from that first day someone who would be as affectionately indifferent to him as his old mother. Someone who thought he was just like everybody else and not a whit more important. He had found that someone in Susan.

And, curiously enough, he wasn't satisfied. In many ways he was her least important patient, the one whose battles she didn't have to fight, the one who had everything already. He should have been pleased, but he wasn't.

The days slipped by alarmingly fast, and he could not break down the barrier which Susan had erected between them. She had a dozen ways of avoiding anything personal. She would never ask him about himself at all, or mention anything of her own life—but always managed to divert the conversation to a discussion of everyone else in the ward.

The days slipped by so fast that there came a day when the doctor told him that he was fit to travel.

Absurdly, Warren had no desire to return to town. But he wired Clem to bring a car, made out a large cheque as a donation to the hospital, and saw Nurse Cradlock pack his things. Then he started to say his good-byes.

"It's been an honor," said old Mr. Browning, "not just because you're a big star, but because you've got a big heart. Susan and I will look for your name in the papers."

Warren wanted to ask the old man not to let Susan forget him, wanted to explain that it wasn't his big heart but his big purse that made it so easy for him to be benevolent. He felt a fraud.

Terry asked for his autograph. "Mind you," he explained, "I don't collect. I think it's sissy. But you're different. A chap would hardly know you were an actor. Mostly they're a sissy lot, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Warren humbly, bowing his handsome head. "Let me know when you're up, Terry. Maybe I could get you a job."

"Could you? Really?" The boy sighed, the young face shadowed. "Susan says it's going to be slow. My legs, I mean. Time I write to you, you'll have forgotten."

"I think not, Terry. Mark it personal. Good-bye old chap."

He had kept Susan for the last. He hated to say good-bye to Susan. It was her free time, and he discovered her in the garden, sitting on a bench with her feet up. She took them down apologetically.

"They're the part of me that gets so tired," she explained.

As Warren sat down beside her he had a feeling that this was a parting that mattered. He had an idea that there weren't many Susans about these days.

"I don't want to go, Susan," he said.

She nodded. "Lots of people feel like that." Her soft voice had a certain sad wisdom. "When they're here they're away from all the things that worry them at home. I've known patients to cry when they had to leave. But they go back into their own worlds and the time they were here falls into its proper place."

She was right, of course. Chance had thrown them together; when he went away he would be absorbed in his work and in a few months he would probably have forgotten her name.

"Do you think it will be like that with me, Susan?"

"I'm sure it will. But would you do something for me?"

"Susan, there's nothing I'd like better."

"Could you, just once, write a

Fall of a Star

Continued from page 4

letter to Mr. Browning? He'd put it in his scrapbook, along with his notices and programmes. A sort of one-actor-to-another letter."

"I will, Susan. But isn't there anything I can do for you?"

"Me?" She laughed. "Good gracious, no!"

"I thought you'd be sorry I was going."

"I'm glad you're going," she said gently.

"Why, Susan, how unkind!"

She turned to him then and gave him her best smile. "You see, you're a great actor—and a very attractive man. You wouldn't like to leave a poor little nurse with a broken heart, would you? And even though I'd know it was ridiculous, if you stayed and stayed I mightn't be able to help myself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Susan. And if I stayed and stayed I mightn't be able to help myself either."

"So you see it's a very good thing you're going."

"You think that will make it all right?"

"I know it will."

It would be all right, thought Warren, as the car covered the miles towards London. Susan, who was so wise, had assured him that it would be all right. In a few days he would leave got over this feeling; he would be back in the heart of things, he would be busy with rehearsals, on his way to another big success.

Everyone seemed delighted to see him back. The place was full of plans and excitement and phone calls and parties.

He did not, however, forget to write old Mr. Browning a long chatty letter. Nor did he forget to send Terry the largest possible parcel of foods he'd like. But he tried very hard to forget Susan.

It should have been easy. He was surrounded by clever people. His arm was out of the cast, his ribs were as good as new, and a first-night date had been fixed for a popular revival.

Yet he still couldn't forget Susan and it was getting on his nerves. He had enough to worry about without being haunted by an unimportant girl. He decided that absence was making the heart grow fonder, that he was probably creating a romantic figure that had nothing to do with the real Susan.

He would get her to London, see her as a misfit in his own sophisticated world. Then he would be able to banish her from his thoughts.

He sent a wire to the hospital: "Very sick." He excused himself by maintaining that this was the truth. "Please come. My chauffeur will meet five o'clock train."

Then he telephoned his sister Betty, who was happily married, plump and pleasant. After he had given her certain instructions, he asked, "Will you do it, Bet?"

"Yes, Warren, but what's it all about?"

"I'll tell you some day. Bring her round afterwards to my dressing-room."

"Anything you say, Warren, and all the best."

Betty, true to her promise, telephoned half an hour before the curtain went up.

"I've got her. She seems a bit puzzled, but she's not putting up any resistance. I've lent her a frock. She arrived in uniform. She's rather a sweet kid isn't she?"

"That's what I think. Bless you, Bet."

Warren was no more nervous than usual on a first night. Though there would be a large and distinguished audience out front, he found that he was thinking only of Susan. Soon he would be cured of this obsession. He had only to see her against this alien background and she would drop back into her proper place.

He would explain that he had thought the ought to see a first night so as to be able to report to Mr. Browning.

On stage he knew that he was giving a good performance. He was going to lay a ghost and he felt at the top of his form. The applause was hearty and prolonged when the curtain swooped down for the last time. Warren made for his dressing-room. The champagne and the glasses were ready, the usual crowd—loud in congratulations—had begun to assemble. By the time Betty got round there was already a congested mob of people.

Betty had not only lent Susan a frock; she had done her hair so that it fell in a golden cloud to her shoulders, and she had added an expert touch of lipstick. Forgetting the object of the experiment, Warren pushed his way toward them. "Susan!" He took her small, cold hands.

Heads were turned to see this stranger whom Warren was greeting so enthusiastically.

"You—you're not ill," she said.

Someone laughed. "He's fighting fit. He's better than ever. He falls and breaks his neck and he comes back and wows them. I wish I knew the name of that hospital."

Susan turned her wide gaze on the speaker. Gravely she shook her head. "Oh, no, it wasn't that. He can act like this because—" She stopped, confused by the general silence.

"Because what?"

Her cheeks flamed. "It's only my idea," she said tentatively.

"Let's hear it."

She turned to Betty as a child might turn to a friend. "Go on, dear," said Betty.

Susan spread her hands toward the company. "Acting is a sort of giving, isn't it? A giving of yourself." She looked at them inquiringly. "And you see Mr. Lancaster is the givingest person I ever met."

A little sigh of satisfaction went round the room. It was a lovely description. It filled their professional hearts with pride. For a moment they were all warm and human and united. Then someone raised a glass. "I give you a toast. Old Warren, the chap who gives till it hurts."

They drank and then they were all talking again, and the moment of sincerity was lost.

"Don't forget there's a table booked for supper," said Clem anxiously from the rear. And people dispersed to get their cars out of parking lots and garages.

Betty said, "I'll meet you at the hotel. You can take Susan in your car, Warren."

Susan stood there, small and defenceless. "Why did you do this?" she asked.

He came over to her. He suddenly felt very humble. "Because I was sick—heart-sick. Because I couldn't forget, Susan. Could you?"

"No," she whispered.

He drew her into his arms. "Maybe we don't need to forget." He kissed her. "You'd have made a rotten nurse, darling, but you'd be a whale of a wife."

She laughed softly, uncertainly.

"Rather an undersized whale."

"Anyone else would have thrown you back into the sea."

She sighed contentedly. "I'm glad I waited till you could me both your arms." She looked up at him doubtfully. "You realise no one will approve."

"Except Mr. Browning," he said, and kissed her again.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



*First
appearance*



Jumbo Stripe Sport-Knits

Look what Alpha's hatched out for the men of the family! Bright, bold Jumbo-Stripes—America's newest resort fashion! Alpha's making 'em up in 20 cheery color combinations for a happy outdoors Summer! Prices, 19/6 for men, 15/6 for boys, they're in cool, tub-happy, fadeless knitted fabric, with elasticised neckbands for lifetime snugness! See them to-day at any good store! Wear them all the *take-it-easy* time!

★ Jumbo-Stripes are for men and boys only, but Alpha makes Air-Cooled Sport-Knits for the whole family, in colors, styles and prices to please everyone!

A.B.3

ASK FOR ALPHA AIR-COOLED SPORT-KNITS IN THE NEW **Jumbo - STRIPES!**



Hair Loveliness

True hair loveliness is quickly and easily acquired by blending the magic beautifying properties of a Marigny Hair Vitaliser treatment with that softest and most natural of all permanent waves—the Marigny Cold Wave.

Remember, your hair deserves professional care and Marigny hair beauty preparations, which by the way are superb.

In this way, your hair will take on an exciting, eye-catching beauty that will be admired by all.

Discerning women everywhere realise that the name Marigny stands for the best that money can buy.

MARIGNY

ASK FOR:

MARIGNY Hair Vitaliser,
Price 2/6 per tube.

MARIGNY Foam Shampoo,
Price 2/9.

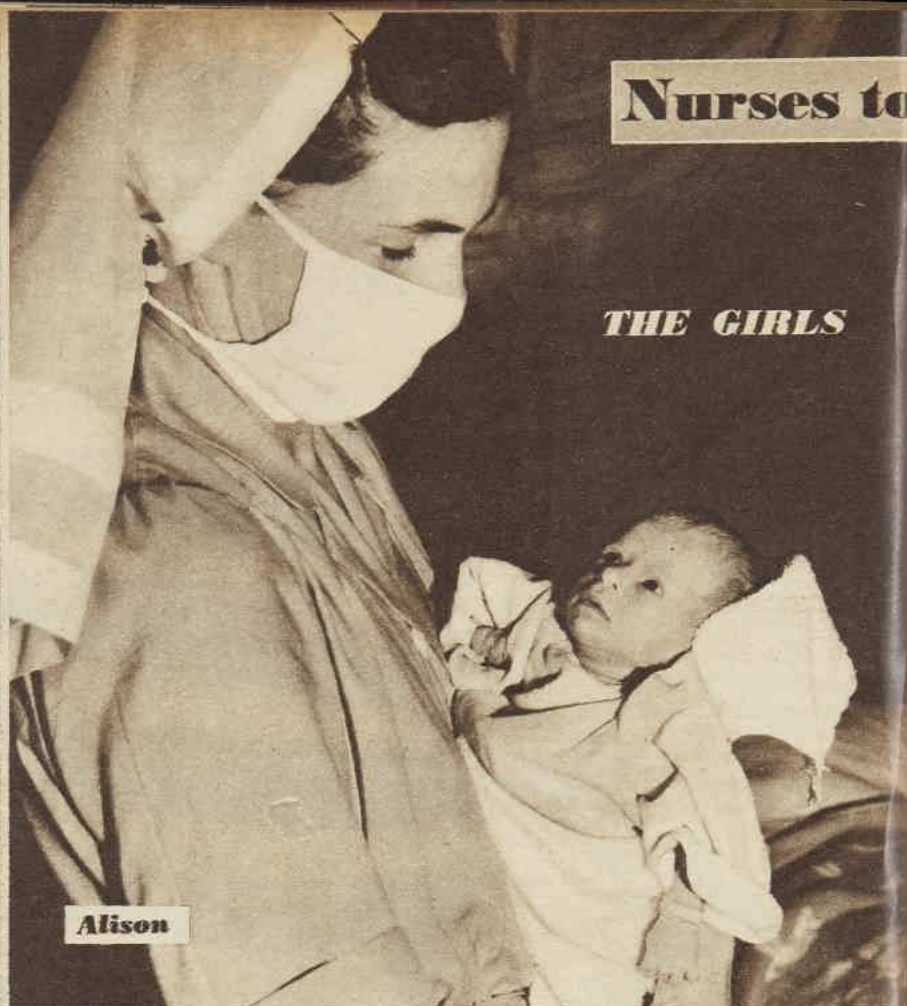
MARIGNY Wave Set
Lotion, Price 2/6.



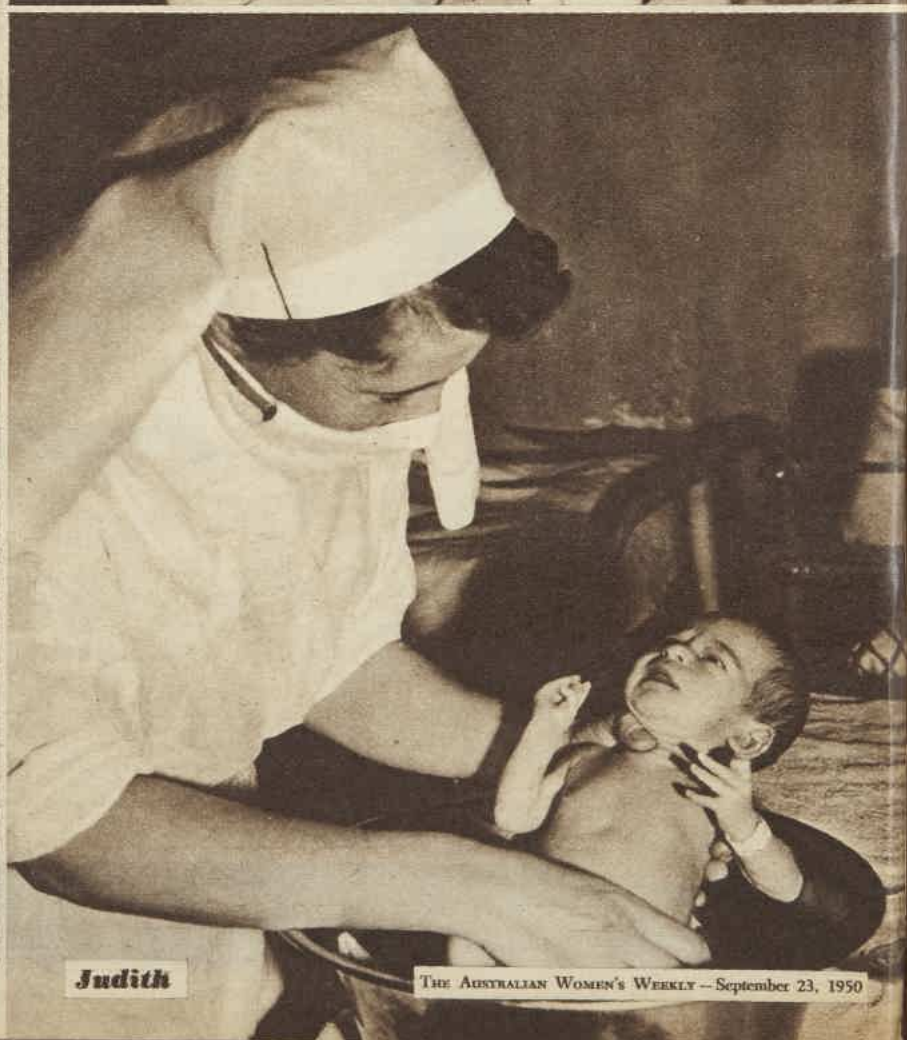
PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE, 177 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE, 39 PARK ST., SYDNEY, & ALL STATES.

Nurses to

THE GIRLS



Alison



Judith

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 23, 1950

help mother care for Quads

Matron promises regular visits to Mrs. Sara's home

Four women who have watched over the Sara Quads since their birth will be ready to give Mrs. Betty Sara a helping hand when the sudden little illnesses of infancy crop up among the babies in their home in the main street of Bellingen, N.S.W.

They are Matron Kathleen McGrath and Sisters Muriel Hartley, Dorothy Blakeway, and Daisy McFadyen, of the Bellingen River District Hospital, where the babies were born on August 17, 18, and 19.

"WE'VE watched over those babies so carefully that we almost feel they are ours," Matron McGrath told me.

"We'll be regular visitors to their nursery at home.

"They're like premature babies to us and we have watched their wrinkly little faces fill out into good looks.

"We've had to do everything for them and, as usual, we've grown so fond of them we hate the thought of their going."

The birth of the Quads cost the nurses hours of lost sleep and called for a constant vigil in the specially heated nursery. But the fortuitous visit to Bellingen of three young women saved the hospital from a serious upset of its routine.

They were Mrs. Bruce Clark, of Armidale, N.S.W., who was visiting her sick father, a patient at the hospital, Mrs. Fred Mitchell, of Raleigh, N.S.W., and Sister Rita Glyde, whose parents live in Bellingen.

Mrs. Mitchell and Sister Glyde did their general training at the Bellingen River Hospital, and when the 80-hour birth of the Quads started the visitors received a frantic call from Matron McGrath to "come and help."

"I wouldn't have missed it for worlds," declared Mrs. Clark, who reverted to her maiden title of Sister Gwen Fowler while working at the hospital. She trained at Armidale.

She was regular night nurse to the Quads for the first fortnight but took a few minutes off every few hours to see how her father was progressing.

Sister Glyde, who has just finished her obstetrics training at a Brisbane hospital, was also "glad to be in on everything," although she got a little impatient towards the end of Mrs. Sara's labor, and kept thinking, "Gosh, I wish they'd come."

The babies were well on the road to good health before the visitors left to return to their homes.

Feeding, bathing, and checking the daily progress of the Quads became a full-time job for Sister Blakeway, with assistance from Sisters Hartley and McFadyen.

"Feeding takes the time," said Sister Blakeway. "Whichever one of us was on duty during the first fortnight was in the nursery continuously."

Mrs. Sara had to be carefully watched for a while after the birth, but before the end of a fortnight she was in the nursery as often as Dr. Mervyn Elliott would allow her, learning from the nurses how to care for the babies and helping with them as much as she could.

The tinier babies, Alison and Mark, were oiled instead of sponged at first, but they made such rapid progress that after a couple of weeks they joined Phillip and Judith

for a 5 a.m. sponge. They are weighed every two days.

All were fed every two hours for the first five days. The bigger ones then went on to four-hourly feeds and the other two were fed every three hours.

Phillip and Judith are bottle-fed now, but Mrs. Sara is breast-feeding Alison and Mark every three hours during the day, giving each about 15 minutes.

She is able to satisfy them until the 10 p.m. feed, which is usually supplemented.

The nurses are doubtful if Mrs. Sara will be able to continue feeding the two babies when she settles down again to running her house.

She is reconciled to feeding them on the bottle if necessary, but will try to keep feeding them herself as long as she can.

Judith, who lost weight during the early days because she was finicky about her food, is now a lot less temperamental and is going ahead well.

Hardest worked at the hospital in the weeks after the Quads' birth was the laundry staff.

Usually the laundry handles napkins for a maximum of eight babies, but as twins and several other infants were born right after the Quads, bringing the total in the two nurseries to 14, the napkin output was almost doubled.

"Our previous top figure for napkins was ninety-odd, but for a while after the Quads were born we found ourselves washing about 160 a day," said foreman George Vale.

"Each birth of a Quad meant a lot of extra labor-ward and theatre linen, and we were out of coke when they were born, which meant we had to fire the boiler every three hours with wood to keep it going."

When the only private hospital in Bellingen closed recently, all maternity cases had to go to the district hospital, which turned a private room into a nursery, pending the building of a maternity block.

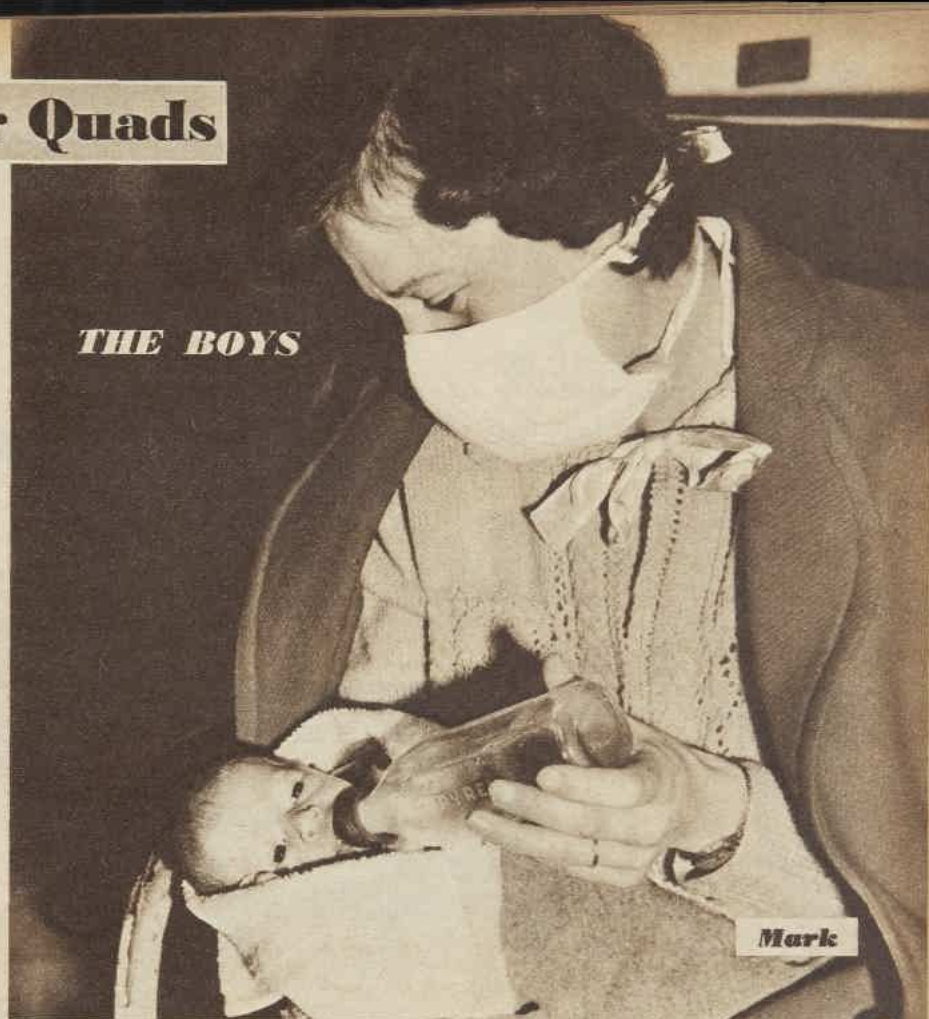
With the Quads' arrival, Matron McGrath had to turn another private room into a nursery for other babies, while the Quads remained in the original nursery, where Alison and Mark spent most of their time in the humidicrib.

During the Quads' birth one of the doctors had to bring about a breach birth for another patient, and after all the little Saras had arrived the tired hospital staff had to swing briskly into action for an immediate operation case.

The babies, of course, wear the regular infant uniform of napkin, wool-and-cotton singlet, and wrap-on nightie. It will be many weeks before they don any of the beautiful clothes sent to them from all over Australia.

● Bellingen celebrates, page 15

THE BOYS



Mark



Phillip

"It'll be terrific!"
and, remember, we'll all want prints

Fish story — picnic story — vacation story . . . the story of all good times. Everybody likes those snapshots — and why not? They're real . . . they're the gang, without frills. Be sure to take one of these new cameras with YOU wherever you go — 'natch you'll load with KODAK FILM



SIX-20 BROWNIE "C"

New model box Brownie; Kodak Meniscus lens; two large viewfinders; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, 37/-.



BABY BROWNIE

Modern, attractive, all-moulded plastic; lens in front of shutter; handy eye-level viewfinder; simple to use; 8 exp., 2½ x 1 5-8 ins. on V127 film. Price, 21/-.



BROWNIE REFLEX

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern pushbutton release; 12 exp., 1 5-8 x 1 5-8 ins. Price, £3/4/9.



SIX-20 KODAK "A" (f/4.5) Anastar f/4.5 lens, focusing from 3½ ft. to infinity; Epsilon shutter with four speeds to 1/150th second; time and "bulb"; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £18/8/6.

SIX-20 KODAK "A"

Anastar f/6.3 lens, focusing from 4ft. to infinity; Dakon shutter with two speeds (1/25 and 1/50 sec.); time "bulb"; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £11/4/-.



SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE

Economical and efficient; Meniscus lens; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £5/14/-.

KODAK for Cameras

KODAK DEALERS
EVERYWHERE

KODAK (A/asia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States

BELLINGEN CELEBRATES



HELD AT BELLINGEN picture theatre, the ball raised more than £300. Proceeds will aid the building of a new ambulance station and adjoining home for superintendent Percy Sara.

WHEN the Sara Quads arrived, Bellinghen people felt like celebrating. So, they made a special occasion of the District Ambulance Ball, which superintendent Percy Sara had helped to organise.

People from nearby towns were keen to join in the celebrations, and went to Bellinghen in special buses.

Percy Sara was the hero of the night. He had only one dance — with telephonist Dorrie McGregor, who worked overtime handling calls during and after the Quads' birth.

He spent the rest of the night organising supper queues and checking the takings.

BANJO PLAYER and crooner Jack Greer, who sang several popular numbers through the microphone.



PERCY SARA dancing with telephonist Dorrie McGregor. This was Percy's only dance.



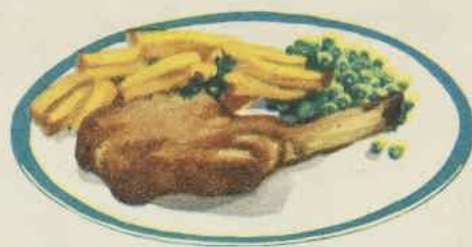
BAND LEADER Mrs. Nellie Greer has been playing for dances in the district since her teens. With her son, Jack, daughter, Mrs. A. Lavender, and drummer, Charlie Henderson, she plays at all local balls.



QUEEN OF THE BALL. Jean Raymond, of Bonnaville, is congratulated by Percy Sara. Runners-up in queen competition are Pat Holmes (left), of Bellinghen, Lorette Bryant, also of Bellinghen, and Maureen Alford, of Urunga. When Jean was crowned queen two boy sopranos sang "Beautiful Lady."



GUESTS OF HONOR at the ball were Dr. Mervyn Elliott, who attended Betty Sara, and Mrs. Elliott. Two days after the birth of the Quads another of Dr. Elliott's patients had twins.



Grandpa's grouchy, grumpy, snappy



But this has made him very happy!

The reason's obvious, of course



He added

Kia-Ora Tomato Sauce

£4000 PLAN-A-HOME CONTEST

Prize of £2000 for best design

This week we launch a new competition — our Plan-A-Home Contest.

First prize of £2000 will be awarded to the best entry, and prize-money will total £4000.

All you have to do to enter is to draw a floor-plan and describe your idea of the perfect three-bedroom home — the house you would build if you had the chance.

Start work on your entry now. Perhaps you will be one of the winners to whom the prize-money will bring the opportunity to turn dreams into bricks and mortar.

We know this contest will interest thousands of home-hungry Australians who are living in shared homes, crowded rooms, tents, and garages in these days of housing shortages.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY has inaugurated the contest with the idea that thousands of home-makers and prospective home-makers will clarify their ideas on the type of house they would like by drawing their own plans.

The house may be located in the suburbs, or in a country town, on a farm, or a seaside block.

No technical knowledge is necessary in drawing the plans. Skill in drawing will not count. It is the idea behind the plans that will be all important.

Judging will be by a panel of experts. Their decision will be final.

This is the broad outline of the contest. The simple rules governing entries are printed on this page in columns four and five.

The plan submitted should, generally speaking, be the sort of rough plan most home builders show their architect or builder.

It is the house they want. Often they have worked it out after weeks or months of dreaming.

Squared paper is useful in drawing plans, and it can be obtained from most stationers. Some school exercise books are printed with alternate ruled and squared pages.

The squared paper is divided into inch squares with heavy lines and into small squares with lighter lines, each small square being a tenth of an inch.

First step for competitors is to consider the site.

The block you are asked to plan the house for has a frontage of 50 feet to the road and faces the south. The site is level and the most pleasant view is to the north.

Depth of land is not given as this varies greatly according to locality. In the country depths are usually greater than in the city.

The house may be up to 14 squares in size. A square is 10 feet by 10 feet, or 100 square feet.

Add up the area of the rooms, including the passageways. Total space enclosed should not be more than 1400 square feet

excluding terraces or verandahs.

Area is obtained by multiplying the length of a room by the breadth.

Your calculations are not required to be absolutely accurate. A miscalculation of a few square feet will not disqualify your plan.

A short description of the plan and your reasons for placing the rooms as you do will help the judges, and you are also asked to write a description of the furnishings and color scheme.

When you begin to put your ideas on to paper you will realise

what a fascinating pastime this competition is.

Use a spare half-hour in a train or bus to try your hand at a plan, and you will be surprised how quickly your ideas take shape.

A plan "doodled" on a shopping list may easily be the rough idea of the winning entry.

Young people planning their own homes, even if they are only in the day-dream or pipe-dream stage, will enjoy comparing notes on their idea of a perfect plan.

Family entries will mean a lot of fun for everyone. Once the house plan is drawn and the rooms allotted, each member can give views on the furnishing of their own particular corner.

The teenage daughter probably knows just how she would like her bedroom furnished, and the schoolboy son of the house could supply some original ideas for a den that would also be his bedroom.

Mother will know what she wants in the master bedroom, living-rooms, and kitchen. That leaves Dad just about the placing of his favorite chair and reading light. He might have some good ideas, too, on where to keep his golf clubs and gardening tools.

There are a few rules to keep in mind, but they could not be simpler. Read them now in columns four and five.

List of Prizes

Following is the full prize-list in our Plan-A-Home Contest:

First Prize £2000

Second Prize £1000

Third Prize £500

Ten Consolation Prizes of £50

COMPETITION RULES

Your entry must consist of:-

1. A plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country.

2. A brief explanation of the plan and a description of color scheme and furnishings.

PLAN: A ground plan with the sizes of the rooms indicated and positions of doors and windows marked. If you propose to build in some of the furniture, show where this would be done.

The house may be up to 14 squares (1400 sq. ft.) in size, excluding verandahs or terraces.

Site for the home is a block of land 50ft. in frontage. Frontage to road faces south. Most pleasant views are to north.

EXPLANATION: Say in your own words why you arranged the rooms as you did and add a description of the way you would furnish it, giving colors and the type of furniture.

Important conditions

No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter this competition.

Finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Address your entries to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. The envelope should be marked — Plan-A-Home Contest.

YOUR DREAM HOME



They Stay
Brighter
Longer



Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd. England

BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER



Two books with a message make a natural pair for review this week. They are Alexis Carrel's "Journey to Lourdes" and H. A. Overstreet's "The Mature Mind."

In "Man the Unknown," his fine study of the relationship between the progress of science and the human soul, Dr. Carrel has already profoundly influenced his generation.

"JOURNEY to Lourdes" appears six years after his death and is his first posthumously published work.

The manuscript was found by Mme Carrel among his papers, and is the first English publication from the mass of unpublished material she is arranging and editing.

The story is a simply told account of a journey to Lourdes made by Alexis Carrel as a sceptical young doctor in 1903. Only the names are changed. The doctor in the book is Dr. Lerrac—Carrel spelled backwards.

"The whole history of Lourdes," a postscript says, "can be told in a few words. In 1858 a shepherdess had a vision and saw the personage whom the Catholic religion calls the Virgin Mary. As a result of this vision, a certain number of sick people brought to the Massabielle Grotto were cured. Then more and more people began to visit the Grotto; now whole trains are needed to bring them."

Dr. Lerrac, official doctor to a train-load of pilgrims travelling to Lourdes, on the way attends a girl suffering from tubercular peritonitis. His medical training tells him she is dying.

He sees her carried on a stretcher into the Grotto, so close to death that he feels she must die on the way. "Then suddenly," he stared. It seemed to him that there had been a change, that the harsh shadows on her face had disappeared, that her skin was somehow less ashen.

"To him it was obvious that there was a sudden improvement in her general condition. Something was taking place . . . He concentrated all his powers of observation on Marie Ferrand.

"Her eyes, so dim before, were now wide with ecstasy as she turned them towards the Grotto. The change was undeniable. The blanket which covered Marie Ferrand's distended abdomen was gradually flattening out."

The girl who had been dying was recovering.

For those of the Catholic faith the book will have a tremendous inspirational appeal. Non-Catholics will find it—with its scientific restraint and objectivity—a work to provoke serious thought.

Charles A. Lindbergh, who worked for nearly ten years with Dr. Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research to perfect the mechanical heart, has contributed the preface.

This book makes it quite clear that the visit to Lourdes as a young man profoundly influenced the inner life and spiritual development of the future Nobel Prize winner.

It does not seem too much to say that the whole line of his later scientific research must have been

the direct outcome of what he saw take place in the Grotto.

His life was dedicated to an attempt to find a bridge between the worlds of science and religion.

The author of "The Mature Mind," H. A. Overstreet, former head of the Department of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is claimed by his publishers to be "the man who makes psychology intelligible."

As man continues to add to the complexities of his life by inventions such as the atom and hydrogen bombs, his need of reliable interpreters of psychology grows with his mounting confusion.

Overstreet concerns himself almost wholly in his latest book with the urgent need of mankind to achieve full maturity.

He sees one hope of our advance out of personal and world chaos. It is offered by an understanding of the psychological and psychiatric sciences. This would lead, he believes, to man's mental, emotional, and social maturing.



DR. ALEXIS CARREL

Most of the difficulties in which we find ourselves, he suggests, are caused by our immaturities of attitude and action.

To achieve the maturity he considers so necessary for man's survival he suggests a five-point programme.

In layman's language, the five points are:

1. Acceptance of the fact that a person's psychological age need by no means correspond with age in years.

2. Acceptance of the fact that a human being does not grow beyond a problem that has deep emotional significance for him until he comes to terms with that problem, understands it, and sees it in proportion to his daily life.

3. Acceptance of the fact that man's nature is not something fixed and unalterable.

4. To mature, an individual must know what his powers are and be allowed to employ them. This is called the idea of aptitude uniqueness.

5. Acceptance of the fact that as long as a man lives he must keep on learning.

At the time of its Australian publication, 350,000 copies of "The Mature Mind" had been sold overseas.

Mr. Overstreet has written in commendably simple language a book that will be read with interest by all who have paused to ponder the future of mankind.

"Journey to Lourdes," by Alexis Carrel, is published by Hamish Hamilton, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet, is published by Angus and Robertson, Sydney. Our copy from the publishers.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 23, 1950

THE ROYAL VISIT

IT is twenty-three years since the King and Queen visited Australia, as the Duke and Duchess of York.

As a young married couple with a baby daughter, whom they had left at home with her grandmother, Queen Mary, their obvious happiness delighted everyone.

Life was before them, everything they saw in their strenuous tour was new.

The petite Duchess captured all hearts with her fascinating, friendly smile.

In spite of Australia's reputation for overwhelming welcomes they must have enjoyed that tour, as they are glad to repeat the experience in 1952.

They will return as grandparents, with great achievements to their credit, and the added wisdom and mutual understanding that comes from experience.

In the years between visits the young couple who toured the Commonwealth have faced tremendous happenings, made tremendous decisions. Events which nobody could foresee altered the whole course of their lives.

Those events are now history. And into that history is written the quiet courage of the King and Queen in the greatest crisis the British Commonwealth has yet faced.

Their courage was matched by that of the people of Britain, and the welcome they will receive in Australia will not only express admiration and affection for them, but for the British people.

Queen Mary has often received letters addressed to Mrs. England. The King and Queen might be addressed in the same vein as Mr. and Mrs. Britain. There could be no greater compliment.

Australians are looking forward to 1952 to give them both the warmest possible welcome.

There will be a very special welcome, too, for their beautiful younger daughter, Princess Margaret, if she is able to come.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950



CUTTING THE CAKE. Frances Horton Browne cuts cake at twenty-first birthday celebration while her father, Mr. M. Horton Browne, and her sister, Beverley, look on.



COUNTRY GUESTS. Robyn Page (left), of Young, John Paradise, Tarcutta, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Tout, of Forbes, at Frances Horton Browne's twenty-first birthday party, at Wirrunga, Young.



ATTRACTIVE BRIDE. Mrs. Dick Christian leaves the Church of the Holy Family, Lindfield, with her husband after marriage. Bride, formerly Sheila Adams, daughter of Mrs. E. G. Adams, of Roseville.

Intimate Greetings

RECEPTION to celebrate the 128th anniversary of Brazilian Independence is given by Mr. Jose Cochrane de Alencar, who succeeded Dr. Mario Santos as Brazilian Minister to Australia early this year.

Party is held at his home, Roic House, Canberra, and he asked the wife of the newly appointed First Secretary of the Brazilian Legation, Mrs. Octavio Brito, to receive guests as his hostess. She wears lovely black velvet cocktail gown, just brought from Rio, and pearls.

Spring flowers in bloom make decoration problem an easy one, and masses of daffodils were used in the reception rooms, as yellow is Brazil's national color. Guests include members of diplomatic fraternity, the Brazilian Consul in Sydney, Mr. Carlos Zalappa, and his wife, and the Consul for Argentine, Mr. Yalle, and Mrs. Yalle.

Other guests include Mrs. Robert Menzies, Betty McKell, the Murray Tyrrells, the Arthur Campbells, of Woden, Col. and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, of Bundingore, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Powell, of Queanbeyan.

DOWN for few days from Moree, Mrs. Roly Munro, of Wechollabolla, and her daughter, Mrs. Bob Holmes, of Dullerana, Moree, lunch at Romano's with Mrs. A. B. Jamieson, formerly of Korea and now at Neutral Bay. Mrs. Jamieson's husband is Australian representative on the United Nations Commission in Korea. Mrs. N. Mapes was also in the party.



RED CROSS FLOWER FESTIVAL. Members of the flower arrangement tent for the Red Cross Flower Festival, Mrs. H. Sweetapple (left), Mrs. Ernest Watt, and Mrs. Jock Pagan (right), meet at Mrs. Watt's Point Piper home to discuss plans for the festival, which will be held in the Sydney Domain this Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.



RECEPTION AT CANBERRA. Governor-General's daughter, Betty McKell (left), with wife of newly-appointed first secretary of Brazilian Legation, Mrs. O. Brito, at reception given by Minister for Brazil, Mr. Jose Cochrane de Alencar.



ENGAGED. Elwyn Bootle, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Bootle, of Moymann, and fiance, Tony Andrews, of Rose Bay, only son of Lieut.-Colonel W. L. A. Andrews, of Durban, South Africa, and Mrs. S. M. Andrews, of Portsmouth, England.



DAUGHTER of Third Naval Member weds. Dr. Michael Dawson, of Adelaide, and his bride, formerly Mary Wishart, after their wedding at St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. Bride is daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. W. Wishart, who give wedding reception at Melbourne home. Helen Bruzner was bridesmaid.



FIRST NIGHTERS. Mrs. Campbell Buckingham (left), Mrs. Phil Yates, and Mrs. Jim Brown at first night of "Harvey," starring Joe E. Brown, at Theatre Royal.

BUILDERS can't work quickly enough for Sally Johnston and Ian Ashmore, who hope to have brand-new home at Gorracreen to move into after their marriage at St. John's Darlinghurst, this Saturday. Sally is only daughter of Mrs. Miriam Johnston, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. M. S. Johnston, and Ian is the eldest son of Mrs. Alma Ashmore, of Gorracreen, and the late Mr. Ashmore. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Johnston, from Glenburn, and Philip Carroll, from Mildura, are among the guests invited to wedding.

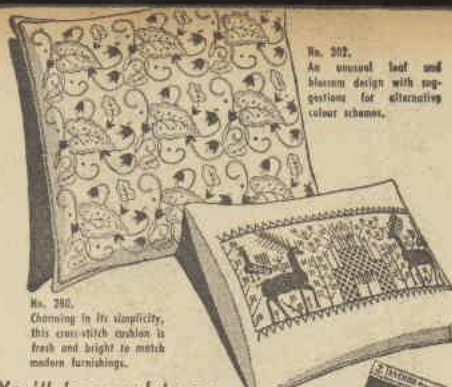
INFLUENZA was the cause of many being unable to attend the reception given by the Governor, Sir John Northcott, at Government House. His daughter, Elizabeth, is hoping that none of the young guests whom she has invited to a dance on the 29th of this month will be stricken, too. It was the first time for many a moon that the weather had behaved, and guests were able to stroll along the lovely old verandahs of Government House in their summery evening gowns and enjoy the balmy night.

HEAR that the Leah family, of Scone, are bemoaning the fact that their big house will soon be empty of daughters, as Joan is now honeymooning in New Zealand with her husband, Jack Norton, of Wombalano, Walcha, and Joyce is engaged to John Seaman, of Melbourne. Upon their return from New Zealand, Joan and Jack will make their home at Wombalano. Jack's mother will make her home in Sydney now that her son is married.

DEBONAIR Bill Dobell drops in at David Jones' art gallery to congratulate 83-year-old Mrs. Arthur Chauvel when her exhibition of flower paintings opens. Tells her he is something of a Chauvel fan, with one of her pictures, "Azaleas," in his collection. Mrs. Chauvel says she has waited for 50 years "to give an exhibition like this." Lots of the paintings were done within the past two years at her studio in Vaucluse.

Her nephew, film producer Charles Chauvel, and his up-and-coming artist daughter Suzanne are in Queensland on film project, but the rest of Chauvel clan are there in full force. They include another nephew, Colonel E. Chauvel, a sister, Mrs. George Burton, and niece, Mrs. Norman Taylor.

BRIEFLY: During week in Sydney, Adelaide lad Bill Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Taylor, of Glenelg, announces engagement to Betty Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. N. Chapman, of Portland Street, Dover Heights, and couple celebrate with family party at Amory, Ashfield. . . . Pearl-grey satin frock is worn by Valda Dinte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dinte, of Lyons Street, Dover Heights, when she celebrates her 18th birthday. . . . Anne Prince.



You'll be proud to say
"I MADE THEM"

You can embroider cushions to these two beautiful designs—they're simple and inexpensive, but your work will be repaid with new beauty for your lounge room. The folders include hot-iron transfers, full colour illustrations of the cushions and complete easy-to-follow instructions. AVAILABLE AT ALL GOOD NEEDLEWORK SHOPS.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FOLDERS & CATALOGUE

Write your name, address and the numbers of the folders you require on a sheet of paper. Enclose 6d. in stamps for each folder, and 11d. for postage, or 13d. for the illustrated catalogue of the many other patterns available and send to:

Box 2573 G.P.O., SYDNEY.
Dept. WW., CENTRAL AGENCY (AUST.) LTD.,
CLARK'S & ANCHOR
Embroidery Cotton
Most Colours, Best Colours, Fast Colours!

*Friday night
is AMAMI
night!*



* The day you use Amami with its pure, gentle, health-and-beauty ingredients—that will be the moment your true happiness and confidence will begin. Romance thrives on the lovely well-behaved hair assured to you by a regular Amami shampoo. For Amami has been used by attractive brunettes—and blondes every Friday night for over twenty-six years—nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! Put your hair in the care of a regular Amami shampoo.

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes. No. 5 for Blondes

AMAMI

Shampoos

After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls

**£10
WEEKLY**

**BROADCASTING
FEE FOR CLEVER
LAST LINES**

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 12. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 12

USE CANNOT MAR, TIME CANNOT FADE
THE DULUX IN EACH LOVELY SHADE
THAT MAKES YOUR ROOMS SO SPIC AND SPAN,
(Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in black letters, on the same sheet.

The award for this jingle will be announced over 51 Radio Stations in the "DULUX" Show, with "Jack Davy Star-maker." Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than October 4, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.

Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4290, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by October 4.

It seems to me....

In Japan: "This is where we came in"

I didn't think when I visited Japan in 1946, at the beginning of the occupation, that I would ever be back in the Press room at Kure.

The khaki uniforms I had on that trip have long since been made into pants for friends' small sons, who haven't had time to grow up before another war begins in which Australia has a part.

SEEMING Japan after that interval is like seeing it through the looking-glass, especially when you read of Tokio High School girls presenting toys to American children whose fathers are fighting in Korea and of the Tokio Chamber of Commerce preparing comforts for American troops.

Whether these gestures represent the feeling of the Japanese people as a whole would be rather too early to say.

I did hear of a Japanese who, talking off the record to American friends, was asked what side the Japanese would be on if Russia declared war.

He said, "On Russia's side, because if Russia won we would be all right. If we took America's part and Russia won we know we would be very harshly treated, whereas we haven't done badly in defeat by America."

He evidently wasn't considering the thought that the attitude of America to a defeated Japan the second time might be rather different.

However, all that's merely speculative, though with Korea 125 miles from the coast of Japan, there's naturally plenty of speculation.

I had last seen Kure when 40,000 Empire troops swarmed over the shattered town.

This time B.C.O.F., which had dwindled to about 2000 Australians, was adjusting itself to the change in winding up a peacetime occupation to the beginning of a new war.

Japanese shops are well stocked and the people are well dressed, but this is due to a glut of textiles.

Japanese, acting as watchmen on the many gates to B.C.O.F. buildings, salute or bow lightly when you pass.

This all looked very peaceful, but a few miles out, at Hiro, headquarters of the 3rd Battalion, troops who will represent Australia in the United Nations campaign in Korea were training and ready to move.

It certainly gives you a "this is where we came in" feeling to see young men in jungle greens with their tin helmets camouflaged with greenery.

I remembered seeing a training exercise at Ingleburn early in the last war, the khaki-clad figures moving through the long, brown grass in midsummer. I did not think then that ten years later Australian troops would be training for battle again in the midsummer of a former enemy country.

"We are fortunate in being able to train in country similar to what we will fight in," the C.O. of the battalion said.

Officers of the battalion are mostly veterans of the last war, and there is a sprinkling of last-war men even among the troops, whose average age is 21.

Fourth baby

SISTERS and A.A.M.W.S. at B.C.O.F. General Hospital, a few of whom remained from those I met when the hospital was 13 A.G.H., were wondering what the future might hold.

In the peaceful years of occupation the hospital has had the maternity ward figuring largely in its activities.

American babies, as well as Australians, have been born there, and at the transit hostel where I was staying was an American woman from farther south on the island of Kyushu waiting through the dull, hot days for her fourth baby.

She and the woman friend who had accompanied her were both wives of men fighting in Korea.



Dorothy Drain
in Japan

They watched the papers every day for news of the 24th Division.

"Those boys will sure be glad to see yours," they said. When I said to the one who is expecting a baby that the days must be dragging for her, she said, "The morale of the 24th Division wives is always high. The news is bad, but it was worse in July."

But she looked pale and tired. This wasn't the happiest time for soldiers' wives to be having babies.

These two girls had been in Japan only a few months.

For a while there was a strange situation when some American families, especially those with young children, were going home from choice, while ships were still bringing dependants from the States.

I attended, while in Kure, a wedding of two young Victorian Army doctors.

Weddings haven't been uncommon here, but this one's arrangements were rushed a week early because the bridegroom, Captain Bryan Gandlevia, R.A.A.M.C., of Melbourne, is medical officer to the 3rd Battalion, which was expecting orders to move to Korea.

His bride, Captain Dorothy Murphy, R.A.A.M.C., also of Melbourne, is anaesthetist at B.C.O.F. General Hospital.

She had planned the wedding in Tokio to every detail, including a bouquet of orchids.

Instead, it took place at the chapel of the 3rd Battalion at Hiro.

Her wedding dress arrived by air-mail from Melbourne only the night before, and Kure carnations had to replace the Tokio orchids.



AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS training in Japan for the Korean campaign carry out exercises at the former Japanese training ground at Haramura, several miles west of Kure. The country is hilly, like much of the terrain in Korea. Loading Vickers gun belts before firing practice are, from left: Pte. A. Hopes, Westwood, Qld., Pte. L. Baxter, Paddington, N.S.W., and L/Cpl. H. A. Chaperlin, Penrith, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950



SIGNING OF THE REGISTER after their marriage before Padre A. McDonald: Capt. Bryan Gandevia and Capt. Dorothy Murphy, both of Melbourne.

Mrs. Peter Latham, wife of Major Latham, P.A. to General Robertson, was hostess at a reception held in the battalion officers' mess.

There was no time for a honeymoon, but they were able to move straight away to a house in Niji Mura, the dependants' suburb, where they had a choice of twelve.

Though the wives still here aren't anxious to leave, many dependants had already moved back to Australia when B.C.O.F. was to close down.

The housing situation was one happy side to a wedding which took place under the shadow of separation.

I met at the wedding some of the girls I had met four and a half years ago, when B.C.O.F. General Hospital was 13 A.G.H.

Among them were Sister Helene Wilding, Sister Pegler, Captain Connie Judd, O.C. of A.A.M.W.S.

They have seen the gradual changes which strike me in such contrast, the mended roads, the buildings covering the bomb scars, the not-so-obsequious manners of the Japanese.

Casual manners

THE Japanese who haven't changed are the little room girls.

They are just as amiable and happy natured as ever, and they iron dresses just as unskillfully.

The men, apart from those employed by the occupation forces, are certainly far more casual in their manners.

Though I must admit that one Japanese driver for B.C.O.F. in Tokio still called me Sir.

In the great flat city of Tokio, covered with haze, smart American-owned cars thronged the streets, and smart American women met for lunch dates in the clubs.

But the second-hand car market had shown a sharp drop, though it wasn't as low as in July.

Some of the women had been packing away their possessions ready for transport to the States. One said to me as we sat in an American roof-garden club the night I passed through, "I suppose you could call that a bomber's moon." It's the kind of thought that couldn't but pass through the mind of anyone in these times.

Meanwhile the lotus flowers are blooming in Japan, but they don't seem very relevant to the state of affairs here in this 1950 summer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950



SECTION of support company of 3rd Battalion, who had been training with bazookas near Hiro. They are from left: Pte. W. G. H. Hopkins, Bellevue, W.A.; Pte. D. W. McCauley, North Sydney, Cpl. E. C. Harps, Sydney, Pte. E. K. Bates, Ulverstone, Tas.; Pte. C. Evans, Fremantle, W.A.; Pte. R. J. Harris, Toowoomba, Qld.; Pte. J. H. Simpson, Sydney.



ENJOYING THE SUN outside the sick-quarters of 77 Squadron H.Q., Iwakuni, are two R.A.A.F. sisters and two convalescent patients. From left they are: Sister Joan Mills, Sydney, Cpl. Arthur Splatt, Perth, Senior Sister Lucy Rule, Rockhampton, Qld., Cpl. Vernon Bell, Melbourne.



On everybody's lips!

THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture is satin-smooth and truly indelible. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.

Lournay

LIPSTICK & ROUGE

Lipstick, 6/-; Refills, 3/9; Compact & Creme Rouge, 3/9.

GUILD CHEMIST

Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores

LR/149A



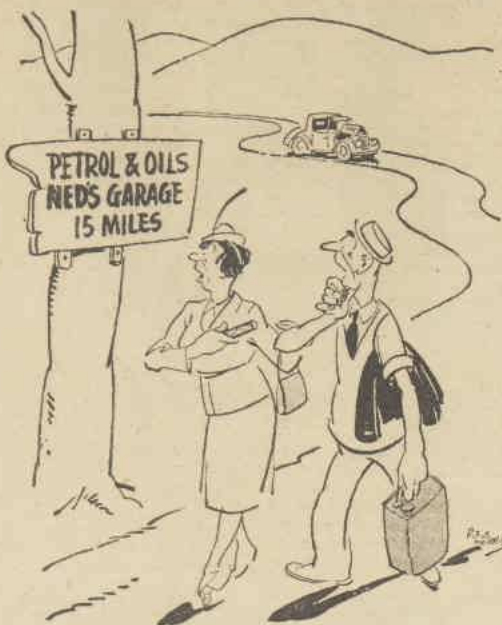
Full of Beans!

A breakfast of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans is a grand start for a busy day at work or school. It's a balanced meal, as energising and sustaining as high-priced eggs or chops.



930100

For that "hopeless" feeling



have a Life Saver



Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

**Prevent
Tooth Decay**
With **COLGATE**
**Ammoniated
Tooth Powder**



3 Definite Benefits
To Help Prevent
Tooth Decay

1. Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder helps neutralize destructive acids, neutralizes by many dental authorities a leading cause of tooth decay.
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Lactobacillus Acidophilus, in the mouth.
3. It helps cleanse and remove from teeth every film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

**BIG TIN
ONLY 3/-**

Colgate's New Dentifrice Gets Teeth
Remarkably Clean... Has a Delightful
Minty Flavour Children Love!

Your whole family will enjoy the new Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. Its salty flavour tastes grand, refreshes the mouth and breath. Its foamy cleaning action removes film—gets teeth so clean your tongue feels the difference. What's more, laboratory tests indicate it helps you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay when used regularly, as directed!

GUARANTEED BY COLGATE

Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you do not agree it is the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701, G.P.O., Sydney.

COLGATE
Ammoniated Tooth Powder

With a Flavour the Whole Family Enjoy

72/100

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 5

OVER half an hour of conversation, Jean let her story out in little artistic snippets, and Hopkinson swallowed it without question so that she became a little ashamed of herself.

He took her into a milk bar and bought her a soft drink. "Joe Harman..." he said. "What was he doing at Alice nine years ago?"

She sucked her straw. "He was a cowboy on a cattle farm," she said innocently, and hoped she wasn't overdoing it.

"A stockrider? Do you remember the name of the station?" "Wollara," she said. "That's the name—Wollara. That's near Alice Springs, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll try to find out."

He came back to her after lunch with Hal Porter, another newspaperman.

"Wollara's a good long way from Alice Springs," said Porter. "The homestead must be nearly a hundred and twenty miles away. You mean Tommy Duveen's place?"

"I think that's it," she said. "Is there a bus there from Alice Springs?"

"There's no bus or any way of getting there except to drive there in a truck or utility."

Hopkinson said, "It's on one of Eddie Maclean's rounds, isn't it?"

"Now you mention it, I think it is," Porter turned to Jean. "Maclean Airways run around most of those stations once a week delivering the mail," he said. "You may find that you could get there by plane. If so, that's much the easiest."

Her ideas about reporters had been moulded by the cinema; it was a surprise to her to find that in real life they could be kind and helpful people with good manners. She thanked them with sincere gratitude, and they took her out for a run round Darwin in a car.

She exclaimed at the marvellous white sand beaches and the azure blue of the sea, and suggested that a bathing party might be a good thing.

"There's one or two objections," Hal Porter said. "One is the sharks. Another is the alligators. Then there's the stone fish—he lies on the beach and looks just like a stone until you tread on him, and then he squirts about a pint of poison into you. But the thing that really puts me off is coral cut."

"What's that?" "A sort of growth inside your head that comes from getting this fine coral sand into your ear."

Jean came to the conclusion that perhaps she wouldn't bathe in Darwin after all.

She got her bath, however, because on Sunday they drove her forty miles or so southwards down the one road to a place called Berry Spring, a deep water-hole in a river where the bathing was good.

The reporters eyed her curiously when she appeared in her two-piece costume because the weeks that she had spent in native clothes in Kuala Telang had left her body sun-tanned. It was the first mistake that she had made, and for the first time a dim suspicion crossed their minds that this girl held a story for them if they could only get it out of her.

"Joe Harman..." said Hal Porter thoughtfully to Stuart Hopkinson. "I'm sure I've heard that name somewhere, but I can't place it."

As they drove back from the bath, the reporters told her about Darwin, and the picture that they painted was a gloomy one.

"Everything that happens here goes crook," Hal Porter said. "The meat works has been closed for years because of labor troubles—they got so many strikes they had to close it down. The railway was

intended to go south to Alice and join up with the one from Alice down to Adelaide—go from north to south of the continent. It might have been some good if it had done that, but it got as far as Birdum and then stopped.

"This road has just about put the railway out of business—what business it ever had. There used to be an ice factory, but that's closed down," He paused.

"Everywhere you go round here you'll see ruins of things that have been tried and failed."

"Why is that?" Jean asked. "It's not a bad place, this. It's got a marvellous harbor."

"Of course it has. It ought to be a great big port, this place—a port like Singapore. It's the only town of any size at all on the north coast. I don't know. I've been up here too long. It gives me the willies."

Stuart Hopkinson said cynically, "It's got outbackitis." He smiled at Jean. "You'll see a lot of this in Australia, especially in the north."

She asked, "Is Alice Springs like this?" It was so very different to the glowing recollections of Alice that Joe Harman had poured out to her, six years before.

"Oh, well," said Hopkinson, "Alice is different. Alice is all right."

"Why is it different?" she asked.

"I don't really know. It's railroad, of course, for shipping cattle down to Adelaide—that's one thing. But it's a go-ahead place is Alice; all sorts of things go on there. I wish the 'Monitor' had sent me there instead of here."

JEAN said good-bye to her two friends that night, then at dawn next morning she started in the bus for Alice Springs. The bus was big and modern, heavily streamlined; it towed a trailer carrying goods and luggage.

It was comfortable enough although not air conditioned; it cruised down the wide, empty tarmac road at fifty miles an hour, hour after hour.

As far as Katherine, where the bus stopped for lunch, the country was well wooded with rather stunted eucalyptus trees, which Jean discovered were called gums. Between these trees was wild land, ungrazed, unweeded, and uninhabited.

She discussed this country with a fellow traveller, a bank inspector on his way to Tennant Creek, and she was told that all this coastal belt was useless for farming.

After Katherine the country gradually became more arid, the trees more scattered and desiccated; till by the evening they were running through a country that was near to desert.

At dusk they stopped for the night at a place called Daly Waters. Daly Waters, she discovered, was a hotel, a post office, a large aerodrome, and nothing else whatsoever. The hotel was a rambling collection of single-story wooden huts or dormitories for men and for women, strange to Jean, but comfortable enough. She strolled outside before tea, in the dusk, and looked around.

In front of the hotel three young men were squatting on their heels with one leg extended. They wore a sort of jodhpur trouser and elastic-sided boots with a very thin sole, and they were playing cards upon the ground, intent upon their game.

She studied them with interest; that was how Joe Harman would have looked before he joined the Army. She resisted an absurd temptation to go up and ask if they knew anything about him.

Please turn to page 23

You can say
"yes" to Romance



Because
Tact says "no" to Offending!

Tact says "no" to perspiration worry and odour! Soft as a caress... exciting... new—Tact is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Tact is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Tact stops underarm odour instantly... checks perspiration effectively. And Tact lasts and lasts—from bath to bath!

Tact says "no" to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Tact, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your finest, your most fragile fabrics. For Tact alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive, new ingredient to make Tact safer. No other deodorant can be like Tact!

COLGATE'S Tact

THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm!

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

72/100



FOR YOUR
FROCKS AND
CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING

YOUR CHEMISTS
ADVISE IS—

FREE!

NEXT day the bus

started at dawn and drove on southwards down the tarmac road, past Milners Lagoon and Newcastle Waters and Muckety Bore to Tennant Creek. As they went, the vegetation grew sparser and the sun grew hotter, till by the time they stopped at Tennant Creek for a meal and a rest the country had become pure sand and desert.

They went on after an hour, driving at fifty to fifty-five miles an hour down the scorching road past tiny places of two or three houses dignified with a name, Wauchope and Barrow Creek and Aileron.

Towards evening they found themselves running towards the Macdonnell Ranges, lines of bare red hills against the pale blue sky, and at about dusk they ran slowly into Alice Springs and drew up in front of a hotel.

Jean went into the hotel and got a room opening on to a balcony, the hotel being a bungalow-type building, as practically every other building in Alice Springs.

Immediately after the arrival of the bus, tea was served, and Jean had already learned that in Australian country hotels unless you are punctual for your meals you get nothing.

She changed her dress and strolled out in the town after tea, walking slowly down the broad suburban roads, examining the town.

She found it as Joe Harman had described it to her, a pleasant place with plenty of young people in it. In spite of its tropical surroundings and the bungalow nature of the houses, there was a faint suggestion of an English suburb in Alice Springs which made her feel at home.

There were the houses standing each in a small garden fenced around or bordered by a hedge for privacy; the streets were laid out in the way of English streets, with shade trees planted along the kerbs.

Shutting her eyes to the Macdonnell Ranges, she could almost imagine she was back in Bassett as a child. She could now see well what everybody meant by saying Alice was a "bonza place." She knew that she could build a happy

life for herself in this town, living in one of these suburban houses, with two or three children, perhaps.

She found her way back to the main street and strolled up it looking at the shops. It was quite true; this town had everything a reasonable girl could want—a hairdressing saloon, a good dress shop or two, two picture-houses.

She turned into the milk bar at about nine o'clock and bought herself an ice-cream soda. If this was the outlook, she thought, there were a great many worse places.

Next morning, after breakfast, she went and found the manageress, a Mrs. Driver, in the hotel office. She said, "I want to try to get in touch with a second cousin of mine who hasn't written home for ten years."

She told her story about being on her way from London to Adelaide to stay with her sister. "I told my uncle that I'd come this way and stop in Alice Springs and try to find out something about Joe."

Mrs. Driver was interested in Jean's story. "What's your cousin's name?" she asked.

"Joe Harman," Jean told her. "Joe Harman! Worked out at Wollara?"

"That's right," Jean said. "Do you know if he's still there?"

The woman shook her head. "He used to come in here a lot just after the war, but he was only here about six months. I only came here in the war; I don't know about before that. He was a prisoner of the Japs. They treated him terribly. Came back with scars on his hands where they'd put nails right through, crucified him, or something."

Jean expressed surprise and horror. "Do you know where he is now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Maybe one of the boys would know."

Old Art Foster, the general handyman, who had lived in Alice Springs for thirty years, said, "Joe Harman? He went back to Queensland where he came from. He was at Wollara for about six months after the war, and then he got a job as station manager at some place up in the Gulf country."

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 22

Jean asked, "You don't know his address?"

"I don't. Tommy Duveen would know it, out at Wollara."

"Does he come in to town much?"

"He was in town on Friday. He comes about once every three or four weeks."

Jean asked innocently, "I suppose Joe Harman took his family with him when he went to Queensland. They aren't living here still, are they?"

The old man stared at her. "I never heard Joe Harman had a family. He wasn't married, not so far as I know."

She said defensively, "My uncle back in England thinks he's married."

"I never heard nothing of a wife," the old man said.

Jean thought about this for a minute, and then said to Mrs. Driver, "Is there a telephone at Wollara? I mean, if Mr. Duveen knows his address, I'd like to ring him up and get it."

"There isn't any telephone," she said. "They'll be speaking on the radio schedule morning and evening from Wollara, of course."

MRS. DRIVER told

Jean that there was an extensive radio network operated by the Flying Doctor service from the hospital; morning and evening an operator at the hospital sat down to call up forty or fifty stations on the radio telephone to transmit messages, pass news, and generally ascertain that all was well. The station housewife operated the other end.

"Mrs. Duveen is sure to be on the air to-night because her sister Amy is in hospital here for a baby, and Edith'll want to know if it's come off yet. If you write out a telegram and take it down to Mr. Taylor at the hospital, he'll pass it to them to-night."

Jean went back to her room and wrote out a suitable telegram and took it down to the hospital to Mr. Taylor, who agreed to pass it to Wollara.

"Come back at about eight o'clock, and I may have the answer if they know the address right off; if they've got to look it up they'll probably transmit it on the schedule to-morrow morning." That freed her for the remainder of the day, and she went back to the milk bar for another ice-cream.

In the milk bar she made a friend, a girl called Rose Sawyer, who was about eighteen and had an Aberdeen terrier on a lead; she worked in the dress shop in the afternoons. She was very interested to hear that Jean came from England, and they talked about England for a time.

"How do you like Alice?" she asked presently, and there was a touch of conventional scorn in her tone.

"I like it," Jean said candidly. "I've seen many worse places. I should think you could have a pretty good time here."

The girl said, "Well, I like it all right. We were in Newcastle before, and then Daddy got the job of being manager here and we all thought it would be awful. All my friends said these outback places were just terrible. I thought I wouldn't be able to stick it, but I've been here fifteen months now and it's not so bad."

"Alice is better than most, isn't it?"

"That's what they say—I haven't been in any of the others. Of course, all this has come quite recently, there weren't any of these shops before the war, they say."

Jean learned a little of the history of the town and she was surprised at the rapidity of its growth. In 1928 it was about three houses and a pub; that was the year when the railway reached it from Oodnadatta. The Flying Doctor service started about 1930 and small hospitals were placed about in the surrounding districts.

The sisters married furiously, and Jean learned that most of the oldest families were those of these sisters. By 1939 the population was about three hundred; when the war came the town became a military staging point. After the war the population had risen to about seven hundred and fifty in 1945, and when Jean was there it was about twelve hundred.

ROSE SAWYER

said, "All these new houses and shops going up. People seem to be coming in here all the time now."

She suggested that Jean should come swimming in the late afternoon. "Mrs. Maclean's got a lovely swimming pool, just out of the aerodrome," she said. "I'll ring her up and ask if I can bring you."

She called for Jean that afternoon at five o'clock and Jean joined the swimming party at the pool; sitting and basking in the evening sun and looking at the gaunt line of Mount Eriwa, she became absorbed into the social life of Alice Springs.

Most of the girls and married women were under thirty; she found them kindly, hospitable people, well educated and avid for news of England.

By the end of the evening Jean was in a humble frame of mind; these pleasant people knew so much about her country, and she knew so very little about theirs.

She strolled down to the hospital in the cool night, after tea. Mrs. Duveen had not been able to give Joe Harman's address off-hand, but she confirmed that he was managing a station somewhere in the Gulf Country. She would ask her husband and send a message on the morning schedule.

That night Jean thought a good deal about what she would do when she did get the address. It was clear now that her first apprehensions were unfounded; Joe Harman had made a good recovery from his injuries, and was able to carry on his work. She was amazed that this could be so; but the man was tough.

Though there was no compelling need for her to find him now, she felt that it would be impossible to leave Australia without seeing him.

She did not fear embarrassment when she met him. She felt that she could tell him the truth frankly; that she had heard of his survival and had come to satisfy herself that he was quite all right. If anything should happen after that, well, that would be just one of those things.

She drifted into sleep, smiling.

Please turn to page 24

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

To give you

Faster-Easier Cleaning

than any other cleanser you've ever used...and it's **SAFE!**

Old Dutch breaks all records for fast and easy cleaning . . . and it's safe. Scientific tests have **PROVED** that amazing new **ACTIVATED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER** actually cleans **faster and easier** than any other cleanser! It zips through your toughest cleaning jobs, polishing while it cleans . . . with far less work, less rubbing for you! Try it now for faster, easier cleaning than you've ever known before!

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER . . . CHASES DIRT!

Dissolves Grease on Contact

Thanks to an amazing new ingredient.

Sudsing Action

Sweeps Away Dirt and Stains

Just a touch does so much!

Rinses Away Quickly-Completely

Leaves no gritty sediment! It's safe! Kind to the Hands!

NEXT morning,

Jean went down to the hospital after the radio schedule, and learned that Joe Harman was the manager of Midhurst Station, near Willstown. She had never heard of Willstown before.

Mr. Taylor obligingly got out a map of Australia designed to show the various radio facilities and frequencies of the outback stations, and showed her Willstown at the mouth of the Gilbert River on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

"What sort of a place is it?" she asked him. "Is it a place like this?"

He laughed. "It's a fair cow up there." He studied the map. "It's got an airstrip, anyway. I don't suppose it's got much else. I've never been there, and I've never heard of anyone who had."

"I'm going there," she said. "I've got to see Joe Harman, after coming all this way."

"It's likely to be rough living," he said.

"Would there be a hotel?"

"Oh, there'll be a hotel. They've got to have their grog."

She left the hospital and went thoughtfully to the milk bar, as she ordered her ice-cream soda it occurred to her that it might be a long time before she had another.

When she had finished her soda she walked up the street a little way and turned into the magazine and book shop, and bought a map of Australia and a bus time table and an airline time table. Then she went back to the milk bar and had another ice-cream soda while she studied this literature.

Presently Rose Sawyer came into the milk bar with her dog. Jean said, "I've found out where Joe Harman lives. Now I've got to find out how to get there. There doesn't seem to be a bus going that way at all."

They studied the time tables together.

"It's going to be much easier to fly," said Rose. "That's how everybody goes, these days. It's more expensive, but it may not be in the long run because you've got so many meals and hotels if you try and go by land. I should take the Maclean service to Cloncurry, next Monday."

"It meant staying a few days more in Alice Springs, but it seemed the best thing to do."

"You could come and stay with us," said Rose. "Daddy and Mummy would love to have somebody from England."

"I would like to do that, if you're sure it wouldn't be a lot of trouble," Jean said.

The Sawyer house was a pleasant bungalow with a rambling rose climbing over it, standing in a small garden full of English flowers, with a sprinkler playing on the lawn. Mrs. Sawyer was grey haired and practical; she made Jean welcome. "Much better for you to be here with us than in that nasty place," she said, with all of an Australian woman's aversion to hotels. "I'll be nice having you, Miss Paget."

Jean went back to the hotel to pack her suitcase, and on the way she stopped at the Post Office. She spent a quarter of an hour sucking the end of a pencil, trying to word a telegram to Joe Harman to tell him that she was coming to see him. Finally she said:

"Heard of your recovery from Kuantan atrocity quite recently perfectly delighted stop I am in Australia now and coming up to Willstown to see you next week."

Jean Paget.

She took her suitcase round to the Sawyers' house in a taxi, and settled in with them. She stayed with these kind people for four days.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 23

On the third day she could not bear to go on lying to them; she told Rose and her mother what had happened in Malaya, and why she was looking for Joe Harman, but begged them not to spread the story; she was terribly afraid that it would get into the papers.

In the days she spent with the Sawyers, Jean inevitably heard about Rose Sawyer's love life, which was not so far very serious. It chiefly centred on a Mr. Billy Wakeling, who built roads when he could get a road to build.

ROSE was still looking round for work that would suit her. "I like a shop," she said. "I couldn't ever learn shorthand, like you do. I like a shop all right, but I don't know that the dress shop is much catch. I'd like to run a milk bar, that's what I'd like to do. I think it must be ever such fun, running a milk bar."

Jean noted that for future reference. She left Alice Springs on Monday morning with regret, and the Sawyers and Macleans were sorry to see her go.

She flew all that day, and it was a very instructive day for her. The machine did not go directly to Cloncurry, but zigzagged to and fro across the wastes of Central Australia, depositing small bags of mail at cattle stations and picking up stock riders and mounted policemen to drop them off after a hundred or more miles.

They landed eight or ten times in the course of the day at various stations. At each place they would get out of the plane and drink a cup of tea and gossip with the station manager or owner.

By the end of the day Jean Paget knew exactly what the homestead of a cattle station looked like, and she was beginning to have a very good idea of what went on there.

They got to Cloncurry at dusk, a fairly extensive town on a railway that ran eastward to the sea at Townsville. Here she was in Queensland, and she heard for the first time the slow, deliberate speech of the Queenslander that reminded her of Joe Harman at once.

She was driven into town in a very old open car and deposited at her hotel. She got a bedroom, but tea was over, and she had to go down the wide, dusty main street to a cafe for her evening meal.

Cloncurry, she found, had none of the clean glamor of Alice Springs; it was a town redolent of cattle, with wide streets through which to drive the herds down to the stockyards, many hotels, and a few shops.

All the houses were of wood with red-painted corrugated iron roofs; the hotels were of two stories, but very few of the other houses were more than bungalows.

She had to spend a day here, because the air service to Normanton and Willstown ran weekly on a Wednesday. She went out after breakfast while the air was still cool and walked up the huge main street for half a mile till she came to the end of the town, and she walked down it a quarter of a mile till she came to the other end.

Then she went and had a look at the railway station, and, having seen the aerodrome, she had exhausted the sights of Cloncurry. She looked in at a shop that sold toys and newspapers, but they were sold out of all reading matter except a few dream-making journals; as the day was starting to warm up she went back to the hotel.

JEAN managed to borrow a copy of *The Australian Women's Weekly* from the manageress of the hotel and took it up to her room, and lay down on her bed to sweat it out during the heat of the day.

Most of the other citizens of Cloncurry seemed to be doing the same thing.

She revived shortly before tea and had a shower, and went out to the cafe for an ice-cream soda. Stupefied by the heavy meal of roast beef and plum pudding that the Queenslanders call "tea," she sat in a deck-chair for a little in the dusk of the verandah, and went to bed again at about eight o'clock.

She was called before dawn, and was out at the aerodrome with the first light. The aircraft wandered round the cattle stations as on the previous flight. About midday, they came to the sea, a desolate, marshy coast, and shortly after that they put down at Normanton.

Half an hour later they were in the air again for Constance Downs Station; then they took off on the last leg to Willstown.

They got there about the middle of the afternoon, and Jean got a bird's-eye view of the place as they circled for a landing. The country was well wooded with gum trees and fairly green; the Gilbert River ran into the sea about three miles below the town.

The town itself consisted of about thirty buildings, very widely scattered on two enormous intersecting streets or areas of land, for the streets were not paved. Only one building, which she later learned to be the hotel, was of two stories. From the town dirt tracks ran out in various directions.

That was all that one could see of Willstown, that and a magnificent aerodrome put there in the war for defence purposes, with three mile-long tarmac runways.

Please turn to page 26



Furnishing Fabrics that give lasting pleasure

TOOTAL furnishing fabrics are gay and beautiful to look at—restful and friendly to live with. What's more, they are completely reliable, easy and safe to wash, remarkably hardwearing and strongly resistant to fading. Made of the finest quality materials, and carrying the TOOTAL Guarantee, these attractive fabrics offer a wide choice of weaves, colours and designs.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE

All goods sold by the Company and bearing the registered trade mark TOOTAL or the words A TOOTAL PRODUCT are guaranteed by the Company and are warranted to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up.

TOOTAL

REGD

Furnishing Fabrics

WORTH Reporting

IN spite of staff shortages and accommodation difficulties, the Queen Victoria Hospital for Women, Melbourne, devotes two 20-bed wards to the care of aged women.

Although they are not ill, the 40 patients for whom the hospital is home require extra care.

All are old-age pensioners. Most are bedridden, although a few are able to sit in wheelchairs or potter about the ward.

The two wards are centrally heated and kept gay with flowers, and there are primrose covers on the beds.

"These are most informal wards for a hospital," says Sister Jean Gray, who is in charge of what an affectionate staff calls "the family."

"We like the patients to feel they can keep their own personal bits and pieces. It makes such a difference to their happiness."

Midday dinner of roast lamb with three vegetables, steamed pudding with cream, and two pieces of fruit was being served on dainty trays when Sister Gray showed us round.

Some patients were being spoon-fed by nurses. Others sat up in bed to eat, or gathered in their wheelchairs, four to a table, in the middle of the ward.

"Many of these people had been living alone, too feeble to cook for themselves, and existing on tea and bread and butter," Sister Gray told us. "Their condition improved enormously when they came here and received good food and attention."

Once a week Red Cross volunteers take several of the patients out for drives.

Fifteen shillings of their pension is left for spending money after a nominal board is deducted, and the women do their shopping from trolleys brought to the wards twice weekly.

Birthdays are great events. A special afternoon tea is served and the whole staff assembles early in the morning to sing "Happy Birthday" at the bedside.

In caring for these women, the hospital's only regret is that its capacity is limited to 40 beds.

AN attractive acquaintance of ours decided to try some heavy glamor for a heavy date the other night and splashed on expensive perfume.

When she got into her boy-friend's car, he at once asked: "What's the smell?"

She sat complacently, waiting for the kind of compliment the label on the bottle guaranteed.

He sniffed around like a bloodhound for a few minutes, then shattered her completely by shouting in triumph:

"I know—pink disinfectant."

HAZEL



"I see a strong, dark-haired woman in your life. You will take a long trip. An arduous trip. Upstairs. I see water. I see soap. I..."

My favorite poem

Mrs. R. Johnson, of Pt. Nepean Road, Brighton (Vic.), has sent us her favorite poem—one of Shakespeare's sonnets.

She suggests we might publish it and follow it with the favorite poems of other readers. Send us your favorite lines. They may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

—Shakespeare, Sonnet 116.

DO birds sing in dialect?

We admit this is a question to which we had directed little serious thought until the earnest researches of an English bird-lover, Mr. Ludwig Koch, were brought to our notice.

Keen-eared Mr. Koch has made 15 recordings of chaffinches in England, Scotland, Belgium, France, Germany, and the Channel Islands.

There are, he reports, startling differences between English, French, and German chaffinches, and the Scottish chaffinch has a most individual line of song. However, he is reluctant yet to go so far as to call it a burr.

We like Nevil Shute, and Nevil Shute likes us

WE are, we insist with a modest cough, not anxious to advertise ourselves.

So when a fiction sub-editor came across the part in our serial "A Town Like Alice" where Jean Paget borrows a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly from the hotel manageress at Cloncurry—you can read about it on the opposite page—her blue pencil hovered and nearly struck.

But she remembered having had afternoon tea in our Editor's office with the author, Nevil Shute, when he was in Australia gathering material for the book.

A rather pink-faced and shy Mr. Shute faced up well to tea and cakes with a circle of women.

In conversation he mentioned that in his travels through the Northern Territory and Queensland he noticed our paper everywhere.

It must have stuck in his mind, because he made the reference to The Australian Women's Weekly before he had any knowledge that we would serialise his book.

Brisbane woman has rare swanskin cape

WITH the permission of Buckingham Palace, the King's Keeper of the Swans, Mr. F. Turk, has given Mrs. A. B. Cullen, of Brisbane, seven swanskins, which she has had made into a cape.

Furriers in India took eight months to make the cape by hand. It is insured for £400.

Mr. Turk, who is a personal friend of Mrs. Cullen and her husband, Major Cullen, gave the skins to her when the Cullens were on furlough in England from India.

The history of swans in England is interesting. James I fancied them as a table delicacy, and since then all swans have been the property of the King.

Mr. Turk and his brother keep track of all the swans in England—none is in captivity—and put the King's Seal, a tiny crown, on the beak of each cygnet.

The Duchess of Kent sometimes wears a black swanskin cape.

Incidentally, we discovered that swansdown, used to make powder-puffs and as a trimming, is only a poor relation masquerading.

It should be goose-down. Australian supplies come from Strasbourg, in Germany, which is the home of another goose product, pate de foie gras.

OUR Adelaide reporter, Freda Young, who visited the McGregor home at Fullarton a couple of days after Ken's victory over American Ted Schroeder in the Davis Cup final, says that the family was so excited, even Toby, the dog, was affected.

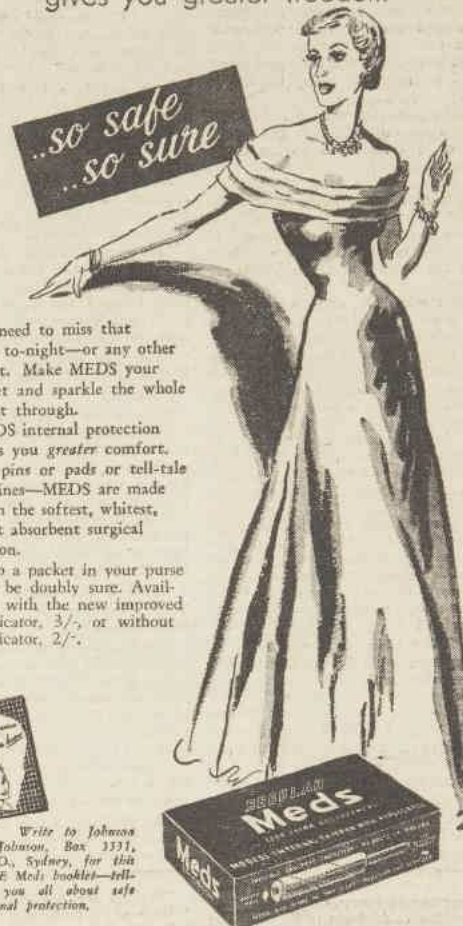
The day of McGregor's win, Toby brought in the morning paper with the good news in it, and received a biscuit as a reward.

Two days later, when McGregor was beaten by Tom Brown in the second singles, Toby chewed up the paper.

Mrs. McGregor, Ken's mother, told Freda that someone rang and asked whether it was true he walked at seven months.

"They must have been thinking of Toby," Mrs. McGregor said.

Meds internal protection gives you greater freedom



No need to miss that date to-night—or any other night. Make MEDS your secret and sparkle the whole night through. MEDS internal protection gives you greater comfort. No pins or pads or tell-tale outlines—MEDS are made from the softest, whitest, most absorbent surgical cotton.

Keep a packet in your purse and be doubly sure. Available with the new improved applicator, 3/6, or without applicator, 2/6.

Write to Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—telling you all about safe internal protection.

MEDS—The Modest Tampon—a product of Johnson & Johnson WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

"Soaping" dulls hair. Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not a cream... Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather... needs no special rins!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable... shining with colourful natural highlights!

YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoo leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favourite shampoo to-day.

THE LARGEST SELLING SHAMPOO IN America

A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 24

LANDING on one of the huge runways, the plane taxied towards a truck parked at the runway intersection; this truck was loaded with two barrels of petrol and a semi-rotary pump for refuelling.

The pilot said to Jean as he came down the cabin, "You're getting off here, Miss Paget? Is anyone meeting you?"

She shook her head. "I want to see a man who's living in this district, on one of the stations. I'll have to go to the hotel, I think."

"Who is it? Al Burns, out there on the truck—he knows everybody here."

She said, "Oh, that's a good idea. I want to see Mr. Joe Harman. He's manager at Midhurst Station."

They got out of the aeroplane together. "Morning, Al," the pilot said. "She'll take about forty gallons. I'll have a look at the oil in a minute. Is Joe Harman in town?"

"Joe Harman?" said the man in the truck. He was a lean, dark-haired man of forty or so. "Joe Harman's in England. Went there for a holiday."

Jean blinked, and tried to collect her thoughts. She had been prepared to hear that Harman was out on his property or even that he was away in Cairns or Townsville, but it was absurd to be told that he was in England.

"Went about a month ago," Al Burns was saying. "Jim Lennon said the other night that he'd be back about the end of October."

The pilot turned to Jean. "What will you do, Miss Paget? Do you want to stay here now? It's not much of a place, you know."

She bit her lip in thought.

"I'll have to think about this," she said. "I'll have to stay in Australia till I've seen Joe Harman. Cairns is a nice place to stay, isn't it?"

The pilot nodded. "If you've got to wait six or eight weeks you don't want to wait here, Miss Paget."

"How could I get to Cairns?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "you could come back with me to Cloncurry and then go by train to Townsville and up to

Cairns. Or you could wait here till next Wednesday, to-day week, and fly straight to Cairns in about two and a half hours."

Jean thought a little longer. "I think I'll stay here," she said at length. "It's probably cheaper than going back. I'll stay here and see Jim Lennon."

By that time another truck had appeared, a lorry with a couple of men in it. This was the transport from the aerodrome to Willtown.

"My name's Small. Sam Small, like the chap with the musket," the driver introduced himself as the truck bumped and swayed over the earth track leading to the town. Dust rose into the cab, the engine roared.

"You just out from England," Sam shouted above the noise.

"Yes."

"What's the rationing like now?"

She shouted her information to him as the truck bumped and swayed across the landscape to the town. A wooden shack appeared, and fifty yards on there was another on the left; there was another some distance ahead, and they were in the main street. They drew up in front of a two-storied building.

"This is the hotel," said Mrs. Small. "Come on in, and I'll find Mrs. Connor."

The hotel was a fair-sized building with about ten small bedrooms opening on to the balcony. It had wooden floors and wooden doors; the whole of the rest of it was built of corrugated iron on a wood framework. Jean was accustomed by that time to the universal corrugated iron roofs, but a corrugated iron wall to her bedroom was a novelty.

The landlady, a tall, grey-haired, determined woman of about fifty, seemed a little doubtful at first about accommodation.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "You see, the men sleep out on this balcony, often as not. That wouldn't be very nice for you."

Sam Small said, "What about the two back rooms, Ma?"

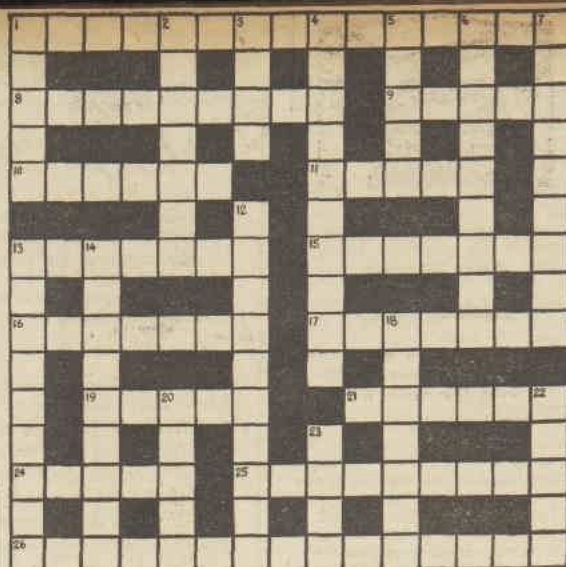
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- He sits in wet land. (Anagr. 4, 4, 2, 4, but only by the skin of his teeth).
- And (8).
- I on myself one hundred, dialect spoken by Italian race inhabiting Attica (8).
- Sabre used by M. Indian tribes for you French and fifty armed conflict (8).
- The Spanish in legal things staggers (8).
- Not precise in former deed (7).
- Clear away Russian river followed by six consumed (7).
- Extend for years (7).
- Choose tea for undergarment (7).
- City in Nebraska (8).
- Baunter for a holy register (8).
- Sends forth in disturbed times (8).
- Unyielding in string woven with India-rubber (8).
- Hesitate by resting on the receiver of stolen goods (12, 3, 2, 2, 5).

Solution to last week's crossword.

RICHARD THE THIRD
A A U A E E R N I
M O R A T R E A D I N E S S
P A H W V M B C
A U T H O R I Z E D A R I A
R R N N N I R
T H E I S M S L U G G A R D
L H A Y E E T
P R E C I N C T P R O E M S
R V P T S M I
E L A N M I N O T A U R U S
S T H N B N E T
E D I T O R I A L I N G L E
N O B U I U A R
T E N C O M M A N D M E N T S



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Begin the holy skill (8).
- Buddhist beatitude are mixed in a van (7).
- A distance at a distance (4).
- Such a building must have been erected between 1465 and 1603 (5, 5).
- Omit in pronunciation an Australian hat in case (5).
- Hotel is come to nothing in Queensland (9).
- Decrease of crime in surface impression (8).
- Stagnation of people of male descent (10).
- Devil let men mix a tool (8).
- The science of production and distribution of wealth is to be found in comic nose (8).
- Yael Exceeding! Though is not more than 54% (5, 4).
- Any possession as group (5).
- Cruel is the foundation of pecuniary profit as motive (5).
- One thousand she to be found in literature of net (4).

"Aye, she could go there." She turned to Jean. "It's on the back balcony, looks out over the yard. You been in outback towns before?"

Jean shook her head. "I've only just come out from England."

"Is that so? What's it like in England now? Do you get enough to eat?"

Jean said her piece again.

"I got a sister married to an Englishman," the woman said. "Living at a place called Goole. I send her home a parcel every month."

She took Jean and showed her the room. It was clean and with a good mosquito net; it was small, but the passage door was opposite the double

window opening on to the balcony, giving a clear draught through.

"Nobody don't come along this balcony, except Annie—she's the maid. Leave your door open a chink, prop your case against it so that no one can't come barging in by mistake, and have the windows open, and you'll get a nice draught through. I never have no difficulty sleeping in this place."

She glanced down at Jean's hand.

"You ain't married?"

"No."

"Well, there'll be every man in this district coming in to town to have a look at you. You'd better be prepared for that."

Jean laughed. "I will."

"You a friend of Joe Harman?"

Jean had explained why she was here. "I met him in the war," she said. "In Singapore, when we were both waiting for a passage home." It was nearer to the truth than her last lie, anyway. "Then as I was in Australia I sent him a telegram to say I'd come and see him. I didn't get an answer so I came here anyway. But he's gone walkabout."

The woman smiled. "You picked up some Aussie slang."

"Joe Harman taught me that one, when I met him in the war."

Please turn to page 46

Do you know?

LOST TOOTH - BROKE DROUGHT!

FINNS USED TO BELIEVE THAT TO LOSE A TOOTH IS A SIGN OF RAIN COMING. TODAY, ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY THESE THREE WAYS.

- 1. KOLYNOS NEUTRALISES MOUTH ACIDS.
- 2. KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA WHICH CAUSE THESE ACIDS.
- 3. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

TEETH PAY DIVIDENDS!

IT IS AN OLD CUSTOM IN TURKEY TO BURY AN EXTRACTED TOOTH, AS THIS LEADS TO MONEY BEING FOUND CHANGE TO KOLYNOS, AND YOU'LL PROFIT BY A LOVELIER SMILE... TEETH THAT ARE THOROUGHLY CLEAN.

Concentrated - lasts twice as long!

WHEN OTHER TOOTH PASTES LOOK LIKE THIS...

KOLYNOS WILL STILL LOOK LIKE THIS...

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

LION'S TOOTH prevents MALARIA!

MANY AFRICAN TRIBESMEN WEAR A LION'S TOOTH AROUND THEIR NECK TO PREVENT MALARIA.

Xavier Cugat - KOLYNOS FAN!

XAVIER CUGAT, FEATURED ARTIST OF COLUMBIA RECORDS, ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS FRESHENS YOUR MOUTH... SWEETENS YOUR BREATH... AND PEP'S UP YOUR TASTE BUDS, TOO.



Keep it lovely
this easier
Liquid way

Here's a tip for women. Polish your silver with Liquid Silvo to give it the most beautiful lustre you can imagine. Silvo means less rubbing, more beautiful lustre and safety, too.

For generations Silvo has polished priceless gold and silver services in homes throughout the world.

Silvo Polish cannot harm the delicate surface of your treasured silver.



To make the
most of every
meal... use

K.P.M.*



*** KEEN'S
Prepared
MUSTARD**

Ready mixed for
your convenience

5/48

At all grocers and delicatessens.

Finger-Tips Lift out Corns

Good Advice to Sufferers on
How to Wither Up Corns so
they Come Out Easily and
Painlessly.

If you are suffering from hard, throbbing, burning corns—take good advice and put a drop of Frosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips. Get a bottle of Frosol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.



Fashion FROCKS

READY TO WEAR OR CUT
OUT READY TO MAKE

"ELLEN."—A pretty neckline and large pockets are features of this crisp frock of good quality striped cotton haircord. Colors are pink and white, sage blue and white, green and white, and red and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage, 2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 33/9. Postage, 2/6.

"MARGERY."—Smart blouse and skirt for summer. Rayon crepe-de-chine blouse has fashionable long peaked collar and short cuffed sleeves. Rayon spun linen skirt has pocket feature.

Blouse, Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/9. Postage, 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Postage, 1/6.



Skirt, Ready To Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 37/9. Postage, 1/9.

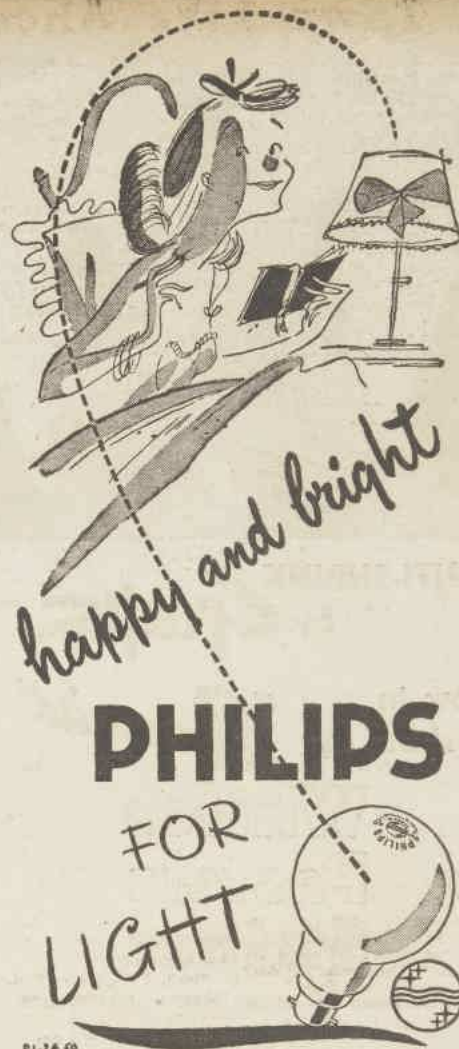
Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 29/6. Postage, 1/9.

● NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Fashion Frocks sent by registered post.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 1669, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 468P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4010, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4669, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



PL 24 40



Men who are always tired and irritable, nervy, "edgy" and difficult to live with may well be suffering from "mineral starvation"—due to faulty diet, hurried meals, nerve strain and overwork. These "run-down" men need Bidomak—a scientific combination of minerals essential for robust health and nerve strength. Bidomak provides essential iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, copper and manganese, quickly builds rich red blood, nourishes nerves and brain, strengthens tissues throughout the body.

A NEW MAN!

"I lost over 2 stone in weight and my nerves were in a terrible state. I tried taking Bidomak. After taking only 2 bottles I am a new man and in the best of condition."—Mr. F.R.

★ Bidomak will give a great improvement within 14 days or money-back guarantee. Get a bottle to-day from your nearest chemist or store.

Bidomak

The Tonic of the Century
FOR NERVES, BRAIN &
THAT DEPRESSED FEELING



512/0



ANTI-SHRINK
by **Grafton**
now in
shirts by **"Beaucaire"**
Whites
Pastels
Stripes

CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT FADE • EASY TO IRON

In all leading States throughout Australia. 651



NOW is the time to
INSULATE YOUR HOME
against HEAT and COLD

If your home is still in course of erection why not get information on how to insulate for all time against extremes of weather. No home is truly modern which is stifling in summer and unpleasantly cold in winter. You save on heating costs too! Even if your home is completed, it's still not too late to INSULATE.

Write, phone, or call for information on the modern insulator—B. I. SLAGWOOL.

BRADFORD
Insulation PTY. LTD.
B.I. SLAGWOOL
Phones: SYDNEY, MA 4944; MELBOURNE, MU 3506
BRISBANE B3604; B.I. (S.A.) LTD. ADELAIDE
Gen. 7257; B.I. (W.A.) LTD. PERTH L2107

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Bicycle Thief

"THE BICYCLE THIEF" is a little Italian film that was produced in Rome in 1948 by ace director-producer Vittorio De Sica. It arrives in Australia already holding most European film awards for its year.

Made with a cast of principals collected from among inhabitants of Rome, who had never before faced a movie camera, and utilising a story of incredible simplicity, the outstanding qualities of the film are artistic honesty and restraint and lack of pretentiousness.

It tells the story of Antonio, a poor Italian laborer with a wife and two small children, and their desperate need for security.

The theft of his bicycle by one of the army of unemployed in post-war Rome is used to underline the struggle for survival. Helped by friends and his small son Bruno, Antonio spends a whole Sunday in frantic search for the machine.

Failure to find it creates scenes that are poignantly affecting and occasionally humorous. The boy, Enzo Staiola, a little fellow with mournful eyes, is superb.

Overlong outdoor sequences would be better for judicious cutting. Dialogue is in Italian with English subtitles.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★★ Ticket to Tomahawk

A ROWDY, tongue-in-cheek comedy, "Ticket to Tomahawk," which 20th Century-Fox has filmed in rather garish technicolor, is the sort of film in which you automatically expect Dan Dailey to star.

He is amiable and likeable as Johnny, a travelling tenderfoot, who is introduced as the unwilling first passenger on the first train to the western town of Tomahawk.

It seems that the owners of the rail concession have to make the run within a time limit, and carrying at least one paying passenger, in order to fulfill their contract. Their opposition, the stage-coach company, is out to throw a spanner in the works.

A motley company of trappers, villains, Indians, and show people eventually accompanies the train on the eventual run, with the party under the protection of Deputy Marshal Kit Dodge (Anne Baxter), a pretty peace officer with the reputation of being able to draw faster, shoot straighter, and spit farther than any man in the territory.

Misadventures come thick and fast, and the goings-on are fantastic, but never tedious.

Walter Brennan and Rory Calhoun head a large supporting cast.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

★★ Eternal Return

IF you judge a film only in terms of originality of plot and depth of characterisation you will find Jean Cocteau's "Eternal Return" thin fare, for in this film both are conventionally legendary.

But for those who waive such standards the picture has the beauty of simplicity.

The story follows the pattern of all legend about ill-fated love, so nothing happens which is not a foregone conclusion.

Patrick (modern Tristan) advises his Uncle Mark, a landowner and widower, to remarry. A few days later Patrick finds a girl, Nataly (modern Isolde), and takes her home to be his uncle's wife.

Patrick and Nataly fall in love,

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

but realisation of this does not come to them until after her marriage to Mark. What follows—their brief happiness, their parting and misunderstanding, and their final reunion in death—is the pattern of tragedy.

Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne bring a primitive beauty to the characters of Patrick and Nataly, but chief acting honors go to Jean Murat. A self-righteous husband could have changed the action into melodrama, but Murat infuses the character of Mark with real warmth and humanity.

Patrick's aunt, her husband, and their dwarf son serve to instigate the suspicion and misunderstanding which precipitate the tragedy, and as well their malicious conniving throws the lovers' guilelessness into sharp relief.

A shortcoming to "Eternal Return" is that sensitivity of emotion is not matched by intensity, and it is this lack which prevents the film from attaining the heights of tragedy. Nevertheless, an audience which lends itself to the mood of the film cannot fail to appreciate its qualities—primitive beauty, simplicity, and an unswerving faithfulness to theme.

In Sydney—the Variety.

★ The Black Rose

IN "The Black Rose," the technicolor version of Thomas B. Costain's 13th century novel, Fox offers authentic backgrounds of exquisite beauty filmed in England and North Africa, limitless spectacle of Hollywood calibre, and a conventional story that lacks lucidity and punch, but has a musical-comedy ending.

The story of the novel opens when two Saxons—Walter, the Scholar (Tyrone Power), and Tristram, the Bowman (Jack Hawkins)—leave Norman England to avoid disgrace and find adventure in old Persia.

In the Orient the pair fall in with a caravan which leads them to the domain of a ruthless Asiatic warlord (Orson Welles), who has a plan for world conquest. For a while Walter is caught up in these dreams of military might, but eventually has a change of heart and returns to England bringing with him a compass, gunpowder, and printed books from Cathay.

Tyrone Power looks handsome, Jack Hawkins behaves like a bowman, and Orson Welles is obviously held to a tight rein by Director Henry Hathaway.

Tiny Cecile Aubry, a one-picture star after her success in "Manon Lescaut" in France, plays the title role, but is hardly likely to reap a round of applause on this occasion, through no fault of her own.

In Sydney—the Regent.

ON OTHER PAGES

Color shots of Hollywood mothers, Page 53.

"Mystery Street," Page 54.

Moir Shearer dances in opera film, Pages 56, 57.

Just a touch
on



comb or
brush —



or patted
on the hair



...makes it lustrous
and well-behaved

Yes, she's found out how far a little Three Flowers Brilliantine can go.

Spruces up and brightens your hair, makes it easy to manage, gives it the kind of look your admirers want to see all the time.

And, m-m-m-m... that dainty, lingering fragrance.



three flowers
BRILLIANTINE

Solid or Liquid.
Sold everywhere.

CREATION OF **Richard Hudnut**

7712-104



SUSAN HAYWARD, star of Samuel Goldwyn's "My Foolish Heart" doesn't diet, or exercise; her restless twin boys keep her to a slim 110 lbs. She doesn't fuss about expensive glamour treatments. In her own words: "I never miss my daily active-lather facial with fragrant Lux Toilet Soap." Lux Toilet Soap is now in a big bath size. Buy it today.

Life is just about perfect with a Prefect



PREFECT gives you so much real motor car value for your money, you should make up your mind to own one. Sure it's the lowest priced 10 h.p. sedan in Australia! But, in line with Ford policy, you get all the fine car features you could wish for.

You get a good looking motor car, distinguished by the type of beauty that endures. You get wide, comfortable seating and the luxury of genuine leather upholstery. You get a strong, steel body that's solidly and soundly constructed. You get a motor that is Ford-engineered — a motor that is beautifully

built to operate at high efficiency, silently and smoothly and with extreme economy. You get the dependable safety of big, quick-acting 10-inch, 4-wheel brakes; finger-tip steering; quiet, easy-change, synchromesh gears; dual wipers and sun visors, and (on the English models), self-cancelling direction indicators.

Yes, life is just about perfect when you're the proud owner of a Prefect. Book your order with your local Ford dealer now. The sooner you do, the sooner you'll get delivery. And what a thrill it will be the day you drive it home for all the family to see.

You'll be proud of your ...

Ford Prefect '10'

See your local Ford Dealer. He is part of a nation-wide organisation giving owners of Ford vehicles service wherever they go.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA) REGISTERED OFFICE: GEELONG, VICTORIA

FP46—CP

MATA HARI: Courtesan and spy

● The officer in charge of the firing squad, glancing towards a heap of huddled skirts lying at the foot of a bare tree, turned to the awe-struck spectators and asked, "Does anyone claim this body?" There was no response.

THUS, on the cold morning of October 15, 1917, died Mata Hari—spy, dancer, and courtesan, who was worshipped by the great of many nations at the same time as her espionage was sending thousands of Allied servicemen of World War I to their death.

In one operation alone, she was responsible for a French casualty list of 80,000 killed, 100,000 wounded, and 20,000 missing.

What was the secret of the charm of this femme fatale?

According to World War I British Intelligence officer Major Thomas Coulson, in his biography "Mata Hari, the 'Red Dancer,' or 'H21,'" as she was known to the Germans, was not pretty.

She was Oriental in looks, with amber-colored skin, and only her arms and her eyes were really beautiful. She had a magnetic personality and her outstanding features—her eyes—are said to have merited justly the adoration given them.

"Enigmatic eyes—ever changing, yet ever of velvety softness, commanding and pleading, melancholy and mean, terrible eyes in whose depths so many souls were drowned," was the description Major Coulson received from one of her intimate male friends.

The tradition of Mata Hari's Asiatic origin, strengthened by her appearance, and carefully fostered to her own ends, has no foundation in fact.

Born Margaret Gertrude Zelle, on August 7, 1876, in Leeuwarden, Holland, Mata Hari came of middle-class parents. Her only claim to any racial admixture was in an almost forgotten strain of Jewish blood.

Until her divorce from Scottish Captain Campbell McLeod, her life was uneventful and dull. She had two children, a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter.

The marriage of the badly matched Campbell and Gertrude, Coulson reports, was based on Mata Hari's lifelong weakness for officers.

She is stated to have once said, "Anyone who is not an officer does not interest me. The officer is an artist breathing the grand air in the brilliant profession of arms in the uniform that is always seductive."

In 1903 she made her debut as a dancer in Paris, gaining a reputation as an unusual artist.

She adopted the role of an Indian Temple dancer. "I was born in the south of India on the coast of Malabar in the holy city of Jaffnapatnam, and was named Mata Hari, 'The Eye of the Dawn,'" was her claim.

When Paris tired of her, she went to Berlin in 1907, where she shortly afterwards was introduced into espionage.

No financial need turned the dancer to this role.

Her friends and enemies agreed that the one motivation for her spy work was her desire to play with fire. The ordinary pleasures had palled—surely here was one that could stimulate even her jaded appetite.

The espionage training of the exotic dancer was taken in hand by Maria Ann Lesser, one of the greatest of women spies.

Mata's fame as a dancer and entertainer

provided a mask for her espionage, and when she graduated from the school, a few years before the war, she was assigned immediate work in Berlin.

Here she infatuated many of the young foreign officers stationed in the city, and her ability to draw information from the unconsciously willing victims was enormous.

Travelling from capital to capital in Europe, always in the company of some highly placed officer, "The Eye of the Dawn" was toasted and feted.

Her influence with outstanding public figures of France was so great that the Second Bureau (France's counter-espionage service), although early convinced of her guilt, found investigation of evidence an extremely delicate matter.

When war broke out Mata Hari was in Berlin.

The British, unknown to the Germans, had tracked down every spy in England, and on declaration of war a police swoop netted all but one.

What might have caused the same blow to the Germans in France was only averted by Mata Hari's influence with the French Minister in Charge of Public Safety, who delayed arresting known spies, despite the pleas of the Second Bureau.

By mid-1915 the "Red Dancer" was well established in Paris, to such effect that several communications she made to her espionage chief were on the official notepaper of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

At this time, the Allies were preparing an offensive from the Champagne area to relieve pressure on the Western Front. General Joffre and his staff were highly optimistic and the action promised great success.

One of the stepping-off points for the attack was the town of Vittel. The Second Bureau's horror can be imagined when Mata Hari announced she was going to Vittel to nurse Captain Marov, a Russian officer serving on the Western Front. (Mata Hari later described him as the only man she ever loved.)

The spy's ministerial friends, unaware of her treachery, facilitated her entry into the area, which at the time was closely guarded.

In her off-nursing hours, the "Eye of the Dawn" entertained weary veterans from the front-line, impatient incoming reliefs, and young airmen of nearby squadrons; she was never too tired to listen to their stories.

Despite the utmost vigilance by the Second Bureau, nothing incriminating could be found in her correspondence, and there were doubts as to whether they were mistaken in her.

The offensive, launched on September 25, 1915, was thrown back, and a little more than a week later the operation closed. France had lost 80,000 killed, 100,000 wounded, 20,000 missing, and gained nothing.

The first concrete proof of her espionage was discovered when, returning to Paris after the French defeat, Mata Hari sent a letter to her "daughter" in Holland through the



MATA HARI, Dutch-born German spy, who was responsible for thousands of deaths among the Allies in the first World War.

diplomatic pouch of the Dutch Embassy.

A French agent in the Embassy opened and read the letter, discovered it contained information of the French attacks. The "daughter's" letter, duly received and also opened by the agent, stated that "mother" would receive payment as soon as the authenticity of her information had been proved.

In spite of this full knowledge and proof of Mata Hari's guilt, the Second Bureau was powerless to act. France was in her darkest days; the population was war-weary and discouraged, mutiny had broken out in part of the army, and some neutral countries, whose friendship had always been doubtful, were looking for means of severing relations.

The indiscreet Dutch diplomat who had helped Mata Hari could not be exposed because the French feared that other diplomats might feel that their mail was being scrutinised.

After a short stay in Paris, H21 went to Madrid, where she spent most of her time with German officers. Early in 1916 she left Spain en route to Holland.

Her ship stopped at Falmouth, where she was taken to London for questioning by the Chief of Scotland Yard.

During the interview she admitted she was a spy, but stupidly stated that she was working for France.

It seems incredible that the normally shrewd woman would commit such a blunder, but she did and the evidence began to mount steadily against her.

She was soon back in Paris, however, this time as part of a well-arranged plan by the Germans to locate the nerve centre of Allied spying in Belgium.

In planning the Belgium assignment, the Germans, using a popular move to divert suspicion from themselves, arranged for Mata Hari to apply to the Second Bureau for employment in the French Secret Service.

Delighted the spy had played into their hands, the French accepted her services.

To trap Mata Hari into providing the

FAMOUS WOMEN

evidence for her arrest, the Bureau gave her a list of twelve agents in Belgium with whom they wished to communicate. The French anticipated she would somehow get that list to Germany and so convict herself.

Mata took the list, but insisted that she enter Belgium through neutral Holland. This immediately set the Bureau a poser.

Her desire to reach neutral territory indicated a double-cross with the list, but it also meant that, the duplicity effected, she would be safe forever from French hands.

If the Bureau did not accede to her wish she might become suspicious and decide not to send the list to Germany.

Mata sailed for Holland, but searches of her luggage en route failed to reveal any trace of the list. The French, satisfied she had sent it to Germany, re-directed her ship to Madrid, where it was felt that for a time at any rate she would be well out of the way.

Evidence later proved that Mata had sent the list to the Germans—in fact, on the very day she received it.

In Madrid, Mata Hari made no attempt to communicate with the French, instead, openly accepted assignments from the Germans.

Then she returned to Paris.

Several theories have been advanced for this extraordinary move and the most convincing seems to be that the Germans forced her to it; aware of their ruthlessness she evidently decided there was no alternative.

The Germans knew there would be grave consequences when she could not hand the original list of spies to the Second Bureau. They were also worried by the fact that recent information she had sent was unreliable.

This meant that either she was deceiving them or was being used by the Allies to bewilder her employers. In either case, she had ceased to be of use.

The Bureau allowed her a few days' freedom before sending for her.

Without any preliminaries the Interrogating Officer motioned her to a seat, drew his pad towards him and said:

"Tell me, how long have you been in the German Service?"

When Mata Hari was tried in great secrecy before a Court Martial, her defence was undertaken by a famous French advocate, Maître Clunet—a 75-year-old lawyer who was still under the influence of an early infatuation.

He devoted himself to her cause and was certain of his eventual release even after the failure of his impassioned appeal to his intimate and personal friend, President Poincaré.

"Guilty," however, was the verdict of the court, and with tears streaming down his face, Maître Clunet saw her led away to the Prison of Saint-Lazare.

Although almost out of her mind at first, she became reasonable and tractable when she discovered that efforts were being made to secure her release.

On the morning of her execution, a pathetic attempt was made by the old advocate to stay proceedings.

At the door of her cell, he dramatically proclaimed that the execution could not be carried out, citing an article of French Law which provides that a woman expecting a child cannot be executed.

When questioned by excited officials as to the father, the gallant old man replied, "It is I."

Awakened and also questioned, Mata Hari burst out laughing, then brightly and confidently dressed for her last appointment.

She wrote three letters, one to her daughter, full of motherly counsel, one to the favored French lover, who braved public condemnation to bear witness in her favor, and one to the absent Captain Marov.

With full military honors she was led to the tree. She refused the bandage and looked boldly ahead.

The young officer in charge of the firing squad raised his arm.

"Thank you, Monsieur," she said. "Fire."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



The Curtains rising on the

Footlight

Parade!

★ **MERCURY** - A fresh-as-a-breeze sandal that's to a man's liking all the way. Sturdy, comfortable, and solid value for money.

TAKE A LOOK at these newly-fledged Footlights by Craig - an all-star cast of casual Spring and Summer footwear styles for all the family. You'll give them top billing on your shopping list for their brand new designs - wide range of materials - skilled craftsmanship - and meticulous finish. And, a special round of applause for their prices! It's amazing what long-lasting comfort a few shillings will bring you when you buy Footlights by Craig.

BEACH-COMBER - Service with style aplenty for leisured gentlemen. Smart leather uppers teamed with hard-wearing crepe soles. Value that lasts!

BALLERINA - As light and graceful as the shadow of a dance. Down-soft luxury in chevron rayon, satin-lined with silk bow.

LEADING LADY - The most glamorous slipper ever! Exquisitely fashioned from satin-lined quilted plush with felt cushion platform and leather soles.

ALADDIN - Big value for little fellas! Airy, comfy-as-can-be design - sturdy, solid leather soles, and uppers - and pint-size price.

★ **JUVENILE** - smart style for small fry. Note the solid leather high-tying uppers, and durable crepe soles. Surprisingly low priced, too.

More of those Delightful

Footlights *by Craig*

.. see them at your usual store

★ **DIANA** - likes the road and a hard walking life. Definitely to a young miss's fancy, with stout leather uppers, platform crepe soles, jaunty buckle, and low price.

Fashion famous . . .

Adelyn

for round-the-clock

wear . . . styled by Adelyn with

standout pockets and standout smartness in

Grafton Grafine.



FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Women go to Korean front

Nurses tend wounded men near firing-line

American and Korean women are proving that although this is a truly tough war theatre it is not too tough for women.

Seventy American nurses are working in forward hospitals and mobile surgical teams, and Korean nurses on both sides can be seen right forward with their troops.

THEN there is the South Korean Women's Volunteer Army which is being organised by Major Kim Hyung Suk.

Her husband, who is a professor at Seoul University, and 12-year-old son are still missing in Seoul.

Major Kim expects the army to number 5000 by the end of this month.

The American nurses are much closer to the front than I would have expected. I found this after one of the bloodiest clashes on the Nakdong River.

Less than ten miles from the front I called into a schoolhouse, which had been set up as a hospital in the three hours since I had passed it earlier in the day.

I saw surgeons working at two operating tables ingeniously adapted from stretchers, or litters, as the Americans call them.

The "wards" were crowded with freshly wounded men, in three and four rows of litters, and the plasma gear was at work. There was even an X-ray plant in one room.

Moving about the "wards" I saw nurses in green battle-fatigue trousers tucked into almost knee-high combat boots.

War II veteran chief nurse, Captain Phyllis Laconte, told me this was a mobile surgical hospital where top-flight surgeons performed, as close to the front-line collecting posts as possible, major operations that could not be postponed.

I saw two more of these mobile surgical hospitals later—one serving the battered 24th Division's new front on the Nakdong River, and one right in the thick of the fighting far south of Pusan.

Each of these hospitals had its quota of 12 nurses, whose serene professional competence gave their rough surroundings almost the atmosphere of a city hospital.

American nurses aren't called "sister" as in the Australian Services. The only "matrons" they know are at the training colleges. They are addressed by their military ranks—Captain or Lieutenant. Veterans of World War II appear to have the rank of captain whether chief nurses or not. For instance, two other girls I met at these battle-front hospitals were Captain Cecilia Kinschey, of Minnesota, who had had three years' service in Africa, Italy, and England; and Captain Mary Blake, of Washington, two years in Africa and Italy.

The weirdest spectacle I saw at one of these front-line hospitals was the almost constant procession of helicopters in and out of the area. A basket stretcher is attached to each side of the fuselage, and often one patient is carried inside.

Because at the best facilities in Korea must remain crude for a long time, all the American wounded eventually find their way to Japan. This means that most of them pass through the base hospital in the port of Pusan. This great building gives a concentrated picture of the toll this war is taking of young America—for 80 per cent. of the soldiers in



AMERICAN NURSE. Lieut. Erin Cannon, of Augusta, Georgia, on board a transport approaching the South Korean coast.

this war are between the ages of 18 and 22.

Wherever possible the wounded who have undergone operations at forward hospitals and the other critically sick and injured men are flown direct to Japan from the airfield nearest their battlefield.

Meanwhile most of the sick and wounded filter through Pusan at the rate of 1000 a week. From there LSTs, naval ships, and Japanese ferries take them to Japanese ports—a voyage averaging about 15 hours.

Unless they travel by air, which few do, all the sick and wounded at Pusan have suffered an ordeal merely in travelling from the forward areas in Korea's slow, crude trains, adapted for ambulance work.

Every nurse gets to the front at some time—for there is at least one on duty in each of these trains.

Every train passes through two notorious guerrilla areas, and fre-

From MASSEY STANLEY, in Korea

quently they have been fired on. So far neither nurses nor patients have been injured.

A roster at Pusan also provides a team of six nurses for each steamer crossing to Japan.

Chief nurse at Pusan is Captain Lois H. Alfred, born of an army family in an army hospital in Virginia. She had World War II service in Burma. Her first assistant, Captain Martha Hayes, arrived in Australia with the first batch of American nurses detailed for service in the Pacific War.

Both Captain Alfred and Captain Hayes find wide contrasts in the patients of the two wars.

"In the other war they were seasoned men," Captain Alfred said. "These are mere boys. At first we had terrific head and shoulder casualties just because they wouldn't learn to keep their head and shoulders down."

"But they're learning fast. The reduction in that kind of injury alone shows that. Already this has ceased to be a teenage war."

At Taegu we got permission to entertain two South Korean women officers at the billet. We could only give them fried frankfurts and

canned spaghetti, finishing off with canned cherries and black coffee.

They insisted upon bringing four live chickens, which we fear we'll lose as there's no place to keep them, and 100 eggs.

The officers were Major Kim Hyung Suk, founder of the Women's Volunteer Army of South Korea, and her adjutant, Lieutenant Hong Su Un. They have been in the South Korean Army for more than a year, and are regular graduates of the Korean Military Academy.

Major Kim is no more an amazon than her tiny adjutant, an arts graduate of the Seoul University. Formerly a physical culture instructor at a women's college, she did a special three years' course in Japan, which included judo.

Probably no other woman has such a swift record of achievement in the national advancement of the status of her sex.

She pioneered two innovations. First was the Women's Police, of which she was the first head.

The former physical instructor made such an impression with her police innovation that the government and the army agreed readily to her next proposal, made early in 1949, for a women's army.

"Where did you get the idea?" I asked.

"I have always loved soldiering, and taken the keenest interest in military history and tactics," she said.

She insisted that she had had no contact with Western ideas. (She speaks only Korean and Japanese.)

Besides Major Kim and Lieut. Hong, 28 other Korean women, mostly university graduates, went through the Korean Military Academy and passed, they said, with "flying colors."

The thirty officers are to be instructors at a school now being set up at Pusan. There will be 1000 women in the first class, including most of the schoolteachers, now unemployed since the war has extended the summer vacation indefinitely.

They aren't front-line women yet—but they will be, relieving men in observing, signalling, and clerical duties.

The house that Jim built with Ada's help

Melbourne couple have home after three years

By ELIZABETH HANSON, staff reporter

This is the story of the house that Jim built, and it tells how Ada, his wife, helped him.

It is the story of Jim and Ada Reynolds' dream house—a dream that took three years and a lot of hard work to make come true.

WHEN the Reynolds' married they made their home with in-laws like thousands of other young Australian couples.

The odds were heavily against them ever owning a home of their own, as they had very little capital.

They decided that the only way to own their home was to build it themselves.

Time was an important factor. Jim and Ada hoped to be settled in before baby Pamela arrived. But she was five months old before the house was habitable.

At a cost of £2300 they now have a brick veneer house of nearly 14 squares. The builder's price for the same job is £4000.

"It hasn't been easy," said Jim, when he told me the story. "I hardly knew what a hammer looked like three years ago.

"Our biggest headaches have been getting hold of materials.

"Ada has been the chief chaser—believe me, the feminine touch works wonders.

"For example, bricks were very scarce when we ordered ours, but my wife has determination and a pretty smile. We got enough for the house plus a future garage.

"I'd had absolutely no previous building experience. We learned mainly by observation.

"We'd spend Sundays walking round new buildings, peering closely at houses in course of construction. It's amazing what you can learn like that.

"I talked to everyone who'd talk back to me—chaps who'd already built; carpenters, electricians, bricklayers, and plumbers. A lot of people gave me useful advice.

"I read books on building; I bought tools I'd never even heard of before and learned to use 'em."

Every week-end and holiday for three years the Reynolds' made the long trip from Box Hill, where they were living, to Sandringham (Melbourne). They rose at six o'clock

in the morning and were on the job at nine.

Even after baby Pamela arrived they kept to the same programme, taking feeding bottles and nappies, lifting her pram on and off trains. Again, there was no alternative—if they wanted that house.

Jim kept his tools and building supplies, as they arrived, in a hurriedly constructed padlocked shelter.

Later, much later, they were able to move indoors, equip one bedroom as a skeleton kitchen-cum-dining-room where they were able to cook meals and prepare baby foods on a primus.

Ada says: "Jim's the boss—he's responsible for getting us this house."

Jim says: "I couldn't have done it without Ada. She's carried bricks, scrounged for materials, held step ladders, and done most of the painting.

"Best of all, she's never become discouraged through all the setbacks."

They waited twelve months for bricks, five for fibro-plaster. They say their best friends were fellow amateurs.

"Several people in the district were building their own homes, or helping out the builder in their week-ends," Jim said. "We'd all call on one another, make criticisms, offer advice.

"A good deal of barter went on; sometimes we were able to swap a surplus of one building material for some essential stuff somebody else had. At various stages I've swapped cement for glazed bricks, and fibro sheets for some special tiles we needed for the porch."

The Reynolds' have been married for four years. While Jim was in the Navy on war service he saved his first £200. After his discharge this

went into a block of land at Sandringham, a pleasant seaside suburb.

"We've been offered three times as much since," Jim told me. "It was a good buy, because it includes all the essential services—gas, electricity, and sewerage—except a made road. I put my deferred pay into the bank, and that is set aside to cover the cost of road making."

Finance was still a major problem. Ada continued her bookkeeping job with a city firm. As a skilled engineer, Jim was earning £12 a week. Their total salaries amounted to a little over £18. Combined board with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Ada's parents, was £3/10/- a week.

Few pleasures

"We put every penny not needed for essentials into the bank," Jim said. "Ada is a teetotaler and non-smoker. I used to smoke, but gave it up... the house was more important. We cut down on clothes, pleasures, and outings; there was no alternative to doing without if we were ever going to build."

Hard, unremitting saving built up a further bank account of £300—enough to establish a 20 per cent. equity in the kind of house they wanted.

Next step was to draw up the plans—and these, thanks to engineer-Jim's training in draughtsmanship, didn't cost them a penny. He made blueprints to their own design.

The plan included a large lounge,

DREAM COME TRUE. Jim and Ada Reynolds and their baby daughter Pamela outside their home at Sandringham, Melbourne, which they began to build three years ago.

roomy dining-room with separate fireplace, a big kitchen, two bedrooms, sun-room, laundry, shower recess, and well-finished bathroom.

Jim joined a co-operative housing society, and managed to satisfy the directors that he was a good risk in building a house for himself.

He had to stand the cost of the foundations and timber frame before the first advance came through.

"I employed casual labor to dig the foundations; I poured the concrete. We decided it was wiser to buy a pre-cut frame than to attempt precision work like that ourselves. That cost me £234," said Jim.

The building society's loan was stepped up to £1728 before the job was finished. No fairy godmother came forth with a further few hundred pounds, so the Reynolds' went on doing without and saving furiously.

Occasionally a friend or relative come down to the job to help out.

They employed skilled tradesmen where they felt the job needed an expert. Jim made sub-contracts with a bricklayer, a roof-tiler, plasterer, and plumber.

Ada and Jim are looking forward to being able to entertain their friends in their own home for the first time in their married life.

Now they are busy putting finishing touches to interiors, and, not content with building a house, Jim is starting on building in some furniture and making other pieces.

Money saved on building has been spent on little luxury finishes to improve the house.

A source of special pride to Ada is the fully tiled bathroom and shower recess—£90 worth of delicate aqua-blue English tiles in a small luxurious space.

It's been a tough three years, but the verdict of this determined pair on the build-it-yourself programme is: "It's been worth it."



BUILT-IN cupboards and wardrobes were made at work bench in living-room, where Jim did carpentering jobs (left).

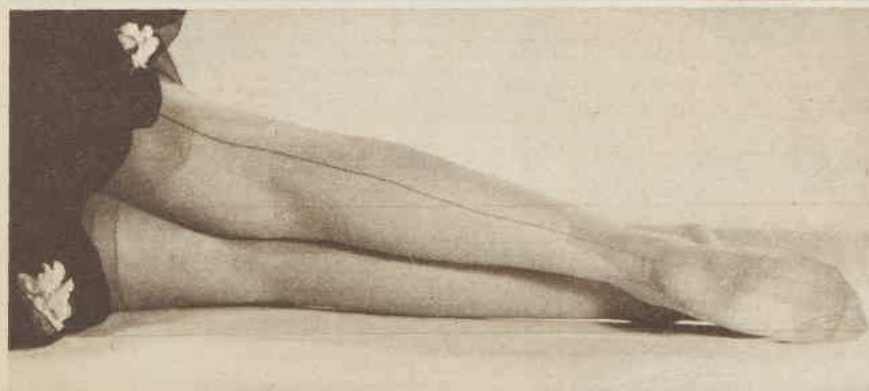
PAINTING has all been done by Ada, who is now an expert. Here she finishes off surrounds for electric copper and troughs.



HAMMERING does not disturb baby Pamela. She's been used to it since she was a few weeks old. This room is the kitchen. It will have built-in cupboards and fluorescent lighting.

Wear glory box undies every day—from Bond's

Slipping into your very best undies is always a thrill. All of your undies will look like your very best . . . frothy with lace or fine appliques . . . when you keep your drawer filled with Bond's Underlovelies. You will find it so easy to quickly fill your drawer with slips, panties, nighties and 'jamas of shimmering swami or dull-finish rayon locknit because all of Bond's prices are so light on a young lady's purse.



BOND'S *Gossamer Fine* **NYLONS**

Finest, flattering seams. Full sandal feet. New York colors like a soft mist over your legs. May we be technical for a moment? Our machinery is the newest from America! That means extra smartness and wear. Pair, **12/3**

BOND'S INDUSTRIES LTD.

Saying Goodnight



QUARREL on doorstep spoils this good-night. Foot-tapping girl and scowling man lose dignity in a row over some childish trifle.

HOWEVER happy the date, it can be spoiled when the time comes to say good-night.

Manners are specially necessary at the moment of parting. A girl who is preoccupied with the effect she is making often blunders, gives her escort a wrong impression of her.

Work put into a glamorous appearance is wasted when a girl is bored, prim, over-bright, given to tontrums, or too eager for romance.

Then there is the problem of to kiss or not to kiss. The sophisticated girl gives her good-night kiss, not to the casual date, but to the man who she feels will mean a great deal to her life. She may, however, be mistaken several times that this is **THE ONE** before finding the man she wants to marry.



BORED girl stifles yawn and cuts man's good-night short by remarking that she's really awfully tired. In future girl will probably be let spend more boring evenings at home, while man takes pleasanter girl to the theatre.



TOO-ANIMATED girl, with loud laughter and talk, gives man no chance. He would rather have taken home girl with enough sense to know such antics jar.



BACKING in the front door, girl almost clangs the iron grid in man's bewildered face. He puts her shyness down to dislike, decides not to call her again.



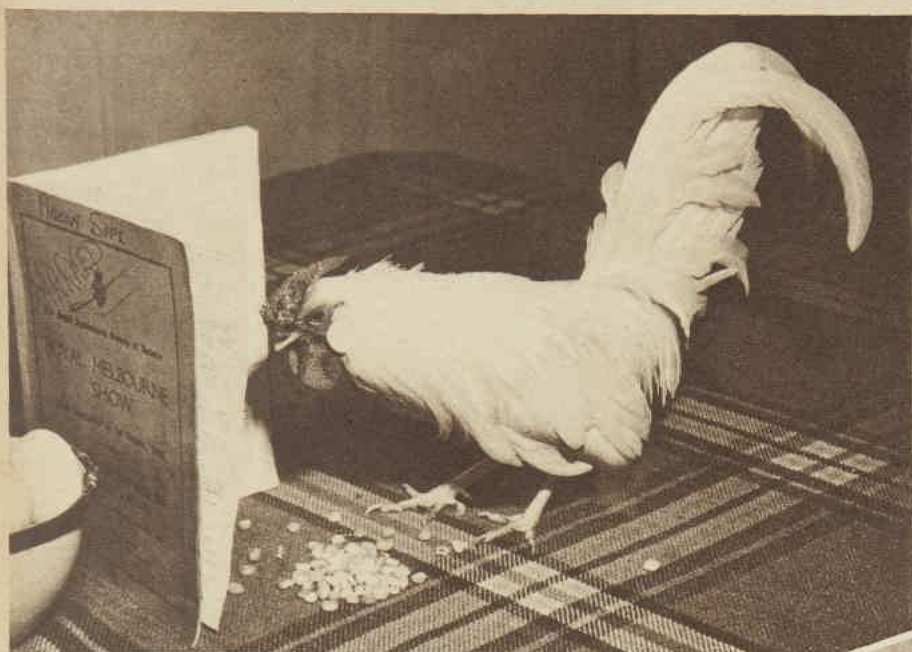
OVER-EAGER. Making complete fool of herself, girl flutters her eyelashes and clings to him. She practically begs for a kiss. This frightens and nauseates her escort who, like most young men, doesn't like to be chased.



TWO HAPPY ENDINGS. At first date girl smiles, telling man she's enjoyed herself (left). Later, if they're really serious about each other, evening may close with a kiss.

Who says fine feathers don't make fine birds?

By MARY COLES, staff reporter



WHITE ROSECOMB, bantam cockerel, entered for Melbourne Royal Show by Mrs. Harry Hellier, casts a confident eye over the list of his rivals. (Above.)



FINAL WORRIED LOOK at her brood of chicks is taken by mother pigeon before she leaves for the Show. She was entered by Mr. Harry Hellier, of Glen Iris. (Above.)



"ALL I WANT is music, music, music," says Australian saddleback tumbler pigeon at the radio, but his owner, Mrs. A. Hellier, hopes he'll carry off a Show award. (Above.)

● Birds from all over the Commonwealth, some beautiful, some quaint, and all aristocratic, are competing at this year's Diamond Jubilee Royal Show in Melbourne.

ONE of the most popular birds is the budgerigar. Some owners show up to 50 birds. Some of the baby budgerigars being shown were still shell-dwellers when entries closed on July 31.

Honorary Secretary of the Australian Caged Birds and Budgerigar Council in Melbourne, Mr. J. C. Fletcher, says they are bred with as much care as stud stock.

All budgerigars have their birthday on July 1. About 200,000 pedigreed birds are registered with the Council. One of the judges of the budgerigar section is Mr. Frank Gardner, of Brunswick.

Every Sunday morning bird-lovers drop in at Mr. Gardner's home to talk shop above the excited chit-chat of his 400 budgerigars, 260 finches, and collection of cockatoos.

Residents of West Brunswick who live near Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foreshe's grocery store hear all about the Show for weeks beforehand from the Foreshe's white sulphur-crested cockatoo.

He carried off last year's championship as the best talking bird in the Show. Always for some weeks before the Show the Foreshe's put Cocky's cage outside the shop so that he can catch up with current topics from passers-by.

An iron curtain falls, however, during peak trading hours at the nearby hotel, and he is whisked inside to keep his conversation at drawing-room level.

"He has a most embarrassing habit of saying just what he shouldn't," confides Mrs. Foreshe.

"How are yer, mate? ... Come and have a drink," convivially breaks in Cocky.

"Behave yourself," Mrs. Foreshe reprimands.

"Oh, shut up, Mum, and open the door. Here's Tom," Cocky retorts, as he spies Mr. Foreshe coming down the street.

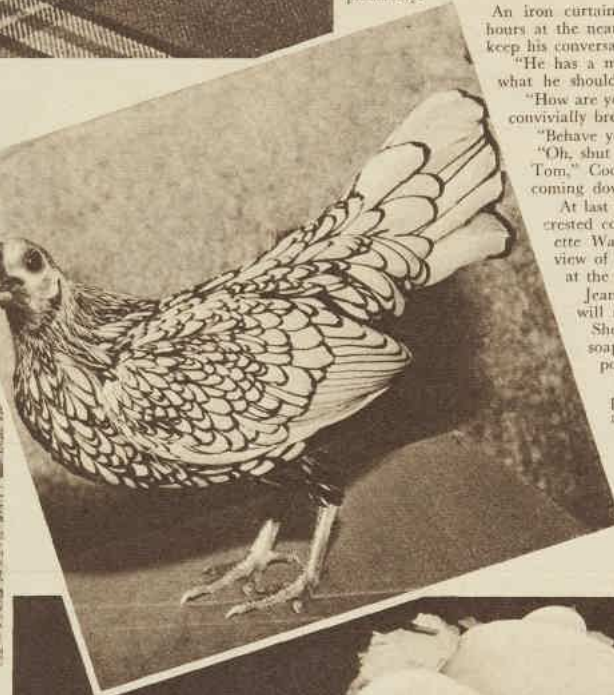
At last year's Show, Chitta, the white sulphur-crested cockatoo belonging to 13-year-old Jeanette Waddington, of Flemington, took a dim view of the excursion and refused to comment at the critical moment.

Jeanette has implicit faith that Chitta will not let her down again.

She grooms him for the Show with a soapflakes bath, finished with a white powdered magnesia "feather-do."

There are so many branches to the pigeon family-tree that seven judges are needed to cope with the entries from all States.

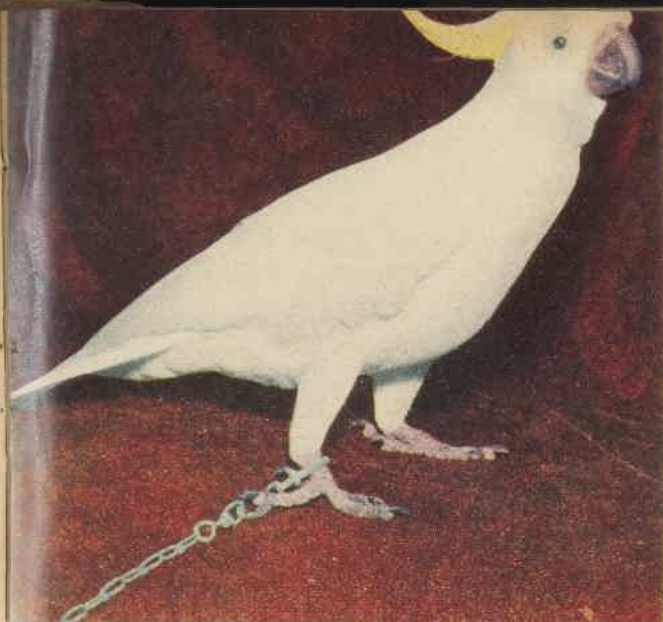
"Pigeons are card-indexed by their profiles, grouping them into about twenty clans," explains keen fancier



SILVER SEBRIGHT pullet is among the 60 bantams entered by Mr. W. C. Stevens. (Left.)



"WHAT'S THE USE of being beautiful if we can't see ourselves in the glass?" complain fantail pigeons. The bird on the right has an exquisite lacy tail. They are being shown by Mr. Harry Hellier, who is a well-known Melbourne dance-band leader as well as an enthusiastic pigeon-fancier. (Above.) Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Mann.



"NONE OF YOUR 'SCRATCH-CKOCKY' NONSENSE with me." Best talking bird of last year's Show, white sulphur-crested cockatoo entered by Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foreshe, of West Brunswick, picks up the more disreputable part of his vocabulary from a hotel near his home.

Melbourne dance-band leader Harry Hellier.

Canaries are usually notable for their absence at the Melbourne Royal Show.

Most fanciers, except Mr. F. Wren, of Ascot Vale, who has been breeding canaries for he won't say how much longer than 50 years, usually don't exhibit.

Family duties

THIS is because in springtime canaries are too busy with family affairs to waste time warbling in show-cages.

The presence of internationally known English expert Mr. Bert Anthony, of Lancashire, as judge of all standard breeds, including bantams, ducks, geese, and turkeys, has increased interest in the poultry section.

Melbourne's Royal Show Poultry Pavilion, which houses 2000 birds at eye-level, is the most up-to-date in the Commonwealth.

Typically enthusiastic breeder is Mrs. Charlie Wilson, of Mentone, whose Silkies, Silver Seabrights, and Frizzles have collected nearly 300 prizes in the past four years.

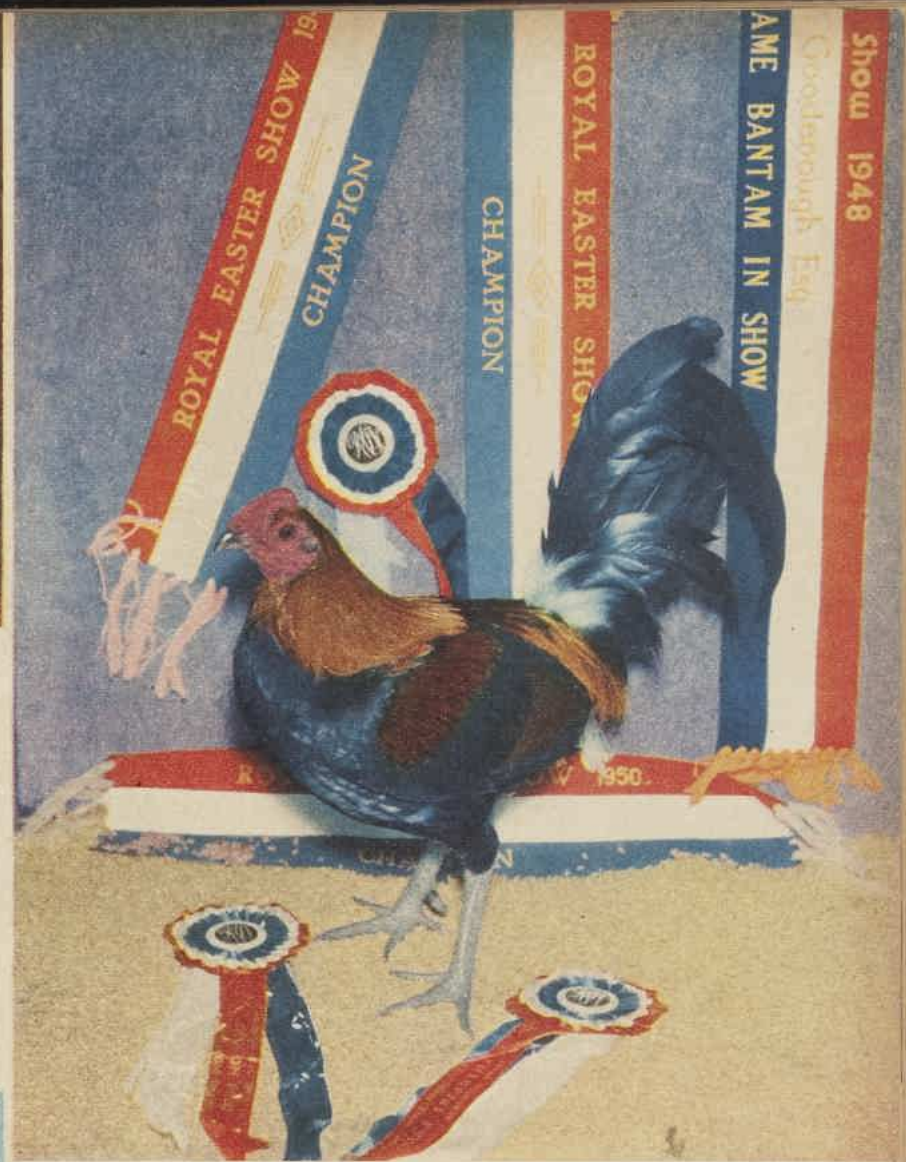
Prominent exhibitor in the Game Bird Section is Mr. W. C. Stevens, of Ivanhoe, whose farm at Templestowe is managed by Mr. Reg Tutty, formerly of Lane Cove, Sydney.

Mr. Tutty explains that cock-fighting is banned these days, and game birds have their combs, gills, and wattles trimmed with surgical scissors before they are six months old to prevent mortal combats in the fowl-yard.

After meeting just a few of the personalities who will be on parade in the Bird Section at the Diamond Jubilee Show, you decide that the old maxim runs the wrong way . . . In real life, fine feathers do make a fine bird.

OLD ENGLISH GAME-CKOCK

bred by Mr. W. C. Stevens, of Melbourne, won last year's championship, and has been entered again (above right). Budgerigars at aviary of Mr. J. T. Cook, of Footscray, provide contrast in color. Mr. Cook has entered about 50 budgerigars in Show. (Below, right.)



ENGAGING PAIR of silkies are among fine poultry being shown by Mrs. Thora Wilson, wife of well-known Mentone racehorse-trainer Charlie Wilson. (Above.)



The Wendel

1st Floor, Rigney's Bldg., 147a King St., Sydney, MA5794.
Also T. & G. Bldg., Elizabeth St., MA5583.



MAIL ORDERS FILLED

SIZES WX TO XXXXXXOS.

Let the temperature soar! You'll be cool and crisp in a floral spun dress that's guaranteed washable! Flowery patterns in aqua, blue, green, or wine, WX, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS, XXXXOS, XXXXXOS, XXXXXXOS, 47/6
British cotton for this cool dress with unusual neckline. Gay florals in blue, rose, green, or autumn tones. Guaranteed fast. WX, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS, XXXXOS, XXXXXXOS, 29/11
Price at the Wendel

Mail orders, add 1/- postage; state 2nd and 3rd colour choice.

BRITAIN'S FINEST BRUSHES—

For glorious
healthy hair

Stroke by stroke, the 'deep action' of HYGEX rubber-cushioned hairbrushes imparts new beauty to your hair. In many attractive colors, in nylon, bristle, or wire.

Agent:
GEORGE H. S. HOOD,
387a Little Collins St.,
Melbourne, C.I.

A GOOD BRUSH
YOU CAN WELL
AFFORD.

Hygex

Enjoy the Sunshine

★ Cotton dish towelling and sturdy denim emerge from the fashion cauldron this year. For smartness and versatility they challenge the more orthodox linen and pique.



● Denim co-ordinates, from Grayson Robinson, in New York, above, match a full skirt, jutting jacket, and clam-digger trousers (not shown).
● Carven plays tricks with green-and-white striped linen in sleeveless tailored frock, below, with a matching bolero edged with white pique.



● Blue-and-white checked cotton dish towelling for two-piece dress, above, fringed on sleeves. From Tina Leser's collection.
● An International Original, below, in white pique fastened with monogrammed gilt buttons and belted in gold kidskin.



Seasonal

● Paquin of Paris created these summer ensembles. He used the halter neckline in both "after five" resort dresses, and added outsize straw hats and straw accessories.



● Unusual linen and straw beach coat, above, is the same length as the brilliant scarlet bathing suit. An outsize straw beach hat, straw bag, and beach shoes complete ensemble.

● Heavy white silk patterned frock has front fullness and a fringed navy halter neckline. The ensemble is completed with a large green straw hat. Photographs by Alec Murray.



● For five o'clock wear on the Riviera, Paquin's flowered blue silk with reversed apron and pleated underskirt is high fashion. A halter neckline is another feature.



reveal
your
hidden
beauty
TONIGHT!

SEE how quickly your features take on
surprising New Loveliness...



ESTHER
WILLIAMS
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

with
Max Factor's
COLOR
HARMONY
MAKE-UP
OF THE STARS

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

Gives you a thrilling new glamour complexion

FACE POWDER

Imparts a warm, vivid radiance to your skin

CHEEK ROUGE

Creates the illusion of a lovelier facial contour

LIPSTICK

Smart new shades for Color and Fashion Harmony

EYE MAKE-UP

Enhances the color, brilliance and size of your eyes



MF 21-22

*Pan-Cake
(trademark)
means
Max Factor
Hollywood
Cake Make-Up

Created for the Stars

AND YOU by

Max Factor Hollywood

MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES



FAMILY MAN. Merv Wood teaches gymnastics to his sons, Peter (6) and John (2), while his wife, Betty, takes a rest.

Sculling champion
likes fishing best

World champion sculler Merv Wood is, at heart, a rock fisherman, specialising in blackfish.

I spent the afternoon with Merv and his charming wife, Betty, at their flat in Randwick, Sydney, before they flew to America, where Merv will defend his title to the Philadelphia Gold Cup.

THE cup was presented to him two years ago when he won the Olympic Single Sculls title.

The race will be held on the Schuylkill River over a 2000-metre course, and his main rivals will be American champion John Kelly, jun., and Englishman Anthony Rowe.

Merv had just come in from practice on the Parramatta River when I interviewed him.

Six feet tall and 33, Merv is shy, modest, and noncommittal about his sporting achievements.

These include six times Australian sculling champion and a magnificent triple win in 1948 with the Olympic Single Sculls, the famous British Marlowe Cup, and the Henley Diamond Sculls, coveted English amateur title.

Last year he won the Empire Games Single Sculls.

At 19 he was the baby of the Police Rowing Crew, which represented Australia at the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games.

"Don't let's talk about sculling," he said, when I started asking him about his style, training, and diet. "I'm not a pretty sculler, I've never had a sculling coach, and don't diet. I just keep my body in A1 condition and use it like a machine."

Merv then dropped the subject and said he would prefer to talk about fishing.

I learned that he was a real fisherman, "not one of those Saturday afternoon chaps who hire a boat and go out on the river."

"I am what is known as a rock-hopper," he explained. "We fish off the rocks round the ocean beaches for blackfish."

"There's simply nothing in this world like standing on a comfortable rock at a good spot I know, with the surf washing round your legs, a few niggers nibbling, and a nice little

fire on the rocks with the billy boiling ... that's just perfect."

He dived behind a lounge chair and brought out a battered Air Force fur felt hat and an equally disreputable jacket.

"These are my fishing togs," he said.

"And this is my rod," he added proudly, dragging a 12ft. fishing-rod from its cover. "I made it myself."

"But I want to know about your rowing," I interrupted.

"Please don't call it rowing," Merv corrected quickly. "Rowing is done with one oar, sculling with two. I was a rower for many years, from the time I was 17, when I crewed in the Sydney Boys' High School Eight. But since 1940 I have been a sculler."

When I asked him what he thought about sculling along by himself in a race, he smiled self-consciously and said he didn't think much at all.

"My whole body is working like a machine, and my mind seems to cut out ... I become all mechanical somehow," he explained. "Sculling is like walking or running with me, it just comes naturally now."

Merv goes down to the Parramatta River at Abbotsford about twice a week for a practice run. He says it blows away the city's grime and is like a tonic. He works in the Finger-print Section of the C.I.B.

He told me that before a big event he went sculling after work every evening.

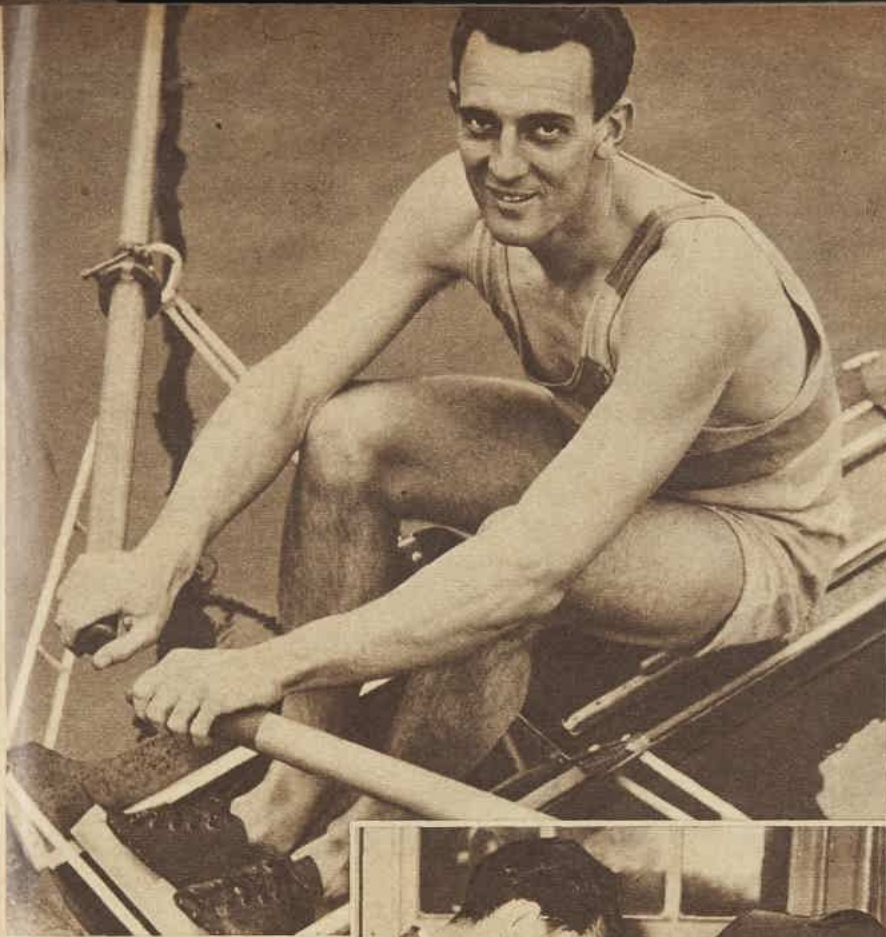
"The only way for a sculler to train is on the river," he said. "I do the usual gymnastics at home to keep fit, but it's on the river where the real training is done."

The champion attributes most of his success to the training he got when a youngster.

He claims that co-ordination of muscles is the secret of successful sculling.

"To do this you must have a per-

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter



WORLD champion sculler poised ready in his racing shell.

fectly healthy body in excellent condition, and must persevere until you get the co-ordination. And it is not easy," he said with a shy smile.

"It took me a long time to get this, but it has been well worth the gruelling effort. Of course, stamina is important and most necessary in a race, especially in a long one.

"I like long races best. They need more strategy and cunning."

Merv said although he did not diet he always gave up smoking his pipe before a championship. He has a beer only occasionally, so does not have to give up drinking.

"I am rather unorthodox about eating before a race," he said. "Many athletes eat big steaks beforehand. I have a cup of tea and a sandwich at least four hours before the race, nothing more."

I asked him whether he ever thought of retiring from sculling.

"Yes, I often think of it, but then someone comes along and offers me a trip some place. And off I go again."

Merv's sculling has taken him round the world and given him nine interstate trips.

"Now Betty and I are off to America and London, so I am going round the world again," he said.

"I thought this would be my last trip, but I've been asked to New Zealand in 1951. So you see how hard it is to stop."

I asked Betty what she thought of being the wife of a famous sculler.

"He's only a famous sculler on the river," she laughed. "At home he's a model husband. He dries the dishes, helps with the children, and brings home catches of beautiful fish every week-end. What more could I want?"

The two children, Peter, 6, and John, 2, are staying with Betty's mother, Mrs. D. E. Young, at Bondi while Betty and Merv are abroad.



MERV AT HIS DESK in the Fingerprint Section of the C.I.B., Sydney, where he works from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Below: He spends his spare time fishing off rocks round ocean beaches in old R.A.A.F. jacket and hat.



Only you see your

HI-LINE

but everyone sees the difference



Your figure looks better—
instantly—the moment you wear Merica's
Hi-Line, the brassiere that never loses its shape.
The "Diamond-stitched" undercup gives comfortable uplift,
and clever designing ensures definite "separation."
At all good stores in blue, peach, white satin or lace.
Each size in three cup fittings.

CREATED BY  **Merica**

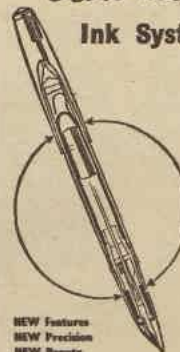
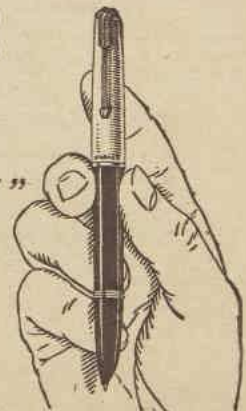
It's New!

the new

Parker "51"

the only pen with the

Aero-metric
Ink System



NEW Features
NEW Precision
NEW Beauty

THE MOST PERFECT PEN in the world has for long been the Parker "51." Now comes the new Parker "51", with the great new Aero-metric Ink System . . . a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing and releasing ink, to give the most satisfactory pen performance ever known.

- NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER
 - NEW Pli-Glass RESERVOIR
 - NEW INK-FLOW GOVERNOR
 - NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
- and 4 other great advances

—world's most wanted pen

Distributors for Australia: BROWN & DUREAU LTD.—Melbourne-Sydney-Brisbane-Adelaide-Perth
PACQ



Tops for service . . .

You'll whistle while you work in a cheerful Laminex kitchen. The hard, satin-smooth, plastic surface of Laminex cleans in a jiffy with the swish of a damp cloth—and it doesn't stain, chip, mar, or fade.

All through the home, too, for surfacing furniture, for panelling, for flashing, Laminex gives everlasting dignity and beauty. Laminex furniture is obtainable at the best furniture and department stores everywhere. Some of the range of Laminex patterns are illustrated at right.

Write to the distributors for free illustrated literature on the multitude of applications of this wonderful material. Refuse substitutes, insist on

Decorative
LAMINEX

LAMINEX PTY. LTD., BRIGHTON, VICTORIA.

The ultimate in surfacing materials



DISTRIBUTORS:

QUEENSLAND: Brett & Co. Pty. Ltd., Burns Philp & Co. Ltd., James Campbell & Sons Pty. Ltd., Hancock & Gore Ltd., Chas. Porter & Sons Pty. Ltd., Williams Pty. Ltd., Hornsby Pty. Ltd., N.S.W.: John Danks & Son Pty. Ltd., Leopold Barnett Pty. Ltd., R. H. Cooke Ltd., Dickson Primer & Co. Pty. Ltd., National Art Metal Co., W. R. Treuse Pty. Ltd., VICTORIA: John Danks & Son Pty. Ltd., Kauri Timber Co. Ltd., John Sharp & Sons Pty. Ltd., Frank Wells Pty. Ltd., TAS: Critchley Bodkin & Co., W. & G. Genders Pty. Ltd., CRISP & GUNN LTD., S.A.: L. G. Abbot & Co. Ltd., Clarkson Ltd., Harris Scarfe Ltd., W.A.: Australian Glass Mfrs. Co. Pty. Ltd., Harris Scarfe & Sandovers Ltd.



New York's softer hair styles

● If you are trembling on the brink of acquiring a new hair style, perhaps one of these four presented by New York designers will persuade you to take the plunge.



SIMPLE DETAIL and fullness to flatter a pointed face are highlights of this style, which shows ears on way to back curls.



STYLED for daytime or evening, hair in this centre-parted design looks shorter than it is.

SLEEK simplicity is the keynote of these pretty haircuts, but remember it's only good to be in fashion if the fashion is good for you.

But a little ingenuity often helps to make a fashionable hair style look more like you, enables you to keep it pleasantly under control with a minimum of fixing.

Here are some pointers that rate consideration when deciding about something different for your hair.

Hair Thickness. Heavy locks look better in smooth, close-to-head arrangements, usually need thinning and shortening regularly. In general, thin or fine hair needs fluffing, and occasionally building up with extra hair pieces.

Hair Texture. Naturally curly hair and strong, healthy hair have body, and that is a great help to hair

style. You cannot exchange fine for coarse hair, but wonders can be achieved with proper treatments to make hair healthier.

Special Quirks.

Sometimes the hair won't grow in a certain direction, in which case never try to force it against the growth. Changing a part often gets round the problem.

Figure Check. Scrutinise your hair-do in a full-length mirror. The tall girl avoids a narrow built-up hair arrangement, the tubby one shuns the bushy angle.

A side or slanting part is usually kinder than a centre part for a very slender or very round face, or an over-long or prominent nose.



COIFFURE of classic simplicity, moulded from a side part. A circle of curls covers the ears and contrasts with smooth crown.

A widened hairline at the temples gives better proportion to a heavy jaw. Some new hair-do's cover the tops of the ears—good news to many.

Hat Versus Hair. If your hats quarrel with your hair-do, one of two courses is possible—either adapt the hair-do or buy a different hat. With summer hats designed on larger lines and the straight-sailor predicted as the season's favorite, coiffures with back fullness are bound to be featured.

Disdaining sharp-contour barbering, Elizabeth Arden stylists are putting their faith and imagination behind longer hair-do's, because they feel women look more feminine that way.

As part of the conspiracy against cropping, they offer the front and back view shown at left of a coiffure for that growing-out stage.

The back hair is brushed into a soft side swirl, giving the popular small head look, and artfully subduing that bugbear, bristly growing ends.

FRONT and back views of the striking Elizabeth Arden hair-do for that growing-out stage. The effect is still of a small head.



So they say in California where this fine casual shirt was styled, but the craftsmanship and colourful variety of exclusive fabrics help more than a little. No wonder then it is the most copied shirt. So look for the label and insist on the genuine

It's guaranteed of course!

Country Club ***NEATLINE** Shirt

Tailored by Buckwalter

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA



... When the best is hardly good enough

Even the happiest children sometimes get out-of-sorts. Then, when the best is hardly good enough, the wise Mother naturally turns to California Syrup of Figs to restore their sunny dispositions. Califig, containing the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna, is not only gentle but efficient too. Children love its delicious flavour, so there are no fractious upsets about taking a dose.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS (CALIFIG)

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

4963

YOUNG COUPLE FURNISH FLAT AS CHALET

Keen skiers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anton have reproduced the gaiety and comfort of peasant homes they admired in the Austrian Alps in their flat at Randwick, Sydney. They designed and made furniture, and painted the walls in peasant style with very charming results.

FINDING an old flat, the owner of which did not object to them painting his walls and ceilings, Mr. and Mrs. Anton set to work.

It took some months to transform the rooms, using an oil-based white water paint, and mixing the colors themselves.

Two rooms had to be stripped of wallpaper over which it was impossible to paint successfully with water paint.

But providing a colorful background was only the beginning of the job.

With the exception of collectors' pieces, peasant furniture was unobtainable.

So Mr. and Mrs. Anton set about designing their own, and Mr. Anton made chairs, tables, beds, and cupboards with the help of a young apprentice cabinet-

maker, both working in their spare time.

Timber yards were searched to find timber with knots and flaws, required for their purpose. A friend lent his bandsaw and helped to cut the wood. A model of each piece of furniture (except a sideboard) was made in cardboard.

For the dining-room, which is painted yellow and always seems to be filled with sunshine, dark-knotted natural sugar pine, lightly polished, was chosen. Little chairs with high, heart-shaped backs were adapted from a design in an old reference book.

For extra comfort, modern sponge-rubber cushions were added to the chairs, cut in heart-shapes and covered with red-and-white checked cotton, easily removed for laundering.

The sturdy pine table was also decorated with hearts, and the tall dresser is typical of peasant pieces, with high shelves displaying appropriate pottery and old copper.

Dark pine beams (resting on the picture rail) make an effective contrast on the yellow ceilings. Miniature paintings of Switzerland and the Tyrol and a cuckoo clock decorate the walls.

The dark wooden "cartwheel" chandelier was made by joining four quarters of wood together and using dowel sticks as spokes. It is hand-painted with alpine flowers in natural colors.

Dark stain was removed from the cypress pine floors, and they were waxed and covered with white shorn sheepskin rugs (easy to launder). To give a feeling of warmth the entrance hall rugs were dyed yellow.

An archway in the hall was hidden behind a frame of wood, with a border of patterned material. At one end of the hall is a copy of a Tyrolean chest, the brightly painted frame decorated with carved wood. Above the door are "reh-geweine"—deer antlers.

A carved cuckoo clock from the Black Forest hangs in the hall and calls the hours.

Made furniture Blue-and-white check cotton is used for curtains and bedspreads in the pink-walled bedroom. Twin

wardrobes in softly polished Canadian pine have elaborately carved tops with heart motifs.

Beds with turned bedposts have capacious drawers beneath for extra storage.

Although the building was old, ceilings and walls were plain, and this made the whole task of redecoration much easier.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton had no previous experience in painting and interior decorating, but found that commonsense, imagination, and a great deal of energy were the first essentials for a satisfactory job.

The Antons have great fun living in their "peasant" home, and when they entertain serve alpine-style meals by candlelight.



HALLWAY of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anton's home at Dolphin Street, Randwick, N.S.W., has old carved cuckoo clock above spinning chair, in keeping with colorful Austrian peasant decor used throughout the flat.



STUDY (right) becomes verandah in summer, when alpine chalet shutters are opened. Valances round walls are made from plywood lightly stained and polished to match carved desk and other furniture in the room.



DINING-ROOM: Pine beams on ceiling and a hand-painted "cartwheel" chandelier decorated with candles contrast with bright yellow walls. Peasant furniture is in lightly polished natural sugar pine.

BEDS of polished sugar pine are decorated with heart motif. Drawers beneath give extra storage space. The checked curtains and bedspreads are easy to keep crisp and fresh, and make an effective contrast with walls and ceiling.



BREAKFAST CORNER in blue-walled kitchen has peasant hanging-cupboard and Tyrolean mountain pictures on the walls above small table, set with red-and-white gingham cloth, and pottery decorated with peasant figures in blue and yellow.

Give your complexion
a smoother, brighter look
instantly with a

1-Minute Mask

Always—whenever you want to look your most attractive self—give your complexion a quick, glamorising "beauty-lift" with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

First—Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Instantly—The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

Then—After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion looks radiant! Clearer, silkier, more velvety smooth!



A lovely foundation cream, too!



The Countess Jean de Carman

—one of France's oldest and most distinguished families, says: "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away roughnesses... makes my skin look clearer and brighter right away. Make-up goes on with a new prettiness."

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PCO-4



it must
be a
Polo

HANDKERCHIEF



THE CLASSIC HANDKERCHIEF

Each handkerchief hygienically packed in Cellophane. Ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs also available.

GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS • OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

What's Cooking?
Gravox
of Course!
delicious rich brown
Gravy
Buy Gravox and save money!

**FINGER SUCKING
NAIL BITING**
can be safely, hygienically
CHECKED WITH
"NEVER SUCK"

2/6 of all chemists

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 26

SAM SMALL brought up Jean's suitcase. She had a shower and changed, and was ready for tea at half past six when the bell echoed through the corrugated iron building.

She found her way down to the dining-room. Three or four men were seated there already who looked at her curiously; a well-developed girl of sixteen whom she came to know as Annie indicated a separate small table laid for one.

"Roast beef, roast lamb, roast pork, roast turkey," she said. "Tea or coffee?"

It was sweltering hot still. Flies were everywhere in the dining-room.

"Roast turkey," Jean said. Time enough to try for a light meal tomorrow, when she knew the form. "Tea."

A plate was brought to her heaped high with meat and vegetables, hot and greasy and already an attraction for the flies. Tea came, with milk out of a tin; the potatoes seemed to be fresh, but the carrots and the turnips were evidently tinned.

Jean ate about a quarter of the huge plate of food and drank two cups of tea, then got outside into the open air as soon as possible.

On the downstairs verandah, three feet above the level of the ground, there were two or three deck-chairs, a little distance from the entrance to the bar. She went and sat down in one of these chairs, wondering if by doing so she was offending against local manners.

She lit a cigarette and sat there smoking, looking at the scene. It was evening, but the sun was still strong; the dusty great expanse that served as a street was flooded with a golden light.

On the opposite side of the road, more than a hundred yards away, there was a fairly extensive single-story building that had been built on to from time to time; this was labelled—Wm. Duncan, General Merchant. There was no sign of any other shop in the town.

Outside Mr. Duncan's establishment three aboriginal stockriders were gossiping together; one held the bridle of a horse. They were big, well-set-up young men, and they seemed to have plenty to laugh about.

Further along the other side of the great street a six-inch pipe rose vertically from the ground to a height of about eight feet. A fountain of water gushed from the top of this pipe, and this water seemed to be boiling hot, because a cloud of steam surrounded the fountain, and the stream running away from it was steaming.

A quarter of a mile away a small hut was built across the course of the stream, so that the stream ran into the hut and out the other side, but Jean had yet to discover the purpose of this edifice.

A low murmur of voices reached her from the bar; from time to time a man passed her and went in through the open door. She saw no women in the place.

Presently a young man, passing by upon the road, smiled at her and said, "Good evening." She smiled back and said "Good evening."

He checked immediately, and she knew that she had started something. He said, "I saw you come in with Sam Small this afternoon. Came in the aeroplane, didn't you?"

He was a clean-looking young yokel; he walked with the typical swaying gait of the ringer, and he wore the green jodhpurs and the elastic-sided boots that marked his calling. It was no good trying to be stand-offish.

"That's right," she said. "I came up from Cloncurry. Tell me, is that water natural?"

He looked where she was pointing. "Natural? That's a bore. Never seen one before?"

She shook her head. "I've only just come out from England."

"From England?" He spoke in the slow manner of the outback. "What's it like in England? Do you get enough to eat?"

She said her piece again. "My Dad came from England," he said. "From a place called Wolverhampton. Is that near where you live?"

"About two hundred miles," she replied.

"Oh, quite close. You'll know the family then. Fletcher is the name. I'm Pete Fletcher."

She explained to Pete that there were quite a lot of people in England, and reverted to the subject of the bore. "Does all the water that you get from bores come up hot like that?"

"Too right," he said. "It's mineral, too—you couldn't drink that water. There's gas comes up with it as well. I'll light it for you if you'd like to see."

He explained that it would make a flame five or six feet high. "Wait till it gets a bit darker, and I'll light it for you then."

Al Burns came by and stopped to join them. "Got fixed up all right, Miss Paget?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm staying here till Wednesday, and then going on to Cairns."

"Good-oh. We don't see too many strange faces, here in Willstown."

"I was asking Pete here about the bore. Pete, do the cattle drink that water?"

The boy laughed. "When they can't get nothing sweeter they'll drink that. You'll see that they won't touch it in the wet, but then in the dry you'll see them drinking it all right."

MORE men had drifted up and joined the little gathering about Jean's chair. "Tell me," she said, "why is this town so spread out? Why aren't the houses closer together?"

One of the newcomers, a man of forty, that she later learned to know as Tim Whelan, a carpenter, said, "There was houses all along here once. I got a photograph of this town took in 1905. I'll bring it and show you to-morrow."

Al Burns said, "This was one of the gold towns, Miss Paget. Maybe you wouldn't know about that, but there was thirty thousand people living here one time."

"Were there gold mines here?" she asked.

"That's right," said Mr. Small. "They had claims by the hundred one time, all up and down these creeks. There were seventeen hotels here, seventeen."

Jean asked: "What happened? Did the gold come to an end?"

"Aye. They got the stuff out of the creeks and the surface reefs, the stuff that was easy got. Then when they had to go deep and use a lot of machinery and that, it didn't pay. It's the same in all these towns. Croydon was the same, and Normanton."

Jean sat while the men talked, trying to visualise this derelict little place as a town with eight thousand inhabitants, or thirty thousand; a place with seventeen hotels and houses thickly clustered in the angles of the streets.

Whoever had planned the layout had dreamed a great dream; with people streaming in to take up claims and the population doubling itself every few days.

Now all that remained was a network of rectangular tracks where once there had been streets of wooden houses; odd buildings alone remained among this network to show what had been the dream.

To be continued

Interesting People



MR. ARNOLD COOK

overcame blindness

BRILLIANT blind lecturer Arnold Cook returns to University of Western Australia after studying in England. First-class honors in Economics brought him scholarship to London School of Economics. Pretty wife, Enid, whom he met at University, reads reference books to him when swotting. He studies in his spare time to improve conditions of the blind. He was blinded at 18, and read for matriculation in Braille. He is bringing his Labrador, Dreema, back to Australia. She is specially trained to lead him.



MISS MARTHA GRAHAM

dances like tornado

IMPRESSIONIST dancer Martha Graham, of Santa Barbara, California, wins American Women's National Press Club's award for pioneering the modern American dance. Creating her own scores, she advocates music should be composed "for and with the dance." A featured dancer with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, her solo dance, "Judith," performed early this year, won wide acclaim. Critics say she dances like a "young tornado." Conservative Presbyterian family frown on her dancing career.



CDR. HUMPHREY BECHER

with Navy in Korea

IN command of H.M.A.S. Warramunga, recently ordered to Korean waters, Commander O. Humphrey Becher is a radar and gunnery specialist. Graduate of Royal Australian Naval College, Becher was born at Harvey, Western Australia.

His World War II service included assisting with the withdrawal of troops from Norway, which won him the D.S.O. Later, commanding H.M.A.S. Quickmatch in attacks on Japanese naval base at Sabang, he gained a Bar to his D.S.O. Before taking over Warramunga, he was in charge of R.A.N. Radar School at South Head, Sydney.

Grafton

PERMANENT-GLAZE CHINTZ

Is guaranteed washable! Guaranteed fadeless!

Grafton Furnishing prints also in linens and cretonnes and also all guaranteed washable and fadeless. In all leading furnishing departments throughout Australia.

Washing it is believing it!

THE GRAFTON FURNISHING RANGE

LINDABELL 31" AND 48" PRINTED LINENS

Merrimack Chiltern and Cotswold 48" CRETONNES

Rippletide 48" BROCADE

PERMANENT-GLAZE CHINTZ 31" AND 48"

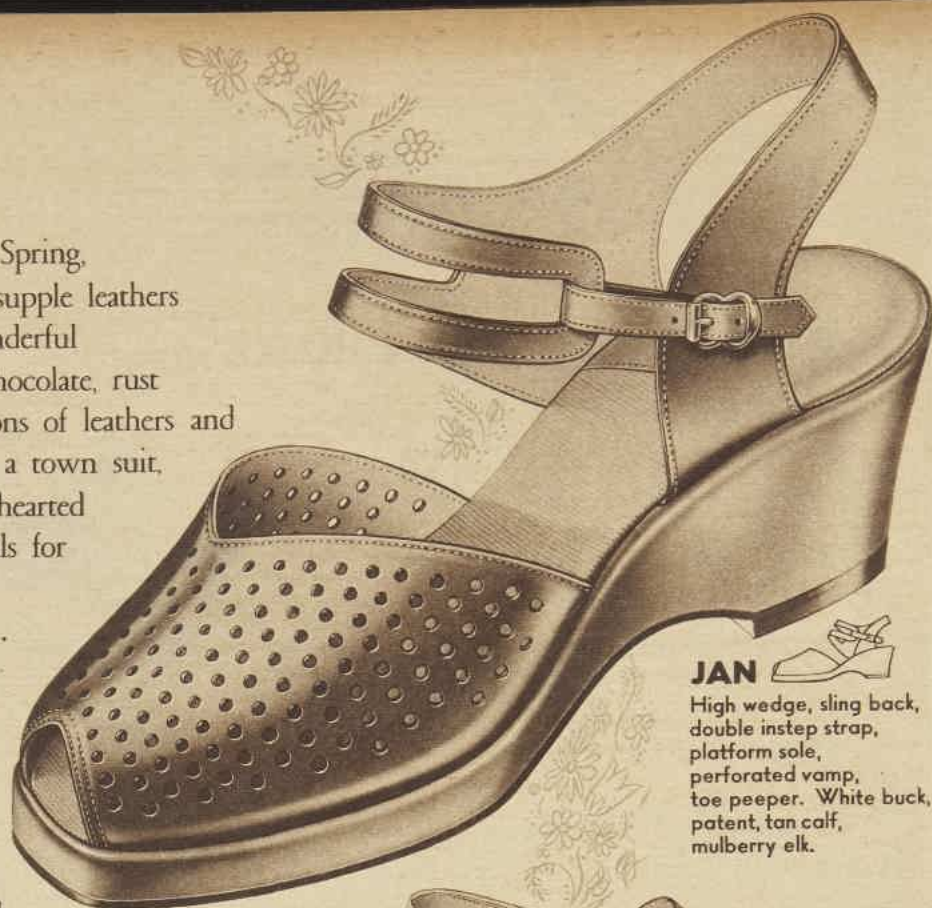


Grafton made a world of difference to your dress materials. Now it makes a world of difference to all furnishing prints, too.

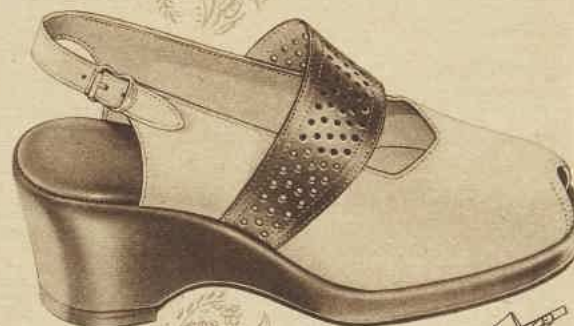
Here are the styles that sing of Spring, of the beach, of holidays. Rich, supple leathers like calf and buck, in those wonderful Vagabond colours—white, tan, chocolate, rust and a host of others. Combinations of leathers and colours that you can wear with a town suit, others you can wear with light-hearted florals. Here are your new casuals for Spring—this Spring and next Spring, too, because there are ...

... finer leathers
finer workmanship
in the new high wedge

"Vagabonds"



JAN
High wedge, sling back, double instep strap, platform sole, perforated vamp, toe peeper. White buck, patent, tan calf, mulberry elk.



MARY
High wedge, sling back, platform sole, perforated instep strap. Toe peeper. White buck with tan, red or navy calf.



MORNA
High wedge, sling back, derby tie, platform sole, perforated moccasin front, toe peeper. White buck, London tan calf, brown or black calf.



SYBIL
High wedge, cross strap, open back, platform sole, scalloped vamp, toe peeper. White buck, black suede, grey suede.



JILL
High wedge, sling back, cross strap, platform sole, cut-out vamp, toe peeper. White buck, London tan calf, chocolate, rust or black suede.

Wholesale Distributors: J. GOLDBERG FOOTWEAR AGENCIES PTY. LTD.

105 Clarence Street, Sydney 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne "King House", Queen Street, Brisbane 66 Rundle Street, Adelaide 177 St. George's Terrace, Perth

TEENA

BY
Lilla
Terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 21): There is clear sailing ahead until the week-end, when a tendency

towards extravagance and excess could upset health or bring personal clashes with partners or social contacts. Watch September 24.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your active days are Sept. 22, 23, 24, which should add zest and happiness to your affairs. Don't overdo your pleasures, however, for health may need attention from Monday next. Use beneficial aspects well.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A good week for attending parties, picnics, or outdoor sports and expanding your social life. Sunday offers new activity in this direction, which will brighten your mind and improve health.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make the most of Sept. 21, 22, and 23—good days in an interrupted week. The week-end can be very difficult if you allow others to interfere with your peace of mind.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): As the week-end may bring new events, taking up time for social and personal affairs, try to settle all important financial and business activities by Friday.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plans dealing with new ventures, personal affairs, environment, and health should be pushed through in the next few days. Sunday can be interesting if you are not careless.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to October 23): There is a cheering change from adverse conditions, and a general improvement will be noticeable from Sept. 24, when you can put your plans into practice with less interference than usual.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A good week until Sept. 24. After that avoid rashness, risks, or anything which would involve strained personal relationships.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A mixed week lies ahead, with Sept. 22, 23, 24 perhaps causing too much enthusiasm and force. Avoid social clashes, financial losses, or changes.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Bigger opportunities lie ahead, career and ambitions take on new interest, so make ready by settling your affairs.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Near the week-end be cautious about decisions and problems. You should be careful to avoid losing money on Sunday. Next week paves the way for new plans and a busy time ahead.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Use care with personal relationships this week, and don't provoke hostility on Sept. 24. You'll be able to get your own way later by using discretion, and win benefits with the help of a partner or fellow worker.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

Lovely Skin makes glamorous dreams come true!



Solyptol Soap
THE WORLD'S BEST
MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

* If it's Fauldings - It's Pure *



More and More Mothers choose GENUINE

LAXETTES
the chocolate laxative



YOU TASTE ONLY THE DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE

LAXETTES are the ideal laxative; dependable, popular, most pleasant-to-take, they have been trusted for over 40 years. Use LAXETTES whenever you or your family need a laxative. All chemists and stores sell LAXETTES, the leading family laxative.

GENTLE — EFFECTIVE
— SAFE — RELIABLE

* POLAROID SUNSHIELDS

THE **ONLY** SUNSHIELDS THAT LET YOU SEE
THE VIEW WITHOUT THE GLARE



Only *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields absorb glare
by the scientific miracle of Light Polarisation . . .



*Polaroid "66" Sunshield.



*Polaroid "77" Sunshield.



*Polaroid "55" Sunshield.



*Polaroid "56" Sunshield.



*Polaroid "536" Sun Glasses.



*Polaroid "33" Sun Glasses.



*Polaroid "88" Clip-over Sunshield.



*Polaroid "11" Clip-over.

When you're wearing *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields your eyes view the scene through a miracle *Polaroid film that absorbs harmful glare, allowing only true light and colour through to your eyes. You see everything without glare or distortion . . . there's no dim-out or dulling . . . every detail, every colour is revealed with vivid clarity. *Polaroid Sun Glasses or Sunshields are optically correct . . . they're safe for your eyes.

Remember, no other sun glasses or sunshields have the unique Light Polarisation qualities of genuine *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields, so, for your own protection, be sure you ask for and obtain only genuine *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST
WHEN BUYING YOUR GENUINE
***Polaroid**
SUN GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS

1. Take two
*Polaroid Sun
Glasses or Sun-
shields and hold
them together—the
view is unimpaired.



2. Turn one of
them slowly and
the view where
they cross becomes
dimmer.



3. When they are
at right angles the
view is blocked out.



NOTE: Only *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields give you this effect—never buy a pair of *Polaroid Sun Glasses and Sunshields without first making this test, your guarantee of safety and satisfaction.

best under the Sun!
*** POLAROID**
SUN GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS

SOLD BY: OPTICIANS, CHEMISTS, SPORTS AND GENERAL STORES.
Australian Agents: A. J. Dawson Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

*Registered trademark of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
Patented in Australia and other countries.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Meet **TOR:** King of Mechana, who loves **DR. FLOREL:** Ruler of the enemy land of Flora. Tor, only man left in Mechana, fell in love with

Dr. Florel's photograph, but feels she will never know because of the war. On Narda's suggestion he starts off on a flying-machine for Flora. The trio accompany him. Florian guards are ordered to shoot them down. **NOW READ ON:**



AS TOR, MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR APPROACH FLORA, HUGE EXPLODING PODS ARE HURLED INTO THE AIR AGAINST THEM! "LOOK OUT!" CRIES TOR. "POISON GAS!"



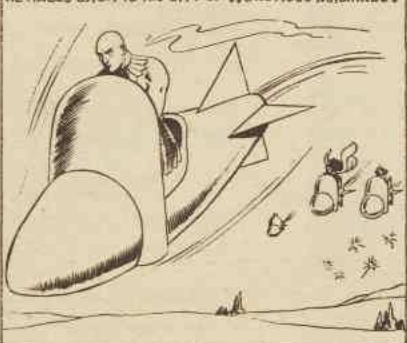
ON THE GROUND, DR. FLOREL LEADS HER WARRIORS. IN ADDITION TO THE EXPLODING PODS, HUGE POISON THORNS ARE CATAPULTED AGAINST THE INVADERS!



"NO USE. LET'S TURN BACK!" SHOUTS TOR, BITTERLY, AS THEY NARROWLY ESCAPE DEATH FROM THE POISON MISSILES OF FLORA, LAND OF PLANT WONDERS.



"I CAME WITH LOVE IN MY HEART—TO MARRY DOCTOR FLOREL," TOR TELLS HIMSELF, BITTERLY, "AND THAT WAS HER REPLY. NOW—I SHOW HER!" AND HE RACES BACK TO HIS CITY OF WONDEROUS MACHINES!



"DR. FLOREL DIDN'T KNOW THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT," CRIES NARDA. "THEY'RE AN EVIL BREED. IF I DON'T KILL THEM, THEY'LL KILL ME," RETORTS TOR.



"NOW—I'LL DESTROY ALL OF THEM," DR. FLOREL INCLUDED, HE CRIES, AND PULLS THE SWITCH. THE DEADLY PROJECTILES STREAM OUT IN ENDLESS ARRAY—HEADED FOR THE FLOWER LAND OF FLORA.



"TOR, STOP THIS DESTRUCTION," PLEADS MANDRAKE "TOO LATE, I CAN'T—DON'T KNOW HOW," CRIES TOR.



HE SPEEDS INTO THE AIR. "COME ALONG," HE CALLS TO THEM, "AND WATCH THE END OF FLORA!" THEY HURRIEDLY FLY AFTER HIM—



TO BE CONTINUED

BUDGET-PRICED FOUNDATIONS

FOR EVERY FIGURE AND FITTING



Cool, Light, yet with Plenty of Control...

Girdles in famous Power Net, nude or white. Choose these for your Spring wardrobe
Priced from only . . . 22'6
Venus Brassieres from . . . 6'6



NEW! . . . STRAPLESS BRASSIERE
129: To wear under low-cut evening gowns or sunfrocks. Securely fitting, comfortable. Nude, white. 32-36"

At all Stores and Corsetiers

PRODUCT OF PHILLIPS KNITTING MILLS, 15, KERR STREET, FITZROY, VICTORIA

CHAPPED, SUNBURNED
OR SORE LIPS?

BETTER HAVE HANDY YOUR
EASY-TO-APPLY **portex**
GERMICIDAL . . . SELF-STERILIZING

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
FROM
CHEMISTS
ONLY



Why suffer from these troublesome, painful complaints! Some thin layers of flexible, waterproof and antiseptic "Portex" Plastic Skin, applied to the lips (better dry) will quickly soothe pain, reduce inflammation and swelling and prevent secondary burning and chapping.

Made in England by
Portland Plastics Ltd.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS
WM. HAUGHTON & CO. LTD.

P31-12

For You... **A NEW EXCITING PERSONALITY!**



Gemey Face Powder
—silk-sifted, and imbued with
haunting Gemey Perfume—brings you
Pearl-smooth Complexion Radiance,
with a Fragrance of Irresistible Appeal.

Revel in the flawless beauty of your Gemey make-up...
in the warmth and youthful radiance it gives your own skin
tonings... in the confidence that this pearl-smooth, clinging softness
will last for hours without re-powdering. Gemey Powder
suits all types of skin (normal, oily or dry), never cakes or spreads.

And in this superbly formulated powder, Richard Hudnut has skil-
fully blended Gemey Perfume—that rare, exhilarating fragrance
preferred by fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris.

Only Gemey Face Powder brings this perfect combination —
silk-sifted super-fineness and tantalising fragrance.

There's a thrilling, fashion-perfect Gemey shade for your skin tonings
... wear it, and discover a new and radiant personality—an exciting
"you" you haven't known before.

Gemey

SILK-SIFTED **FACE POWDER**

Make enchanting Gemey
your very own
Perfume!



Accentuate your
loveliness with a
subtle touch of
Gemey Perfume here
and there. A superb
Richard Hudnut
creation, its
haunting fragrance
lingers like a kiss—
unforgettably it's
you!

Safety

Gemey Face Powder is **HYPO-ALLERGENIC!** This means it
contains no ingredients that may
cause common skin allergies or
irritations.

Harmonising Gemey Beauty Aids—

Powder, Perfume, Creams, Foun-
dation Lotion, Talc and Dusting
Powder are obtainable only at
chemists and selected department
stores.

Creations of
Richard Hudnut
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Hollywood Mothers . . .



JOAN FONTAINE enjoys a romp with her daughter, Deborah, who is just over eighteen months old.



BETTY GRABLE (above) and her daughter, Victoria, are a couple of colorful cowgirls while visiting the family ranch.



JANE GREER (right) tucks her lively son, Albert, into his crib, hoping the sandman will soon arrive.



BARBARA BEL GEDES and her daughter, Susan, with team of animal friends, take to the nursery floor for a game.



JEANNE CRAIN (below) in the swimming-pool with one of her sons, Michael Anthony, who takes serious view of dip.



"Snack"

The only chocolate block with these 4 luscious centres.



You'll relish this delicious assortment of 12 fine-quality chocolates



1. "STRAWBERRY CREAM"
A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.
2. "CREAM CARAMEL"
A rich, creamy caramel-flavour which lingers on your tongue.

3. "FRUIT SUNDAE"
An exciting blend of choice, fresh-fruit flavours.
4. "TURKISH DELIGHT"
A joy to every taste. Rich and exotic.

Made by *MacRobertson*

The Great Name in Confectionery

803

Go gay in Haslam Dress Fabrics this Spring



Haslam Fabrics

* Haslam Fabrics are manufactured throughout in Lancashire, England, and are guaranteed to give the fullest satisfaction.

Australian Agents (Melbourne only): Strathairn & Sons Pty. Ltd., Melbourne and Sydney.



1 TELEPHONE call made to Cape Cod number by entertainer Vivian Heldon (Jan Sterling) is noted by snoopy boarding-house owner Mrs. Smerrling (Elsa Lanchester).



2 DRINKING in local bar to drown family sorrows, Henry Shanway (Marshall Thompson) is persuaded to drive Vivian to Cape Cod. There she leaves to meet mystery man and is not seen again.



3 RECONSTRUCTION work by Lieut. Peter Morales (Ricardo Montalban) and Dr. McAdoo (Bruce Bennett), of Harvard's Department of Legal Medicine, establishes identity of corpse as Vivian Heldon.



4 CLUES lead Lieut. Morales and Dr. McAdoo to dredge pool near where skeleton was found and haul up battered car belonging to Shanway and used by girl.

SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION



Mystery Street

THIS Metro melodrama is a narrative woven round the application of scientific techniques to crime solution as pioneered at Harvard University.

It reveals a dramatic story behind the story of newspaper headlines—the hidden murders which annually are written off the records as "accidental death."

All sequences showing historic Boston landmarks, Harvard (including the famous Department of Legal Medicine) and the Cape Cod area were filmed on actual location.

Making his debut as producer is Frank E. Taylor, teaming with director John Sturges, who has several prestige mystery thrillers to his credit, and turns in another craftsmanlike job.



6 BLACKMAIL by Mrs. Smerrling of James Harkley (Edmon Ryan) fails. Ordered out, she steals gun.



7 MURDER of Mrs. Smerrling by Harkley follows boast that she has checked gun at railway station. He is surprised by sudden entrance of Grace, looking for clues. She manages to escape.



8 INTERROGATION of Grace and friend Jackie (Betsy Blair) right after Harkley escapes leads to his capture by means of baggage check. The Shanways are reunited.





GOR-RAY *skirts one better!*
Registered

Obtainable at all leading stores
Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



ARRID THE LARGEST
SELLING
DEODORANT

Don't let these eyes...



become these...



There comes a point, dear Madam, when you have to think of your eyes first. After all, they most reveal your looks, your age, your character. Take proper care of them. Give them enough rest. After sewing or such like, use Optrex to refresh them. And, of course, use Optrex for all other minor eye troubles—both for yourself and your family—even the youngest. Yes, even for baby. The large size is much better value.

Optrex
the EYE LOTION

Moira Shearer dances again in opera film

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Moira Shearer, the ballet star who was never going to make another picture, is making another picture.

Archers Films, who made the smash-hit ballet spectacle "The Red Shoes," have lured Moira back—but largely on her terms.

THIS time she will make a film of the opera "Tales of Hoffman," promising to be even more spectacular than "The Red Shoes."

Lovely red-haired Moira stipulates: "I shall dance, not act."

"I don't want the continuity of my work chopped up into little bits just to get different camera angles on me," she says. "I shall dance without constant interruptions from the camera."

And she says this about her ballet career: "I shall dance for maybe another six years. Then perhaps I shall turn to acting, like your Bobby Helpmann. The trouble with 'The Red Shoes' as far as I was concerned was that it made dancers critical of my dancing, the way they filmed me, and critics critical of my acting."

The screen version of Offenbach's opera promises to be one of the most remarkable films ever produced by one of the most versatile teams in films to-day—Powell and Pressburger, of Archers Films.

They are called erratic geniuses, poets of the screen, mainly for their ability to produce something novel, highly intelligent, startling, usually in brilliantly photographed color.

One of the most curious facts about this curious film experiment is that, during the whole ten weeks that it is being shot at Sound City, not a line of dialogue will be spoken. For the whole time an international cast of actors and dancers will mime and dance an entire screen opera before the color cameras.

The reason is that all the music and singing for it have been pre-

recorded by Sir Thomas Beecham, conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

The artists, dancing and miming, are interpreting the entire film to the recorded "play-back."

"Tales of Hoffman" will last for 2½ hours. It is possible to tell this exactly now, because the whole screen action will be filmed to fit the music, and the recorded music lasts that time.

The present set on which they are working—the tavern scene—is a vast and gaudy affair, set against such mighty props that the dancers look like dolls.

There is a staircase, a mammoth barrel with servants scampering up and down ladders leaning against the bulging sides, and a soaring, tinselly backdrop.

Hein Heckroth, who won an Oscar for his designs for "The Red Shoes," has been enlisted again for the decor of "Tales of Hoffman."

Playing Hoffman is an American opera star discovered for the film by Sir Thomas Beecham while he was in New York. His name is Robert Rounseville, and he is making his first film appearance.



CHOREOGRAPHER Frederick Ashton (right) shows Robert Rounseville and French ballerina Ludmilla Tcherna how to play a love scene to music during rehearsals for the new Powell-Pressburger cinema opera, "Tales of Hoffman."

At the precise moment I walked on to the set, Rounseville was gesturing and mouthing before the movie cameras in time to a recording of his own voice. When Michael Powell called "Cut!" he came off, mopping his neck, and told me how he was discovered:

"Till a few years ago I was a musical comedy and night-club singer, with no serious musical or singing training. Then I began to train my voice, and had rather a nice success in the New York production of 'Tales of Hoffman' last year," he said.

"I sent some recordings to England and didn't think much more



TITIAN-HAIRED Moira Shearer, ballerina of the film "The Red Shoes" and of Sadler's Wells Ballet, returns to the screen to dance the role of the doll Olympia in the British technicolor cinema opera, "Tales of Hoffman."



WORKING out a sequence in Act II of "Tales of Hoffman" with director Michael Powell (wearing scarf) are Ludmilla Tcherina, who plays Giulietta in the technicolor film, and Robert Helpmann (right), who has the role of Dapertutto.

about it. When I heard the great Sir Thomas Beecham was in New York, I thought I was going to have a very hard job to get to see him.

"But apparently he, too, was looking for me on the strength of the recordings, and he saw me immediately. He really engaged me on those recordings."

Leading British choreographer Frederick Ashton, who is directing the movement in the film, is showing Rounseville technical points in moving rhythmically with the music.

Outside in the sunshine a whole village of little grey huts has sprung up, each with a star name painted on it. There are huts for Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, French ballet star Ludmilla Tcherina, Pamela Brown, and Australian Robert Helpmann, who has an acting part, not a dancing one.

Moira Shearer has the role of the doll Olympia, and the opera tells of Hoffman's three loves. The Doll, which he believes to be human, is one. The three women in Hoffman's life — Olympia, Giulietta, and Antonia—merge in the epilogue into one.

Each of the stars has a "voice." This has been recorded in each case by a prominent opera star. The actors and dancers make no attempt to synchronise their lip movements with the song; it merely follows them as they glide and gesture across the floor. One of the few who acts to his own voice is the film's new singing star, Robert Rounseville.

To encourage Moira Shearer to take this part in the film, choreographer Ashton specially designed the dances to show her art at its finest.

Ashton, swarthy, stocky, shirt-sleeved, gets his ideas for ballets from geometry. He went to that street of books, Charing Cross Road, and bought a second-hand book of the most complicated geometry problems he could find.

"I translate these drawings into ballet movements, and solve the problems on the feet of my dancers," he says.

Archers Films have stuck to their part of the bargain. All the dancing scenes in which she figures, as Olympia the Doll, were photographed in long sections to avoid stopping and starting all the while. For five concentrated weeks Moira worked like a fury to be finished with her part of the film, in time to



take the famous Sadler's Wells Ballet to America.

Pamela Brown, of the elfish face, has a boy's wig and long trousers for her part as Nicklaus. She, too, was hurrying to finish her work to hurry off to New York, where she will appear in the stage play "The Lady's Not For Burning," by Christopher Fry.

Pamela scored a great personal hit with her West End performance in the same part.

In the final scenes of the film, the epilogue, her character of Nicklaus is transformed into Hoffman's poetic muse. Little did Pamela guess what designer Heckroth had in store for her.

"To be transformed into a glittering, ethereal apparition I had to be painted with gold powder and water," she said with a shudder.

"As it's dangerous to cover the whole body with gold paint—it clogs the pores and may set up a skin infection—they only painted seventy-five per cent. of me.

"The make-up man put the paint on over a barrier of cream. He even covered my lips and eyelids completely with it. My hair was piled high in Grecian style, lacquered and gilded. Then they draped me in gold voile.

LOVELY Moira Shearer dancing the role of the Princess with ballet-star Alexander Grant as the Clockmaker in the charming "Clock Symphony."

"I was luckily only permitted to work two hours a day dolled up like this. They had a car by the stage entrance to whisk me away as soon as the time was up. It took three baths and an oil massage each day before I came back to normal!"

Michael Powell gained immense experience in handling a difficult medium for the screen in "The Red Shoes," and in a sense "Tales of Hoffman" shows a profit from it.

One of the big things learned was how to avoid wasting time by having the music recorded, timed, and stopped to a completely pre-arranged plan.

This is one of the big factors which has enabled the makers to cut the cost of making "Tales of Hoffman" to half that of "The Red Shoes."

And though I doubt whether there is material for a real comparison here, there are those wisecracks in filmdom who are nodding their heads and saying already that, by the way "Hoffman" is shaping, it will be twice as good.

G.P.O., ADELAIDE, S.A.

On November 1st, 1867, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation stone of the Adelaide G.P.O., the building being completed and opened for business on May 6, 1872.

The height of the tower containing the G.P.O. clock is 149 ft., diameter of the clock face being 7 ft. 8 in.

TIME FOR A CAPSTAN

THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURED CIGARETTE

7960-7-50

STOMACH not behaving?

Correct it swiftly, safely, surely

It's a true saying that a friend in need is a friend indeed. And what a friend De Witt's Antacid Powder can be in cases of stomach disorders. Take a spoonful in a glass of water. What happens? Pain and discomfort disappear and soon you are singing at your work again. An ounce of help is always worth a ton of sympathy and here's how this famous remedy helps your stomach back to health.

Firstly, it contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence to counteract excess acid—the main cause of the trouble.

Secondly, other ingredients put a protective and soothing coating over the inflamed stomach lining. This means that you can eat your food without fear of aggravating your disordered digestion.



Thirdly, the effect of De Witt's Antacid Powder is maintained over a prolonged period, neutralising and absorbing excessive waste matter.

All the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder are tested to conform to the rigid standards of purity that are a feature of De Witt's products. Scientifically balanced and blended, De Witt's Antacid Powder can be taken with complete confidence. Get a canister for yourself and follow in the happy footsteps of thousands of one-time sufferers all over the world. The giant 4/6 economy size contains two and a half times the quantity of the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



MOYGASHEL
FABRICS * Regd.

Stand out in Moygashel* Fabrics

The world's leading fashion designers
choose Moygashel* Fabrics for their exquisite
quality, their galaxy of colours and crease resistance.

MADE BY STEVENSON AND SON LTD., REGENT STREET, LONDON AND DUNGANNON, NORTHERN IRELAND. AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES: H. W. BEVAN & CO. PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, MELBOURNE AND ADELAIDE.

TWENTY minutes later when Phil came in he began: "You didn't tell her she could have company, did you? Arthur says—"

He was stopped by a furious Emma coming from the nursery. "I don't believe she so much as looked at the children. And she's eaten up everything in the house, all the bread, the eggs, the bacon, all the jam and peanut butter and fruit and cookies and orange juice—even all the babies' milk is used up. And she's been smoking—"

They investigated, exclaiming with wrath. The cigarette boxes were empty, but Julia had cleaned the ash-trays. The rug had evidently been pulled back for dancing, for the waxed floor was cut and scarred. Phil's records had been taken out and put back hit or miss. He swore aloud: "I'll wring her neck if any of them are cracked."

"This table's had something sticky spilled on it."

"There's a burn in this chair cushion."

"And butts in my lovely vase." Emma paused. "Phil, we sound like The Three Bears! She must have had a lot of people up here."

"That's what I was asking you when I came in—did you tell her she might have company? Arthur says some boys and girls came soon after he went on duty and he supposed we'd given her permission. And he says the people upstairs complained about the noise and he came up and told them to be quiet."

"The first thing I'll do to-morrow morning," declared Emma, "is to report her to Miss Almey. She's a—"

She ran to the desk. "Phil, that money Aunt Grace sent for little Phil's birthday is gone! It was under the blotter."

"That's serious! The rest of it might be foolishness, but stealing money's something else. You sure?"

"I'm sure," said Emma. "No wonder she ran out so fast. Did she say anything on the way home, make any excuses?"

"Never opened her mouth. I asked her about the children, and she said they were all right. Em, they are all right, aren't they?"

They rushed back to the nursery and hung over the cribs. Ann and little Phil were sleeping, rosiely, soundly, healthily. Emma sniffed their breath. "She evidently didn't give them any dope or anything like that," she said.

Phil took her hand. "We'd better go to bed. If the kids are okay that's the main thing. We'll go into the rest of this in the morning."

But in the bedroom Emma saw her perfume bottle half empty. "That divine stuff you got me for Christmas that I doiled out by the drop," she mourned. "I shouldn't have left it out."

"Better look at your clothes," said Phil.

Emma looked. "I don't think she's taken anything, but they've been taken down and handled. Oh, there's another burn—there—on the bedside table."

"Good grief, she might have set the whole place on fire. Em, this is terrible, really."

"I'll never go out and leave the children again if I have to stay in for the rest of my life," said Emma. "I'll never feel safe about anybody again."

There was not much rest for them in what was left of the night, and there was more rage in their hearts as they breakfasted on dry cereal and black coffee.

"I'd like to do the phoning to Miss Almey," said Phil grimly. "That girl's a menace. Don't leave out anything; nail her on every item."

"Don't you worry," replied Emma, just as grimly. "I'll tell all—with pleasure. I'll ring you up and tell you what happens."

Late in the morning she phoned

Baby Sitter

Continued from page 7

Phil that Miss Almey, Julia, and her mother were to come to the Lenster apartment at half-past eight.

"The mother works, so they can't come earlier. I certainly threw the book at Miss Almey, and she was as horrified as we were. She says Julia's one of the quietest, best-behaved girls they have. She says Julia knows she's there on charity, and makes a special effort to live up to the privilege of being in such a nice school."

"Did you tell Miss Almey about the money?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you tell her about the food and the cigarettes and—oh, Em, did you have a chance to look over my records?"

"Yes, I just finished, and I hate to tell you, but two or three of them are cracked—those Flamenco things you got in Paris. And I found some more burns, one in the hall rug. Phil, I'm sick over this. I mean, she looked such a harmless kid."

"Harmless as a sabre-tooth tiger! Em, you'd better estimate what the repairs will cost us; her mother's got to pay it. And Miss Julia can jolly well hand back the money I gave her for last night."

"Yes, she must do that. I'm only so thankful nothing happened to the children."

"They don't show signs of any bad treatment, haven't caught cold or anything?"

"No; they're bright as buttons."

"Well, that saves the girl's life. But make a list of damage to show them to-night, anyway."

Emma had made her list when Phil came home: Floor scratches, burns, perfume, missing food, cigarettes.

Phil read the list and when he finished Emma said, "It's not just the damage. It's having the house ransacked makes me almost as mad as the damage. It gives me such a feeling of having the essential decencies violated to have my personal belongings rummaged through and pawed over. I suppose I ought to have locked everything up, but it never occurred to me I'd need to."

Phil opened the door to them. Miss Almey came in first, a dry sharp stick of a woman, her thin lips set in perpetual suspicion. Then came Mrs. Topping, stout, anxious, and shabby, on her face an unreal, ingratiating smile.

Julia came last, hanging her head and moving with effort. Emma was shocked in spite of her rancor by the girl's white misery. She looked blind from weeping, she stumbled and sighed. Her hair to-night was in a lank braid wrapped round her head and on her feet were flat, worn-out sandals.

Emma indicated chairs and as she sat down Mrs. Topping began, too glibly, too fluently: "Mrs. Lenster, believe me I'm just all to pieces about this. I can't understand it, she's been such a good girl and a comfort to her mother and this was such a nice chance for her and I want to tell you right away that she never took the money you missed, she wouldn't touch a penny of anybody else's and I do think there must be some mistake about that money."

She looked at them hopefully. "I do hope you'll not be too hard on her, she's been like somebody crazy ever since Miss Almey talked to her this morning after you telephoned. She came home from school and was in the house all day crying herself sick and not eating a bite."

Miss Almey stopped this flow. "As nearly as I can find out, Mrs. Lenster," she said with acid precision, "Julia came on time last night and

after you had left some of her young friends visited her. She insists she didn't invite them, but that is not true. I have investigated that. She says they touched nothing. She also insists that she did not take the money you missed."

"The money was taken by some of her friends then," said Phil. "And if they touched nothing, what became of some 200 cigarettes, a loaf and a half of bread, half a pound of butter, three bottles of milk, a dozen oranges, seven eggs, half a pound of bacon, and a quantity of peanut butter and jam? Julia could hardly have eaten that amount. And let me show you this floor."

He pulled back the rug. "I suppose they were jitter-bugging. And"—his voice tightened—"my wife expressly told her not to touch my record collection and I find they have nearly all been taken out and some of them damaged."

Emma had been watching Julia. "Let's begin at the beginning," she said. "Julia, how many of your friends were here last night?"

"Only three," said Julia, almost inaudibly. "They didn't do anything wrong, Mrs. Lenster, honest they didn't."

"The doorman says there were seven, four boys and three girls," said Phil.

Julia began to cry, desolately. "It's not so, it's not so! Everybody's lying about me. I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't ask anybody here. I didn't take the money."

"Honest, Mrs. Lenster, I do think you're mistaken about her taking the money—" Mrs. Topping began fawningly, but Miss Almey stopped her. Miss Almey meant to run this meeting and was not pleased at the way she was being disregarded. Her voice was as sharp as her face.

"The first thing is that Julia must apologise to you and ask your pardon for what she has done. Julia, say what I told you."

Julia got up waveringly and mumbled: "Mrs. Lenster and Mr. Lenster, I humbly apologise for what I did and beg you to forgive me."

"To-morrow you will make an apology before the school for bringing discredit to its standards," said Miss Almey. "And now, Mr. Lenster, Julia must return the money you paid her last night as a first reparation."

Phil and Emma exchanged looks of complete wretchedness. They were beginning to hate Miss Almey. They squirmed with discomfort at this torture. But they were not prepared for Julia's reaction.

Her voice rose to a keening wail: "I haven't got that money," she shrilled. "I haven't got it. I can't pay it back."

"But Julia," interposed Phil gravely, "what did you do with it? I gave it to you not 24 hours ago and you've hardly been doing any shopping to-day."

"I paid it to the grocer. This morning, going to school."

"What grocer?" pounced her mother. "You know very well I don't run bills at the grocery, they won't give me credit since your Pa—" she bit her lips.

"I bought some cokes and some crackers and he did give me credit. It was Joe's place." Every word was torn from her like bits of living flesh from her body.

"I don't get this," Phil said. "You didn't ask your friends up here and you didn't touch anything and you didn't take the money and you didn't raise such a rumpus that the people upstairs complained and the doorman had to come up and stop it. You're the complete innocent bystander. It doesn't make sense."

Please turn to page 74

Mmm! A
Swift
MEAT SPREAD SANDWICH -



AND THERE ARE 5 DIFFERENT KINDS

- PATE DE FOIE
- SAVOURY SPREAD TONGUE
- POTTED MEAT
- SAVOURY SPREAD LIVER
- SAVOURY SPREAD MEAT



GROCER SAYS...
Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD—

CLEANS FALSE TEETH



KEMDEX not only cleans dentures automatically, without the usual trouble of brushing, but it does so scientifically, and that means thoroughly!

10 minutes immersion in **KEMDEX** and dentures are cleansed of all stickiness, stains, and film and effectively deodorised. **KEMDEX** may be used regularly with complete confidence. It is positively harmless to all denture materials, including Acrylic Resin.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE from SCOTT & BOWNE (A/SIA) LTD., Box 40, P.O. Surry Hills, N.S.W.

KEMDEX

Cleans False Teeth Safely and Quickly.

'That clear, smooth PEARS skin...

Mother has it...

A small face snuggles closer to her own soft cheek — Mother's skin is smooth as Baby's, thanks to Pears. For down the generations lovely mothers have used Pears — the gentlest beauty soap in all the world.



Schoolgirls have it...

Clear as the morning, fresh as the first Spring day — a skin kept *naturally* lovely by mild Pears soap! Through the hazards of wind and weather... and surf and sun... she safeguards that delicate freshness with gentle Pears.



Brides have it...

Moments enshrined in the heart... a promise of beauty fulfilled in a clear, smooth skin. No wonder Pears Soap is the time-honoured choice of brides like Mrs. John Olson (the former Miss Lois Morratt of 42a Cliff Street, Manly N.S.W.) — a lovely Pears Bride.

YOU can have it too!

Only a mild, pure soap can give you a clear, smooth skin. Hold a tablet of Pears to the light and look into its pure, clear depths. See *proof* in your mirror each day, as gentle Pears Soap brings a new soft glow to your skin.

Portrait by Nell Wilson.

Pears

From clear, pure PEARS soap

... a clear, smooth PEARS skin

100 GUINEAS FOR LOVELY PEARS BRIDES

Send details of your approaching marriage, enclosing a snapshot (which we will return) to "Pears Brides", Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney. If you are selected as one of the ten Pears Brides of the Year, you will receive ten guineas towards the cost of your wedding photographs.

PL50.WWFFC

Tales of the South Pacific

By

JAMES A. MICHENER

WAR to James Michener, stationed on a remote South Pacific island, did not just mean the action and agony of combat. Vividly he recalls and portrays the characters and all-to-human traits of his fellow-campaigners.

Among others, in the first instalment of his stories, we met ADMIRAL KESTER, detailed to lead a great naval offensive; TONY FRY, popular and easy-going; LIEUTENANT BILL HARBISON, who thought himself perfect as an officer and a gentleman, but did not scruple to break a girl's heart.

Now Michener continues with a rollicking story of the irrepressible Tony.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

BONAR DUNLOP

WINE FOR THE MESS AT SEGI

I THINK that Segi Point, at the southern end of New Georgia, is my favorite spot in the South Pacific. Opposite the brutal island of Vangunu and across Blanche Channel from Rendova lies Segi promontory. Behind the point hills rise, laden with jungle.

The bay is clear and blue. The sands of Segi are white. Fish abound in the nearby channel. To the north runs the deadly Slot.

I cannot tell you what the charm of Segi was. Partly it was the natives, who made lovely canes of ebony and pearl. Partly it was the mission boys, who, as you will see, sang in Latin.

It was the lines, too, best in the Solomons, and the blue-green coral water. But mostly, I guess, it was Tony Fry.

On my trips up and down The Slot I made it a point to stop off at Segi whenever I could. Tony had a small hut on the hillside overlooking the tiny fighter strip. There I was sure of a welcome, a hot bath, some good food, and a native boy to do my laundry.

I think the Roman emperors made war the way Tony Fry did. No man worked less than he, and few accomplished more. He was an extraordinary combination of laziness, insolence, competence, and good breeding.

It was Tony's job to run the Wine Mess at Segi Point. Officers who drank more than I never missed Segi, even if they had to wreck their planes to justify a landing. Admiral Kester might be low on whisky; Tony Fry, no.

Where he got the stuff I never knew until one Christmas. And that's quite a story.

Word seeped out that there would soon be a strike at Kuralci or Truk. There was pretty good authority for the belief that the crowd at Segi Point would be in on it! Therefore the skipper said, "This will be our last Christmas here. We'll make it the best there ever was!"

He appointed the chaplain to look after the sacred aspects of the holiday. Tony Fry was given the profane.

It was the third week in December when Tony discovered that he could get no more whisky from his regular sources. I was his guest at the time. He was a mighty glum man as he moaned: "How can a man celebrate Christmas with no Wine Mess?"

Now nothing prettier than the phrase "Wine Mess" has ever been devised in the armed forces. It is said that an ensign fresh out of divinity school once went into Wine Mess and asked for wine. The man behind the bar dropped dead.

A Wine Mess exists for the sole purpose of buying and selling beer, whisky, rum, gin, brandy, bitters, cordials, and at rare intervals champagne. It is called a Wine Mess to fool somebody, and if the gag works, so much the better.

Well, Tony Fry's Wine Mess was in a sad state! He decided to do something about it. With nebulous permission from his skipper he told Bus Adams to get old "Bouncing Belch" stripped for action.

Please turn to page 62

The three sisters made a remarkable picture grouped together, lovely and graceful, about the piano.



The "London Look"

HARELLA CLOTHES are English clothes—English in style, material, and cut; tailored with that easy, aristocratic perfection that makes them recognizable wherever they go. This suit, for instance; it's a Harella tailor-made with a genuine "London Look." In fine, smooth, English barthea, its beautiful, dateless cut embodies a classic jacket, with four vertically-set slit pockets, and a reed-stim skirt with one knife pleat at the back. It's in black, navy, nigger, and several fashionable pastels.

it's a dream... it's **HARELLA**

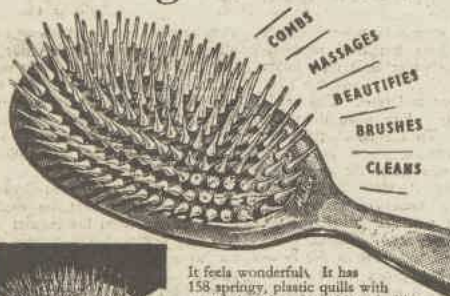
CREATED BY L. HARRIS LIMITED
243 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.2

Sole Agents for Australia:

English Agencies, Bathurst House, 209a Castlereagh St., Sydney, New South Wales

HALEX COMBING BRUSH

The World's Most
Exciting Hairbrush!



1. Quills are spaced an inch apart—pneumatic quill-cushion slips out in 2 seconds.



2. Quills and pad turn with plastic handle—delicate blue, pink, green, moles and other shades.

It feels wonderful. It has 158 springs, plastic quills with rounded ends—air-cushioned—like 158 tiny fingers that reach down through your hair and tingle your scalp! A few strokes glorify your hair—revive lank hair—make waves deeper—correct chandoff—untie tangles without tugging. For new hair loveliness, get your Halex Combing Brush today!

Halex Registered
Trade mark of
HALEX LTD.
THE MARK OF BETTER BRUSHWARE

At your store or chemist—ask for Halex hair,
tooth and nail brushes and toe-cut combs.

Australian Representatives:
D. C. Harrington Pty. Ltd., 328 Windsor St., Melbourne
Barrington Hyde Pty. Ltd., 321 Pitt St., Sydney.

MA-12

MADE IN ENGLAND BY HALEX LTD.

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 61

BOUNCING

Belch was a condemned TBF which Fry and Adams had patched together for the purpose of carrying beer back from Guadalcanal. If you had your beer sent up by surface craft, you lost about half of it. Solicitous deck hands sampled it hourly to see if it was getting too hot.

The Belch had crashed twice and seemed to be held together by piano wire. Everything that could be jettisoned had been tossed overboard, so that about the only things you could definitely rely upon when you got up in the air were gas tanks, stick, and wings.

Four pilots had taxied the Belch around the South Pacific. Each loved it as a child, but none had been able to finagle a deal whereby it got very far from Tony Fry. It was his plane.

When ComAirSoPac objected, he just sat tight, and finally Admiral Kester said, "Well, a certain number of damned fools are killed in every war. You can't prevent it. But Fry has got to stop painting beer bottles on his fuselage!"

For every mission to Guadalcanal Tony had his crewmen paint a rosy beer bottle on the starboard fuselage. The painter took pride in his work, and until Admiral Kester saw the display one afternoon at Guadal, the Bouncing Belch was one trim sight as it taxied in after a rough landing.

Tony always rode in the bombing compartment and was one of the first out. He would pat the beer bottles lovingly and congratulate the pilot on his smooth landing, no matter how rough it had been. His present pilot, Bus Adams, was just slap-happy enough for Tony.

We started out from Segi one hot December morning at 0900. We had with us 350 dollars in mess funds, four dynamitors, a radio that would pick up Tokio Rose, and an electric iron. We proposed to hop about, trading our goods until we got refreshments for Christmas.

Since we knew there was no whisky in the warehouses at Guadal, we decided to try the Russells, the secondary liquor port in the Solomons. At Wimpys, the jungle hot-dog stand where pilots came for a thousand miles to wink at the Red Cross girl, we learned that the Russells were dry.

"But there's some up on Bougainville!" a Marine SCAT pilot assured us. "Got two bottles there the other night. Off'n a chaplain. For a Jap uniform. He was sendin' it home to his two kids."

We revved old Bouncing Belch for about a minute and roared northward up The Slot. When we approached Segi I prayed that Bus wouldn't buzz the field. But of course he did.

I pulled my shoulders together, tightened my stomach, and waited for the whining howl that told me we had reached the bottom of our dive. At such times I prayed that TBF's were better planes than the little blue book said.

Then we were off again, past Rendova, Munda, Kolombangara, Vella, and up to the Treasuries, those minute islands lying in the mouth of Jap positions on Bougainville.

Alot we saw the tiny airfield on Stirling Island, the famous one at which the young pilot asked, "Do you tie her down in a heavy sea?"

Now we were over Bougainville! A dark and brooding island, most difficult of all our conquests after Guadal. Its natives were the meanest, its rains the hardest, its Japs the most resourceful. We skimmed the south-western coastline, searching for Empress Augusta Bay. Then, heading for the gaunt volcano's white clouds of steam, we put the Belch down at Piva North.

It was growing dark. There was the sound of shell fire near the airstrip. It was raining. It was Bougainville.

We found a jeep whose driver took us to a transient camp. That night, amid the rain, we met a group of F4U pilots who were fighting daily over Rabaul. We talked till nearly morning, so next day it was useless to try to do any business.

Tony and Bus arranged to go out on a bombing hop over Rabaul. They rode in a Liberator and were very silent when they got back. Rabaul was a flowery hell of flak in those days.

Early next morning at about 0930 Tony set out in a borrowed jeep. Late that day he returned with no whisky but two ice-making machines. By some queer accident the two valuable articles had been sent to Bougainville in excess of need. Tony traded our radio for them.

"What will we do with them?" I asked. They filled the jeep.

"They tell me there's some whisky at Ondonga!" he replied. "Fellow flew up here yesterday."

We decided at once to fly to Ondonga to see what trades we could make. Before we took off a long-faced lieutenant from the tower came out to see us. He carried a map.

"Got to brief all pilots. Stay clear of the Professor," he said.

"Who's the Professor?" Tony asked.

"Best Jap gunner in the islands. Hangs out on a point . . . Right here. Shortland Islands. Knocked down three of our planes so far."

"What's his game?"

"Has a radio beam like the one at Treasury. If the sky covers up, he goes on the air. Sucks the planes right over him and then let's go!"

"Let me see that aerial view of Treasury again," Bus asked. "Yeah, I was right. Two small islands with cliffs. I got it OK."

"Brother," the sad lieutenant warned. "You keep 'er OK! We bomb the Professor once in a while, but he's death on bombers."

WITH some apprehension we stowed our ice machines and started south. We circled the volcano and watched plumes of smoke rise high into the air. Behind the jagged cone, among tall mountain ranges, lay an extinct crater filled with clear blue water. Billy Mitchell Lake it was named, a strange monument to a strange man.

Beyond the lake we saw smoke from Jap encampments. There was the jungle line on Bougainville, the roughest fighting in the Pacific. We dipped low over the Jap lines, a gesture Bus could never forswear. Then we sped southeast for Ondonga.

We found no whisky there. Just enough for their own Christmas celebration. But they thought a shipment had come in at Munda. Try the Marines on top of the hill. It was a fifteen-minute hop from Ondonga to Munda, but it was the longest fifteen minutes of my trip to the South Pacific.

We took off without difficulty and flew over Kula Gulf, where our Navy had smashed the last big Jap attempt to retake Guadal. But as we turned to fly down the channel to Munda, we started to lose altitude. The engine slowed down.

Bus elected not to tell us anything, but when he started crabbing down the channel both Tony and I knew something was seriously wrong. From time to time Bus would pull the nose up sharply and try to climb, but after he nearly stalled her out, he gave that up.

"Prepare for ditching!" he said quietly over the interphone. "She'll take water easy. But protect your faces! Tony, sit on the deck and brace yourself."

Please turn to page 63

Taste

these big
whole almonds
coated with rich milk
chocolate!



They look different in their charming orange and black box—gay with almond blossoms—and they are different—MacRobertson's Scorched Almonds.

Scorched Almonds



Taste

this delicious
assortment of 12
fine-quality chocolates!



The only chocolate block with these four centres—Strawberry Cream, Cream Caramel, Fruit Sundae and Turkish Delight.

"Snack"



Taste

their
creamy caramel,
fresh peppermint flavour!



Here's a delicious flavour combination . . . a "chewy" peppermint centre with a rich caramel coating. Look for the blue and white box with the Chinese Willow pattern.

Willow Mints



All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 62

I TOOK my parachute off and wedged it over the instruments facing me. If we crashed badly my face would crack into something soft. I was sweating profusely.

We were about two hundred feet over the water. The engine was coughing a bit. We were near Munda. Then we heard Tony calling over the interphone: "Take her in and land on Munda. You can do it, Bus!" His voice was quiet and encouraging.

"It's the carburettor, Tony!" Bus called back. "She may cut out at any minute!"

"So might a wing drop off. Take her in, I tell you. You can make it easy, Bus. Call the airfield!"

Bus started talking with Munda again. "Permission to stagger in," he said. "Got to land any way I can get in. Even cross field. I'll crash in. Permission to stagger in!"

"Munda to 21 Baker 73. Munda calling. Come in. Field cleared!"

"Well, guys!" Bus called. "Here we go."

From my perch in the radio seat I could see Bus' flashing approach. The airplane seemed to roar along the tops of the trees. I could not imagine its stopping in less than two miles. Then, straight ahead gleamed Munda airfield!

It was a heavenly sight. Longest of the Pacific strips, it had been started by the Japs and finished by us. In twelve days we built as much as they did in almost twelve months. To port the mountain marking the airfield rose. At the far end of the field the ocean shone green above the coral.

I breathed deeply. If any field could take a roaring TBF, this one could.

But at that moment a scraper, unwarned of our approach, started across the near end of the strip. I screamed. I don't know what Bus did, but he must have done the right thing, for the old Belch vaulted over the scraper and slammed heavily on-

to the coral. Two tyres exploded in a loud report. The Belch limped and squealed and ground to a stop.

As usual, Tony was the first out. He looked at the buried wheel hubs and the slashed rubber. He looked back at the scraper, whose driver had passed out cold, grazed by the TBF tail wheel. Then he grinned at Bus. "Best landing you ever made," he said.

It would take two days to put new wheels, tyres, and carburettor in the Belch. Meanwhile, Munda had no whisky. That is, they had none to sell. But as hosts, well. They could help us out. We stayed in the camp formerly occupied by the Jap imperial staff. It was on a hilltop, magnificent in proportions.

A bunch of Marines had it now, fliers and aviation experts. They were glorious hosts, and after telling us how wonderful they and the F4Us were, they showed us to a vacant hut. We were glad to get some sleep, for Marine entertainment is not child's play.

But there was no sleep for us! Around our tent metal stripping had been laid to drain away excess water. Two days before a pig had died somewhere in the bush. All that night huge land crabs crawled back and forth across the tin.

"What is that noise?" Tony shouted when he first heard the unholy rasping of crab claws dragging across corrugations.

"Sounds like land crabs!" Bus said with a slight shiver in his voice.

Tony swore and put his pillow over his ears.

But the slow, grisly sound of land crabs cannot be erased in that manner. They are gruesome creatures, with ugly purple and red bodies as big as small dinner plates. Two bluish eyes protrude on sticks and pop in angular directions.

Eight or nine feet carry the monstrous creatures sideways at either

a slow crawl or a surprising gallop. A big, forbidding claw dangles in front below the eyes. This they sometimes drag, making a clacking noise. Upon tin their hollow, deathly clatter is unbearable.

Finally it became so for Tony. With loud curses he grabbed a flashlight and a broom. Thus armed he dashed out and started killing crabs wherever he could see them. A sound wallop from a broom crushed the ungainly creatures. Before long the tin was strewn with dead crabs.



"She's also one of the ten best DRESSED women."

"What goes on?" a Marine pilot yelled from another hut.

"Killing these infernal crabs!" Tony replied.

"You'll be sorry!" the Marine cried mournfully.

But we weren't. We all went to sleep and had a good night's rest. It was not until nine o'clock next morning that we were sorry.

Tony asked: "What's that smell?"

"Do you smell it, too?" I asked.

"Smell it?" Tony shouted. "I thought I was lying in it!"

"You'll be sorry!" Bus whined, mimicking the Marine.

"It's the crabs," Tony cried. "Holy cow! Smell those crabs!"

How could we help smelling them! All around us, on hot tin strips, they were toasting in the tropical sun. And as they toasted, they gained terrific revenge on their tormentor. We suffered as well as Tony. Our clothes would reek of dead crab for days.

As soon as we could dress, we left the stinking hut. Outside, a group of Marines who had learned the hard way were waiting for us.

"You'll be sorry!" they chanted. The garbage detail, waiting with shovels, cresosote, and quicklime, grinned and grinned at Tony as he tiptoed over the mess he had made.

Next morning we shoved off for home. We were disappointed. Christmas was only five days away, and we had no whisky. In disgust Tony traded one of our ice machines for a hot-water heater, just in case.

Dismally we flew south along the jagged shoreline of New Georgia. We were about to head into Segi Channel when Bus zoomed the Belch high into the air and lit out for Guadal.

"I'm ashamed to go back!" he shouted into the interphone.

"Where we going?" Tony asked languidly.

"Anywhere there's some whisky."

"There's some in New Zealand," Tony drawled.

"If we have to go there, that's where we'll go!" Bus roared.

At the Hotel De Gink on Guadal we heard there were ample stores at Espiritu Santo. That was five hundred miles south. And we had no satisfactory compass on the Belch.

"We'll trail a C-47 down," Bus said. "And we'll pray there's no clouds!"

AFTER some preliminary discussion I arranged a deal with a New Zealand pilot. He would wait aloft for us next morning and let us follow his navigation. It would be a clear day, he was sure.

Since we had to leave at 0430 there was not much reason to sleep, so we killed that night playing Baseball, a sort of novelty poker.

At 0345 we trailed out into the tropic night. Orion was in the west. Far to the south Canopus and the Southern Cross appeared. It was a lonely and beautiful night.

Guadalcanal was silent as we left the De Gink. But as we approached Henderson Field the strip was alive with activity. Liberators were going out to photograph Kuralei at dawn. Medium bombers were getting ready for a strike. And two C-47's were warming up.

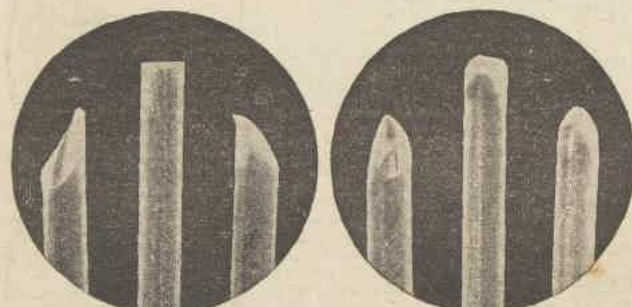
The Bouncing Belch was out of place among those nobler craft. We wheeled the tired old lady into position and waited for the New Zealand C-47 to take the air. We followed, and before the transport had cleared Guadal, we were on its tail. It was daylight long before we reached Espiritu. Eventually we saw the long northwestern finger of that strange island.

As soon as Bus was satisfied that it was Espiritu we dipped twice to the C-47. Its pilots waved to us. We zoomed off through the cold morning air. We were on our own.

Bus gunned the engine, which had been idling to stay back with the C-47. Now the Belch tore along and at the same time we lost altitude.

We hurried past the great bay at the northern end of Santo, down the eastern side of the island. We passed the central part, and I can still recall the eerie effect of horizontal shadows upon the thickest jungle in the South Pacific.

Please turn to page 64



SHARP Knife-cut bristles on ordinary toothbrush

SMOOTH Round-ended bristles on Wisdom toothbrush

Which toothbrush against your gums?

We all know we should brush our gums! But have you ever tortured yourself with an ordinary toothbrush... drawn blood when you tried to brush-stimulate your gums?

With a Wisdom tooth-and-gum brush you can brush your gums with comfort! Because each bristle on every Wisdom tooth-

brush has a specially rounded end.

Rounded ends are smooth against your gums. Try a Wisdom straight away. Tone up the tissues. Feel how your gums become firm.

Wisdom's arrangement of the bristles also ensures the most thorough cleansing of teeth.

★ Only Wisdom gives you rounded ends

BRUSH... UP... YOUR... SMILE...



WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

Wisdom

NATURAL BRISTLE 2/3
NYLON BRISTLE 1/9





**Only one soap gives
your skin this exciting Bouquet**

Now you can possess the fragrant appeal of
so many popular girls!

It's really amazingly easy! Simply bathe every day
with Cashmere Bouquet Soap... and you'll
surround yourself with a haunting, bewitching
fragrance. A fragrance that comes from a
secret wedding of rare perfumes far more
costly than you'd expect to find in
any soap. Follow the lead of popular
girls—use Cashmere Bouquet
Soap daily!



With the fragrant men love
6d. and 10d.

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE
FACE POWDER, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, MAKE-UP, TALCUM, BEAUTY CREAMS
ENT/144

**Cashmere
Bouquet Soap**

**WHAT'S YOUR
RQ?**
* REGULARITY QUOTIENT



The first step to Loveliness...

REGULARITY QUOTIENT (R.Q.) is the term used to
describe health and energy in relation to bowel
regularity, and R.Q. is the first step to loveliness.

Many people need the gentle assistance of Dr. Morse's
Indian Root Pills to keep their R.Q. high. If you suffer
from indigestion, headache, heaviness or lassitude—any of
the symptoms of constipation—you can raise your R.Q. by
taking this time-tested overnight TONIC laxative.

Dr. Morse's Pills are compounded of five natural ingredi-
ents of fruits, vegeta-
bles, and herbs. This
9-hour overnight
TONIC laxative does not
disturb your sleep. No
discomfort even for
haemorrhoid sufferers.

SAVE MONEY—buy
the new family size from
your chemist or store
to-day.

PRICES:
FAMILY ECONOMY
(Large) SIZE.
Contents: 80 Pills, 2/6.
STANDARD SIZE.
Contents: 40 Pills, 1/6.

**DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS**

THE "Overnight Laxative"

WITH THE TONIC ACTION

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 63

AS if in contrast to
the hard, forbidding jungle, the
southern half of Espiritu was a
bustling military concentration. The
Bouncing Belch sidled along the
channel and sought out Laganville
strip.

Bus eased his adventuresome plane
down, and before we were fairly
stopped, Tony had wangled a jeep.
How he did it one never knew. He
came back much excited. He had
not found any whisky, that was true.
But he was certain that at Noumea
the Army had more than a thousand
cases. All we had to do was get
there.

It was over six hundred miles,
due south, and Bus had never flown
the route before. He studied the
map a minute and said, "We'll hop
down to Ekate. That's easy. Then
we'll pick up some big plane flying
the rest of the way. OK?"

Who could object? At five that
afternoon we were in Noumea!

This time Tony was right! There
was whisky in Noumea. Barrels of
it. Using our official permit, we
bought 350 dollars' worth and then
tossed in all the spare cash we had.
We traded our dynamitors, ice
machine, electric iron, and hot-
water heater for more. If we could
have traded the rear end of the
Belch we would have done so.

We wound up with twenty-two
cases of Christmas cheer. We locked
it in a warehouse, gave the mechanics
at Magenta two bottles for check-
ing the engine, and set out to find
some fun in Noumea.

Next morning Bus and Tony
looked at one another, each waiting
for the other to make the suggestion.
Finally Bus gave in.

"Tony," he drawled, "what do you
say we fly up to Luana Pori and
look around?" Fry, as if his heart
were not thumping for such a trip,
yawned and said casually, "Why
don't we?"

I, who had never seen either Luana
Pori or the Frenchman's daughter,
made patterns with my toe and
wondered, "Why don't they get
started? They're both dying to go."

We flew north over the hundred
islands of New Caledonia, down the
valleys between massive mountains,
and over to Luana Pori. Bus lowered
the Belch for a wild buzzing of the
plantation.

The Frenchman's daughter ran
out into the garden and waved. I
could see her standing on tiptoe, a
handsome, black-haired Javanese
girl. She turned gracefully with her
arms up and watched us.

"Hey?" Bus cried through the
interphone. "Does that look like
home?"

"You get the plane down," Tony
replied. At the airfield he gave
the mechanics a quart of whisky
for a jeep. As we drew near the
plantation, I could see that he was
excited. Then I saw why. At the
white fence the Frenchman's
daughter was waiting for us. She
was like an ancient statuette, carved
of gold.

"This is Madame Latouche De
Beque Barzan," Bus began. But
she ignored me. She rushed to Tony,
caught him in her arms, and pulled
his face down for a shower of kisses.
Every gesture she made was like
the exquisite posing of a jewelled
statue.

"Tony!" she whispered. "I dream
you coming back. I see you so plain."
She led him to a small white house
near the edge of her garden. Bus
watched them go and shrugged his
shoulders.

"Let's go into the bar," he said.
"Hey Noel!" he shouted. "Get some
ice!"

Bus led me to the salon at Luana
Pori. I had heard much of this
place, of the way in which Ameri-
can officers used it as a kind of
club. But I was unprepared for the
shock I got that afternoon.

On the edge of jungle Latouche
had a grand salon, soft lights, a long

bar, pictures in bamboo frames,
magazines from New York, and a
piano. Bus laughed when he saw
the latter. He sat down and picked
out "The Last Time I Saw Paris"
with two fingers. He tried a few
chords.

"The ice, Monsieur Bus!" a
tinkling voice behind me announced.

I whirled around. A young
Javanese girl, more delicate even
than her sister, stood in the door-
way. Bus leaped from the piano and
caught her by the waist, kissing her
across the bowl of ice.

"This is Laurencin De Beque,"
he cried delightedly. "And your
sisters?"

"They coming," Laurencin said
softly. In a moment they, too, ap-
peared.

"Marthe," Bus said gravely, "and
Josephine." He kissed each one
lightly.

"Not so many Americans here
now," Laurencin said to me. "They
all up north. I think they try to take
Kuralei next." I gasped at the easy
way she discussed what to me was a
top secret.

"Of course," Josephine said, fix-
ing Bus a drink. "If there are many
wounded, we get a lot of them back
here later on. Rest cure."

"What goes on here?" I asked
Bus in a whisper.

"Sssh! Don't ask questions," he
replied. Before he had finished his
drink two Army majors drove up
with a case of frozen chicken.

"Noel!" they called.

"He not here to-day, major,"
Josephine cried.

"Show me where to put this frozen
chicken. We'll have it for dinner to-
morrow." The major disappeared
with Josephine.

"Boy," the other major said. "This
Major Kenderdine is a caution. He
just went to the commissary and
said, 'Calling for that case of frozen
fowl.' He got it, too. I don't know
whose name he signed."

WHEN Kenderdine
reappeared he smiled at Bus. "Goin'
to fly in the big push?" he asked.

"You know how it is," Adams re-
plied.

The major nodded toward the
white house on the edge of the
garden. "Fry come along?" he asked.

"Yep," Bus said.

The major poured himself a
drink and held his hands out to
Marthe, the smallest of the three
wonderful girls. She dropped her
head sideways and smiled at him,
making no move, I noticed that she
wore a ring.

"Is that child married?" I whis-
pered to Bus.

"Sssh!" Bus said, but Laurencin
heard my question.

"Oui, commander," she said.
"We all married." Josephine blushed.
"All 'cept Josephine. She be married
pretty soon. You watch!" Laurencin
patted her sister on the arm.

Marthe disappeared and soon re-
turned with some sandwiches. As
I ate mine I studied this fabulous
place. Particularly, of course, I
studied the girls as they moved
among us, and once, as they grouped
together about the piano, lovely
and graceful, I thought what a re-
markable picture they made.

After some time, Tony and
Latouche appeared. The lovely
girl was sad. She walked toward us,
leaning slightly on Fry. He was
grinning at the Army officers.

"Looks as if the Navy is goin' to
make the next push, too," he said.
"Like Gundali!" a captain joked.
"You guys get a toehold. Then yell
for us to take the island."

We looked up. A two-engined
plane came in for a landing. It would
be our pilot to Espiritu.

"We better be shoving!" Bus said.
"It's a long hop to Santo. That C-47
won't wait for us."

Please turn to page 65

ANACIN
STOPS PAIN
FASTER



because it's
like a
doctor's
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's
prescription for headaches,
toothaches, neuralgia, colds,
influenza, periodical pains,
sciatica, lumbago and muscular
aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription,
Anacin Tablets and Powders
contain not one, but a com-
bination of four medically
proven active ingredients.
These ingredients combine to
bring faster, longer lasting
relief—whilst doing away with
any undesirable after-effects.
Whichever you prefer, Anacin
Tablets or Anacin Powders—
both stop pain faster. Get
Anacin today and notice the
difference.

Whichever you prefer

**ANACIN
POWDERS**

**ANACIN
TABLETS**



STOP PAIN FASTER

FREEDOM

of action...
NEW comfort,
safety
and
protection
are yours with



Camelia
SANITARY NAPKINS



A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.
AUSTRALIA'S LEADING
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER ISSUE
NOW ON SALE
1/-
FICTION... SPORT... ARTICLES
AND COLOR PICTURES

BUS

kissed the three younger girls but did not even shake hands with Latouche. She was lost in a world of her own, telling Tony to take care of himself, giving him a handkerchief she had lately bought from an Australian trader. She stayed behind in the salon when we went to the jeep escorted by the Army men and the three sisters.

We buzzed the garden while waiting for the C-47 to take the air. The younger girls ran out and threw kisses to us. But not Latouche. Good-byes for her were terrible, whether one said them to human beings or to airplanes.

The C-47 landed right behind us at Loganville.

"We'll be going north at 0400," the pilot said. "You can tag along if you want."

We felt so good, what with our cargo of liquor, that we decided to hold a premature holiday. Tony had friends everywhere. That night we decided to visit some on the other side of the island. In driving over to Palikulo we came upon a weird phenomenon of the islands. The crabs of Espiritu were going to the sea!

We met them by the coral pits, more than eight hundred in a slimy, crackling trek across the road. Nothing could stop them. At uncertain times land crabs are drawn to the sea. In endless waves they cross whatever comes between them and the water.

Reluctantly, Tony put the car in second and forged ahead. As our tyres struck the frantic crabs, we could hear crunching sounds in the night. It was sickening. Crabs increased in number as we bore through them.

From the opposite direction a large truck came upon them. The driver, accustomed to the experience, ignored them, and killed thirty or forty as he speeded through their grisly ranks.

Tony swallowed, jammed the car into high, and hurried on. After about two hundred yards, the avalanche ended. We were through the crabs! Those that lived pushed on toward the ocean.

At 0400 we were in the air again, climbing to 12,000 feet, where the

temperature felt like Christmas. From the bomb bay Tony whistled "Jingle Bells" into the mike. Bus had told us he didn't like the performance of the Belch and hoped she would make it all right.

I had broken out new life jackets at the time, and Tony, thinking of his cargo, had shuddered.

But we made it into Guadal! As we landed a ground-crewman hurried up and told us we were spitting oil. It was hydraulic fluid. So that was it! Bus laughed and said all the old girl needed was another drink. But even as he spoke the port wheel slowly folded up until the knuckle touched coral. Then even Bus' eyes grew big.

"Can you fix it by 1400?" he asked.

"Can't do it, sir!" the mechanic replied.

"If you knew what we had in there, you'd be able to," Bus said. "What's in her?" the mech asked. "To-morrow's Christmas, ain't it?" Bus countered.

"You ain't foolin' there, sir!" the mech grinned.

"Well, maybe you fix that hydraulic system, maybe to-morrow really will be Christmas!"

The mech hunched his shoulders up and tried not to appear too happy. "You can take her up at 1400. But I ain't sayin' you can get her down later."

"You see to it that she gets up, pal," Bus said. "I'll get her down!"

When Bus and I looked round, Tony was gone. We didn't see him for several hours, and then at 1400 an ambulance clanged furiously across the field.

"Where's the Bouncing Belch?" the driver cried in some agitation. I shouted: "What's up! What's happened?"

"Nodun'," the ambulance driver replied. "I just want to get rid of this washing machine and get back to the hospital."

He jumped out of the ambulance and threw the door open. There was Tony Fry, riding in comfort, with the prettiest white washing machine you ever saw!

"Don't ask me where I got it!" he yelled. "Give the driver two

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 64

cases of whisky!" We broke out the whisky and turned it over to the sweating driver. He shook Tony's hand warmly and drove off as we loaded the washing machine, priceless above opals, in the Belch.

"I better warn you fellows," Bus said, "that we may have some trouble getting back to Segi. OK by you?"

We nodded. Any thought that Bouncing Belch might conceivably give trouble was so difficult to accept that we would have flown her to Yokohama. Especially if Bus were pilot.

We knew that take-off time was critical. Would the wheels hold up? We held our breath as the old girl wheezed into position. The propeller whirled coral into the bushes. Slowly Bus released the brake. With terrifying momentum, for we must get up fast, we roared down the strip. We were airborne.

"Oh boy!" I sighed.

"Are the wheels up?" Bus asked.

AFTER a long silence, Tony's languid voice came: "All but the starboard!" he said. "And the port is dragging, too!"

"Well, anyway, we're up!" Bus said. "Even if the wheels aren't."

"Now all we got to do is get down!" Tony replied.

We were over Iron Bottom Bay, off Guadal, where many Jap ships lay rotting, and where American ships, too, had found their grave. Along the shore several Jap cargo vessels, gutted and half-sunk, stuck their blunt snouts into the sandy beach. We were on our way. Home for Christmas!

Somewhere north of the Russells Bus said to us, "It's a tough decision, fellows. If we try to snap those wheels into position, we'll probably spring the bomb-bay doors and lose our whisky. If we belly land, we'll break every bottle anyway."

There was a grim silence. I had no suggestions, but slowly, from the bottom of the plane, Tony's voice came over the interphone.

"I thought of that," he said. "All

the whisky's out of the bomb bays. Moved inside. I'm sitting on it!"

"You wonderful man!" Bus shouted. "Shall we snap 'em down?"

He rose to 9000 feet and went into a steep dive. I pressed my feet and hands against the bulkhead, but even so felt the blood rushing into my head. Suddenly, we snapped up violently. My head jerked back and the blood started down to my feet.

"Any luck?" Bus asked.

"Didn't do the wheels any good," Tony reported. "And nearly killed me. Whisky cases everywhere."

"Get 'em squared away!" Bus ordered. "We'll belly land here!"

At the moment we were over the islands south of Segi, and we braced ourselves nervously. Tony wedged the dangerous whisky cases against the washing machine. I wondered how he would sit.

Bus cleared the tower. Word sped through the men of Segi. To heighten their apprehension and relieve his own, Bus announced, "I've got a washing machine, nineteen cases of whisky, and Tony Fry in the bomb compartment."

Then, with nerve and know-how, he brought Bouncing Belch in for her last landing.

Bus did the job well. He used neither a full stall, which would crush the plane and Tony, too, nor a straight three-point landing, which might nose the old girl over. Instead he skimmed the strip for perhaps a thousand feet, feeling for the coral with his tail wheel.

Slowly, slowly, while we ate up the safe space on the runway, Bouncing Belch reached for the coral. Then, with a grinding crunch, she felt it.

We skidded along for two hundred feet on our tail assembly, and Bus let her go! The old Belch panicked in and screamed ahead, cutting herself to death upon the coral!

This time Tony was the last man out. In fact, we had to cut him out, and then he handed us first the nineteen cases of whisky, next the washing machine, and finally himself. He grinned at Bus and reached for his hand.

"Best landing you ever made!" he said. He was sweating.

WE celebrated on Segi Point that night. Many toasts were drunk to the Bouncing Belch. There would never be another like her! Our beer ship was gone!

Tony, in honor of the occasion, set up his washing machine and ran through a preliminary laundry of six khaki shirts and some underwear. Already the washer was supplanting the Belch in his affections.

At 2300 the chaplain held Christmas Eve services. Even men already drunk attended. In simple manner the chaplain reminded us of Christmas.

He read in slow voice the glorious passage from St. Luke: "And it came to pass . . . to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife . . . And there were in the same country . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . lying in a manger . . . and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Then a choir of mission boys, dressed only in khaki shorts, rose and sang five Christmas carols. They sang "Adeste Fideles" in Latin, and "Silent Night" in German. Their voices were majestic. Between numbers they grinned and grinned at the little sailor who had taught them the carols.

Finally the skipper took over. He said only a few words. "I see from the glassy stares of some of you men that you have already received certain presents." A roar went up! "I have a Christmas present of another kind for you!" He paused and unfolded a small piece of yellow paper.

"The news is in, men! It came this afternoon!" The excitement was unbearable. "You have been selected to hit the next beachhead!"

There was a moment of silence, and then somebody started to cheer. The long waiting was over! Another voice took up the shout, and for more than two minutes Segi Point echoed with hoarse cheers. These men had their Christmas present, a grin and bloody one. Yet their shout of thanks could be heard half a mile away along the shore.

Please turn to page 66



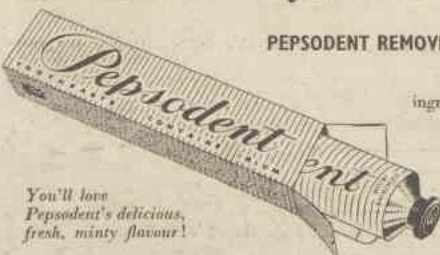
"Why are your teeth so much Whiter today?"

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

"Because I changed to New PEPSODENT with Irium"

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM, WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH.

Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium — the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. Remove dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!



You'll love Pepsodent's delicious, fresh, minty flavour!

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

BLOWS OWN TRUMPET!



RUSTY BUCKLEY of Pitt Street, Sydney, is only 5 years old, but he has been playing the trombone for one year and the cornet for 2 years. Rusty's mother has given him Vegemite since he was six months old. "Rusty loves Vegemite", she says, "and I'm sure it's helped to make him the healthy youngster he is today". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and it contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier, too, and more economical.

VO3

Insist on
Cerebos
SALT



SEE HOW IT RUNS!
PLAIN OR IODISED

THE MILK RUN

IT must make somebody feel good. I guess that's why they do it. The speaker was Bus Adams. He was nursing a bottle of whisky in the Hotel De Gink on Guadal. He was sitting on an improvised chair and had his feet cocked up on a coconut stump the pilots used for a foot-rest.

But why they do it—Bus went on—I don't rightfully know. I once figured it out this way: Say tomorrow we start to work over a new island. Well, on the first mission long-range bombers go over. Sixty-seven Japs come up to meet you. You lose four, maybe five bombers. Everybody is gloomy, I can tell you. But you also knock down some Nips. Four days later you send over your next bombers. Again you take a pasting.

"The suicide run!" the pilots call it. It's sure death! But you keep on knocking down Nips. Down they go, burning like the Fourth of July.

Finally the day comes when you send over twenty-seven bombers and they all come back. The next eight missions are without incident. You just plough in, drop your stuff, and sail on home.

Right then somebody names that mission "The Milk Run". And everybody feels pretty good about it. They don't even brief you on it, and before long there's a gang around take-off time wanting to know if they can sort of hitch-hike a ride.

Of course, I don't know who ever thought up that name for such missions. The Milk Run? Well, maybe it is like a milk run. For example, you fill up a milk truck with TNT and some special detonating caps that go off if anybody sneezes real loud. You tank up the truck with 120 octane gasoline that burns—Pouff!

Then instead of a steering wheel you have three wheels, one for going sideways and one for up and down. You carry eight tons of your special milk when you know you should carry only five. At intersections other milk trucks like yours barge out at you, and you've got to watch them every minute.

When you try to deliver this precious milk, little kids are all

around you with .22s, popping at you. If one of the slugs get you, bang! There you go, milk and all! And if you add to that the fact that you aren't really driving over land at all, but over the ocean, where if the slightest thing goes wrong you take a drink . . .

Now get this right, I'm not gronehing. Not at all. I'm glad to be the guy that drives the milk runs. Because in comparison with a real mission, jaunts like that really are milk runs. But if you get bumped off on one of them, why you're just as dead as if you were over Tokio in a kite. It wasn't no milk run for you. Not that day.

You take my trip up to Munda a while ago. Now there was a real milk run. Our boys had worked that strip over until it looked like a guy with chicken pox. Sixteen SBDs went up to hammer it again. Guess we must be about to land somewhere near there. Four of us stopped off to work over the Jap guns at Segi Point. We strafed them plenty. Then we went on to Munda.

Brother, it was a far cry from the old days. This wasn't The Slot any more.

When I first went up there it was the toughest water fighting in the world, bar none. You were lucky to limp home.

But this day it was like a pleasure trip. I never saw the water so beautiful. Santa Isabel looked like a summer resort somewhere off Maine. In the distance you could see Choiseul and right ahead was New Georgia. Everything was blue and green, and there weren't too many white ack-ack puffs.

Segi Point was something to see. The Nips had a few anti-aircraft there, but we came in low, zoomed up over the hills, peppered the devil out of them.

Well, after we dusted Segi off we flew low across New Georgia. Natives, and I guess some Jap spotters, watched us roar by. We were about fifty feet off the trees, and we rose and fell with the contours of the land.

We broke radio silence, because the Japs knew we were coming. The other twelve were already over

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 65

target. One buddy called out to me and showed me the waterfall on the north side of the island. It looked cool in the early morning sunlight. Soon we were over Munda. The milk run was half over.

I guess you heard what happened next. I was the unlucky guy. One Jap hit all day, on that whole strike, and it had to be me that got it. It ripped through the rear gunner's seat and killed Louie on the spot. Never knew what hit him.

I had only eighty feet elevation at the time, but kept her nose straight on. Glided into the water between Wanawana and Munda. The plane sank, of course, in about fifteen seconds. Never even got a life raft out.

So there I was, at seven-thirty in the morning, with no raft, no nothing but a lifebelt, down in the middle of a Japanese channel with shore installations all around me.

A COUPLE of guys later on figured that eight thousand Japs must have been within ten miles of me, and I guess that not less than three thousand of them could see me. I was sure a dead duck.

My buddies saw me go in, and they set up a traffic circle around me. One Jap barge tried to come out for me, but you know Eddie Callstrom? He shot that barge up until it splintered so high that even I could see it bust into pieces.

My gang was over me for an hour and a half. By this time a radio message had gone back and about twenty New Zealanders in P-40s took over. I could see them coming a long way off. At first I thought they might be Jap planes. I never was too good at recognition.

Well, these New Zealanders are wild men. What they did! They would weave back and forth over me for a little while, then somebody would see something on Rendova or Kolombangara.

Zoom! Off he would go like a madman, and pretty soon you'd see

smoke going up. And if they didn't see anything that looked like a good target, they would leave the circle every few minutes anyways and let go among the coconut trees near Munda, just on chance there might be some Japs there.

One group of Japs managed to swing a shore battery around to where they could pepper me. They sent out about seven fragmentation shells, and scared me half to death. I had to stay there in the water and take it.

That was the Japs' mistake. They undoubtedly planned to get my range and put me down, but on the first shot the New Zealanders went crazy. You would have thought I was a ninety million dollar battleship they were out to protect.

They peeled off and dove that installation until even the trees around it fell down. They must have made the coral hot. Salt water had almost blinded me, but I saw one P-40 burst into flame and plunge deeply into the water off Rendova. No more Jap shore batteries opened up on me that morning.

Even so, I was having a pretty tough time. Currents kept shoving me on toward Munda. Japs were hidden there with rifles, and kept popping at me.

I don't know, but I guess I swam twenty miles that day, all in the same place. Sometimes I would be so tired I'd just have to stop, but whenever I did, bingo! There I was, heading for the shore and the Japs. I must say, though, that Jap rifles are a fine spur to a man's ambitions.

When the New Zealanders saw my plight they dove for that shore line. They chopped it up plenty. Jap shots kept coming after they left, but lots fewer than before.

I understand that it was about this time that the New Zealanders' radio message reached Admiral Kester. He is supposed to have studied the map a minute and then said, "Get that pilot out there. Use anything you need. We'll send a destroyer in, if necessary. But get him out. Our pilots are not expendable."

Please turn to page 67

"Velvet Users in W.A.—Like All Australian Housewives—praise VELVET's gentle care."

says Aunt Jenny

When Aunt Jenny visited Western Australia, she was thrilled to see many Velvet-washed treasures. Here is the actual story of three users who have proved Velvet makes clothes last longer.

"What a beautiful damask cloth!" exclaimed Aunt Jenny. The proud owner, Mrs. Bowman of 46 Campbell Street, Kalgoorlie, W.A., replied, "It's pure Scottish linen handed down to me by my grandfather. Still wonderfully white because I always wash it with pure Velvet Soap!"

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer!

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with starchy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard-rubbing is needed—yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy lather is kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes. Too!



TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO A.M. MON TO THURS. "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"

Mrs. Bell of 51 Dugan Street, Kalgoorlie, W.A., showed Aunt Jenny this knitted cotton cot cover. "Originally it was knitted as a pillow sham over 100 years ago," Mrs. Bell explained. "But when my grandmother gave it to me, I used it as a cot cover for my three kiddies. Thanks to Velvet, there's not a break in it!"

Of course, I didn't know then what Admiral Kester was saying, but that was mighty fine doctrine. So far as I was concerned. And you know? When I watched those Marine F4Us coming in to take over the circle, I kind of thought maybe something like that was in the wind at headquarters.

The New Zealanders pulled out. Before they went, each one in turn buzzed me. Scared me half to death! Then they zoomed Munda once more, shot it up some, and shoved off home.

The first thing the F4Us did was drop me a life raft. The first attempt was too far to leeward, and it drifted toward the shore. An energetic Jap tried to retrieve it, but one of our planes cut him to pieces. The next raft landed above me, and drifted toward me.

Gosh, they're remarkable things. I pulled it out of the bag, pumped the handle of the CO2 container, and the lovely yellow devil puffed right out.

But my troubles were only starting. The wind and currents shoved that raft toward the shore, but fast. I did everything I could to hold it back, and paddled until I could hardly raise my right arm. Then some F4U pilot with an IQ of about 420—boy, how I would like to meet that guy—dropped me his parachute.

It was his only parachute and from then on he was upstairs on his own. But it made me a swell sea anchor. Drifting far behind in the water, it slowed me down. That Marine was a plenty smart cookie.

It was now about noon, and even though I was plenty scared, I was hungry. I broke out some emergency rations from the raft and had a pretty fine meal. The Jap snipers were falling short, but a long-range mortar started to get close. It fired about twenty shots. I didn't care. I had a full belly and a bunch of F4Us upstairs.

Oh, those lovely planes! They went after that mortar like a bunch of bumblebees after a tramp. There were a couple of loud garummings, and we had no more trouble with that mortar. It must have been in-

furiating to the Japs to see me out there.

I judge it was about 1400 when thirty new F4Us took over. I wondered why they sent so many. This gang made even the New Zealanders look cautious. They just shot up everything that moved or looked as if it might once have wanted to move. Then I saw why.

A huge PBV, painted black, came gracefully up The Slot. I learned later that it was Squadron-Leader Grant of the RNZAF detachment at Halavou. He had told headquarters that he'd land the Cat anywhere there was water.

He did, too. He reconnoitered the bay twice, saw he would have to make his run right over Munda airfield, relayed that information to the F4Us, and started down. His course took him over the heart of the Jap installations. He was low and big and a sure target. But he kept coming in.

Before him, above him, and behind him a merciless swarm of tiny F4Us blazed away. Like tiny, cruel insects protecting a lumbering butterfly, the F4Us scoured the earth.

Beautifully the PBV landed. The F4Us probed the shoreline. Grant taxied his huge plane toward my small raft. The F4Us zoomed overhead at impossibly low altitudes. The PBV came alongside. The F4Us protected us. I climbed aboard and set the raft loose. Quickly the turret top was closed. The New Zealand gunner swung his agile gun about. There were quiet congratulations.

The next moment hell broke loose! From the shore one canny Jap let go with the gun he had been saving all day for such a moment. There was a ripping sound, and the port wing of the PBV was gone! The Jap had time to fire three more shells before the F4Us reduced him and his gun to rubble. The first two Jap shells missed, but the last one blew off the tail assembly. We were sinking.

Rapidly we threw out the rafts and as much gear as we could. I thought to save six parachutes, and soon nine of us were in Munda

harbor, setting our sea anchors, and looking mighty glum. Squadron-Leader Grant was particularly doused by the affair.

"Second PBV I've lost since I've been out here," he said mournfully.

Now a circle of Navy F6Fs took over. I thought they were more conservative than the New Zealanders and the last Marine gang. That was until a Jap battery threw a couple of close ones. I had never seen an F6F in action before. Five of them hit that battery like Jack Dempsey hitting Willard.

The New Zealanders, who had not seen the F6Fs either, were amazed. It looked more like a medium bomber than a fighter. Extreme



"This is strictly off the record unless, of course, I happen to say something clever."

though our predicament was, I remember that we carefully appraised the new F6F.

"The Japs won't be able to stop that one!" an officer said. "It's got too much."

"You mean they can fly that big fighter off a ship?" another inquired.

"They sure don't let the yellow swine get many shots in, do they?" We were glad of that. Unless the Jap hit us on first shot, he was done. He didn't get a second chance. We were therefore dismayed when half of the F6Fs pulled away toward Rendova. We didn't see them any more.

An hour later, however, we saw thirty new F4Us lolly-gagging through the sky Rendova way. Four sped on ahead to relieve the fine, battle-proven F6Fs, who headed down The Slot. We wondered what was up.

And then we saw! From some secret nest in Rendova, the F4Us were bringing out two PT boats. They were going to come right into Munda harbor, just despising the Japs! Above them the lazy Marines darted and bobbed, like dolphins in an aerial ocean.

You know the rest. It was Lieutenant Commander Charlesworth and his PTs. Used to be on Tulagi. They hang out somewhere in the Russells now. Something big was on, and they had sneaked up to Rendova, specially for an attack somewhere.

But Kester shouted, "Get that pilot out of there." He said they'd have to figure out some other move for the big attack they had cooking. Maybe use destroyers instead of PTs.

I can't tell you much more. A couple of savvy Japs were waiting with field pieces, just like the earlier one. But they didn't get hits. Did the Marines in their F4Us paste those Japs? That was the last thing I saw before the PTs pulled me aboard. Twelve F4Us diving at one hill-side.

Pass me that bottle, Tony. Well, as you know, we figured it all out last night. We lost a P-40 and a PBV. We broke up Admiral Kester's plan for the PT boats. We wasted the flying time of P-40s, F4Us, and F6Fs like it was dirt. We figured the entire mission cost not less than 600,000 dollars. Just to save one guy in the water off Munda. I wonder what the Japs left to rot on Munda thought of that? Six hundred thousand dollars for one pilot.

Bus Adams took a healthy swig of whisky. He lolled back in the tail-killing chair of the Hotel De Gink. But it's sure worth every cent of the money. If you happen to be that pilot.

Please turn to page 68

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 66

Camilatone

for Lovelier Hair
INDIVIDUALLY YOURS
with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment



HAMPOO: First step in your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.



RINSE: With the Tannin hair-colour rinse supplied in every pack of Camilatone. Tannin brings light and life to your hair and, by subtly defining its natural colour, gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tannin in your individual shade also available.



SET: With Lustrer—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrer leaves a silky sheen, makes hair styling unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment for
Lovelier Hair
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies'
Hairdressers.

C.13.5

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 2 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity, 82% of the cases tested did it, 30 men you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—only one each night. 3rd week—only one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

World-famous baritone

PETER DAWSON says:

"Horlicks and I are old friends. I've found it the most nourishing of all food drinks."

Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire, I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit—all the time."

Just like Peter Dawson, you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

The full, satisfying flavour of

Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas



—when mixed as directed



Here he goes on another concert tour. Peter has been travelling the world since he was 20 years of age—Africa, Britain, India, New Zealand—yes, he's always on the go. And his tin of Horlicks goes with him.



Peter Dawson is not only a record maker—but a record breaker as well! He has recorded no less than 2,500 different songs, and he holds the record for largest sale of gramophone records of any artist. Peter is also the composer of those two fine songs "Boots" and "Land o' Mine".

Look at your skin

...your friends do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with REXONA SOAP

ESPECIALLY MEDICATED * FOR 'SKIN CARE'

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you CAN clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cady! to restore skin to natural loveliness.



* Cady! is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cady! deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



X-110-WW82

Now available in N.S.W. and Queensland!

3rd EDITION OF AUSTRALIA'S FINEST AND MOST POPULAR RECIPE BOOK



The "AEROPHOS" RECIPE BOOK

Limited Supplies are Available so Order a copy from your grocer today



Specially prepared for Australian housewives by Albright & Wilson (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., manufacturers of "Aerophos" — Australia's finest raising ingredient used in all leading brands of self-raising flour and baking powder.

GEN-23-2990

Tales of the South Pacific

THE STRIKE

Continued from page 67

It was now mid-summer. The sun blazed directly overhead, and at times it seemed as if we could stand the heat no longer. But we had to work, for a strike was in progress. Upon us depended the success of Alligator, the great Kuralai operation.

So all through the steaming heat of January and February we worked on.

I was in a strange Navy. I saw two major strikes, and yet I never set foot upon what you would call a real warship. I was as true a naval officer as circumstances would permit, and yet I never saw a battleship except from a considerable distance. I never even visited a carrier, or a cruiser, or a destroyer. I never saw a submarine.

I was a new type of naval officer. I was the man who messed around with aircraft, PT boats, landing barges, as the vast shore establishment.

For a long period prior to the actual landing on Kuralai and before the attack on Konora, I served as Admiral Kester's representative at the Naval Supply Depot, which was to provision the fleet serving in those operations.

I left Noumea with trepidation, for I had never before worked with the men who labor in silence behind the front, hauling, shoving, and bickering among themselves. It now became my duty to help the housekeepers of the Navy.

The Depot to which I was thus attached was located along the southern edge of an extensive channel. Much of the fleet could have been stationed there, but we got only the supply boats and small craft that provision larger units. At times we would have as many as one hundred and twenty ships in our channel, ships from all over the world. They brought our Depot a massive supply of goods of war.

Some of the cargoes they carried were strange, and illustrated better than words the nature of modern war. Three ships came in one week loaded mostly with paper. We built a special warehouse for it, two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide. In it we had a wilderness of paper.

One of the men did nothing but take care of brown manila envelopes. That was all he did for twenty-one months! Yet into those envelopes went the plans, the records, the resumes of the world's greatest fleet. We had another man whose sole responsibility was pens, ink, paper clips, and colored pencils.

SeaBees had constructed the Depot. It consisted of an area two miles long, a mile deep. Two hundred odd quonset huts were laid out in neat rows along the shoreline of the channel. Three thousand men worked at the Depot.

One entire company of SeaBees did nothing but oil the coral to keep dust down. Ten men had no responsibility but to mend watches as they arrived from ship and aircraft navigators. Sixteen men were bakers, and all night long, every night, for two years, they made bread, and sometimes cake.

We had two docks at the Depot, and a special road paralleling the shoreline up and down which rolled trucks day and night, seven days a week, month upon month. The drivers were all colored men, and their commanding officer permitted them to paint their trucks with fanciful names: The Dixie Flyer, The Mississippi Cannonball, Harlem Hot Spot, and Coconut Express.

More gear lay on the hot coral than ever we got into the buildings. Twelve men walked among this gear day after day, endlessly, from one pile to another. They checked it to see that rain water was not seeping through the tarpaulins. They

also guarded against mosquitoes that might breed in stagnant pools behind the stacks.

There were no days at the Depot. Sunday was not observed. Nor was there day itself. As many men worked at night as did during daylight hours. In this work strange things happened. Two truckloads of jewellers' gear would be lost! Completely lost! Trucks, invaluable watches, hair springs, all records. Gone!

Then, three months later, the gear would be found at some place like Noumea or San Diego. It was futile even to guess at what had happened. All you knew was that one night, about 0300, that jewellers' gear was in the Depot. You saw it there! Now it was in San Diego!

Constantly, in a stream that varied only in size, officers and men from the fleet came to the Depot. They came with chits, signed always by some nebulous authority whom they considered sound but whom the men at the Depot had never heard of.

"We got to have two thousand feet of Grade A wire," a seaman would plead urgently.

"Give him 1200 feet!" There was no appeal.

"We need four more gas stoves."

"Give him three."

"Skipper says we got to have two more Aldis lamps."

"Where you headed?" "North."

"OK. Give him two."

In two weeks you heard every possible excuse for getting equipment. You became calloused and looked at everyone as if he were a crook. At church, if you went, you wondered, "What's he saying that for? What is it he wants?"

Suspicious, charged with heavy responsibility, eager to see the fleet go forth well armed but knowing the men of the fleet were a gang of robbers, you worked yourself dizzy and knocked off twenty-five per cent. from each request.

ADD to the above characteristics a capacity to do twice as much work as other naval officers, a willingness to connive and battle endlessly for what you wanted, and an absolute love of red tape, and you would have a real Supply Officer!

Captain Samuel Kelley, 54 years old, five feet four, 149 pounds, native of Madison, Wisconsin, graduate of Annapolis, was a Supply Officer. He was a small man of tireless energy and brilliant mind. He would have succeeded in anything he tried.

Had he stayed in the regular line of the Navy, he would surely have become an admiral in command of a task force. Slightly defective hearing made such a career impossible. It was a good bet, however, that he would one day be admiral in charge of the Supply Corps.

It was Captain Kelley that I came north to work with. I was taller than he, so that when I reported, I tended to stoop a bit in his presence. His first words to me were, "Stand at attention. Put your hat under your left arm. And never wear an aviator's cap in this Depot."

Captain Kelley had a mania against aviators' baseball caps. Men in the air arm of the Navy loved the tight-fitting, comfortable little caps. And when Marc Mitchner started wearing one, it was difficult to keep the entire Navy from following suit.

But no men serving under Captain Kelley wore baseball caps. He issued the order on the day he arrived to take charge of the Depot. Next day he put two enlisted men in the brig. The day following he confined an officer to quarters for four days. After that, we learned our lesson.

Captain Kelley insisted other innovations, as well. The Depot was

a supply activity. Quickly officers of the regular line found themselves ousted from good jobs and relegated to minor routine posts.

Several of the line officers thus demoted were civilians at heart and had no concern with their naval future. They protested the captain's decision. Within three days they received orders elsewhere and took with them unsatisfactory recommendations that would forever prevent them from being promoted in the Navy.

The captain's principal innovations, however, concerned free time, entertainment, and recreation. Each morning we would see him outside his quarters doing ten pushups, twenty stomach bends. He was in much better physical condition than his junior officers, a fact which gave point to his subsequent actions.

First he lengthened the working day. Daytime hands reported to work at 0700. They worked till 1200. After one hour off, they worked until 1700. One night in eight they worked all night and had the next day to sleep. This meant a sixty-three hour week, with the thermometer at 95 or more.

Two officers made formal protests. Unfortunately, they were line officers and were transferred.

Shortly after this protest the captain made another announcement. All games were cancelled. "The men can rise an hour earlier, if they wish. They can do setting-up exercises. All this time off for games is unnecessary. The devil finds work for idle hands."

On the night of the day athletic schedules were discarded, some toughies cheered the captain as he entered the moving-picture area. He promptly turned, ordered the lights extinguished and the movie operators to their quarters.

We had no shows for a week, and in that time all seats in the movie area were torn out. Coconut logs were strung along the ground for men to sit upon. When the movies were reopened, the same toughies cheered again. The entire Depot was restricted to quarters, and for a month we had no shows.

By that time sager counsels prevailed among the men, and when movies were resumed there were no cheers. From then on, officers and men alike met the captain with stony silence. If he came into the club, all present stood at attention until he was seated. No one spoke above a whisper until he left.

"The Navy ashore is too lenient," the captain told us one day at dinner. "A great movement is on. I have been sent here to bring some kind of discipline into this organization. I propose to do so. We will shortly be faced with responsibilities almost beyond our capacity to perform. At that time there will be no place for weaklings!"

That was the first news his subordinates had that a strike was scheduled. It was tremendous news. From then on speculation never ceased as to where the strike would be directed. Men argued until late at night the relative merits of Truk, Rabaul, Kavieng, and Kuralai. Strong spirits advocated Kuralai; weaker men shuddered at all four.

In the course of this discussion I discovered two interesting facts. The first was that most of the Supply Corps officers didn't give a hang about the strike. They never argued about when it would hit or where. Their concern was in how many bolts would be needed, how much gasoline.

Yet when the final score was tallied, I repeatedly found that it was these indifferent officers who had made the strike possible. Details entrusted to the agitators and debaters might go awry, but not the fine-spun responsibilities of the dry, uninterested supply men.

Please turn to page 69

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950

THE UNDERLYING SECRET

of Beauty



LOUNAY

LIQUID POWDER BASE

the perfect
foundation for every
type of skin

DAWN PINK • FRAGRANCE
PEACHBLOOM • GOLDENBLOW
ROSEGLOW

...with matching shade in
LOUNAY FACE POWDER



Your skin will be as lovely as a
petal when you smooth on this
delicate and fragrant Liquid
Powder Base. It gives invisible
protection against wind and
weather and the butterfly touch
of harmonizing Lounay Face
Powder will cling like a dream
through all your waking hours.

Powder Base Face Powder
4/11 4/11

Lounay

FOR LASTING
LOVELINESS

GUILD CHEMIST

Lounay Beauty Preparations
are recommended by Guild
Chemists throughout Australia.
Also featured by Cosmetic Sections
of leading Department
Stores.

1/5/1950

New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma
and Bronchitis poison your system, sap
your energy, ruin your health and
weaken your heart. Quickly, Mendaco
—the famous scientific prescription—
circulates through the blood, quickly
relieving the attacks. The very first
day the strangling congestion is dis-
solved, thus giving free, easy breath-
ing and restful sleep. No doses, no
smokes, no injections. Just take
pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at
meals and be relieved from Asthma
and Bronchitis in need to no time,
even though you may have suffered
for years. Mendaco is so successful
that it is guaranteed to give you
free, easy breathing in 24 hours and
to completely satisfy or money back
on return of empty package. Get
Mendaco from your chemist. The
guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Alleviate Asthma & Bronchitis & Hay Fever

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 68

MY second discovery was much
more challenging. I found
that I was the only man at the
Depot who was sure where the
strike was headed! Not even Cap-
tain Kelley knew!

I used my discovery as only a mean
man would. I sat next to the captain
at mess and frequently felt the steel
of his impartial goad. He disliked me,
but not particularly. I was merely
another undisciplined line officer,
and what was worse, a reserve.

"A mountebank, a huckster, a dry
goods salesman!" I once heard Cap-
tain Kelley describe a reserve officer
who joined the Navy from a large
Cleveland store.

I had no illusions as to what he
thought of me. When he called me to
his office and told me that as
long as I was attached to his staff
I would report to work at 0700 not
0702, he added icily, "Perhaps the
training will stand you in good stead
when you return to business life."

Therefore, when I found myself
with a weapon in my hands, I used
it like a bludgeon rather than as a
rapier. At least once each day I
would refer to some admiral. I'm
not sure that Admiral Kester even
remembers my name. I was merely
his messenger. But at the Depot one
would have thought that Admiral
Kester consulted me before making
any decision.

Whenever I mentioned him or
Admiral Nimitz, whom I saw once,
at a distance, or Admiral This or
Admiral That, I looked right at Cap-
tain Kelley. He knew the game I
was playing, but he couldn't tell
whether or not I was bluffing. If I
really did know some admirals, then
later on I might be able to hinder
his progress in the Navy. He had to
be careful how he handled me!

On this battleground Captain
Kelley and I arranged a truce. He
left me to myself. I did not under-
mine him with his own officers. It
was this armistice that made life
bearable for me. And the structure
of the armistice was my mean, con-
temptible insinuation week after
week that I knew where the strike
was directed and he didn't.

I never said as much, but I cer-
tainly devised a hundred means of
imparting that suggestion to Captain
Kelley!

My plan of battle did not endear
me with my fellow officers who
groaned and sweated under the Cap-
tain's saddle. They called me, "Old
McNee Admiral." They were a bit
envious. I tried to be a good sport
about it and affected never to know
what they meant.

I was therefore most pleased when
an old friend of mine was assigned
to the Depot for additional duty in
connection with the strike. Lieut. Bus
Adams was older than I and a world
rounder. He was a pilot, and in the
recent fighting over Konora had
been banged up a bit.

As relief from further flying
duties, he was sent to the Depot to
advise on aviation details. He re-
ported to the captain with a dirty
aviation cap under his left arm.

"Those caps are not permitted in
the Depot," Captain Kelley said
sharply.

"I have wings, sir," Bus replied.

"Mr. Adams! I determine the uni-
form here!"

Bus did not acknowledge the re-
buff. Nor did he stop wearing the
baseball cap. Slouched over his left
car, it became a badge of freedom
around the Depot. For some hidden
reason, perhaps like the reasons
which protected my special privi-
leges, Captain Kelley refrained from
forcing the issue with Adams.

He used subtler methods. At meals,
which I remember as a horrible ex-
perience, the captain would relate
one story after another of naval avi-
ators who had been disciplined,
broken, returned to civilian life. He
spoke of courts-martial, inefficiencies,
thefts, and other discrepancies until
one would have judged all aviation
personnel to be subnormal and a
menace.

Day after day we heard these sallies
directed at Bus, but Adams refused
to let the captain get under his skin.
Instead, he would make ultra-polite
conversation in which some aviator
always won the war single-handed.

He was especially fond of an off-
hand reference to Billy Mitchell or
the Prince of Wales and the Repulse.
His choicest barbs were usually un-
premeditated.

Once he said, "I suppose Seversky
will replace Mahan in the next gen-
eration at Annapolis!" Captain Kelley
actually slobbered his coffee at that
remark. A much more telling blow
was also offhand.

Adams observed one day that dis-
position of one's forces was of para-
mount importance. "For example:
A squadron of twenty good fighters
aloft at Pearl Harbor would probably
have kept ten American warships
from being sunk."

A few other officers were also
strong enough to ignore Captain
Kelley. Most of them were reserve
line officers. They were as far in the
Navy as they would ever get. They
loved the service, but had no illusions
as to their worth. They were classi-
fied A-(V)S, which meant "Aviation
Volunteer Specialist," but which
everyone knew meant "After Victory
Scram!"

One very wealthy ensign in Com-
munications merely waited for peace
and a return to Long Island. He
viewed Captain Kelley as one might
have viewed any other temporary
plague.

The other officers had to bear the
captain's cold furies. They would sit
at their desks and pray for 0900 to
pass. Generally speaking, if Captain
Kelley did not upset the depot and
publicly exorcise his assistants by
0900 in the morning, they were safe
for the day.

USUALLY the offi-
cers were not so lucky. Some minor
defect in their work would be dis-
covered by the captain, and before
everyone in earshot the culprit would
be humiliated. Day after day Cap-
tain Kelley raged and stormed at his
officers.

Frequently, the cause, if ignored,
would have been forgotten by noon.
As it was, however, there grew up in
the depot a clique of eight or ten
officers who daily sought to divert
the captain's wrath from themselves
by pointing out someone else's mis-
takes. In this way officer was set
against officer, and there developed
an atmosphere of hatred deeper than
any in which I had previously lived.

No defection, however small,
escaped attention. Like boys before
a whipping-post, the officers would
breathe easily because it was some-
one else that morning, not they.

Bus Adams refused to play any
part in that dirty game. Several
times he took the blame for petty
discrepancies which it would have
been beneath the dignity of a naval
aviator to dispute.

"Why should I dirty my hands in
that foul stew?" he used to say to me.
"What can that bunch of sisters do
to me? Next month I'll be tangling
with Zeros. I can't waste my energy
in the Supply Corps!"

But next month never came. In-
stead, one dismal incident after an-
other occurred, until I wondered
whether I was working with men or
children. One especially petty affair
will explain what I mean. Captain
Kelley's incipient deafness made it
necessary for him to ask that certain
conversation be repeated.

"What's that, Mr. Adams?" he
would say, leaning forward slightly.
Bus, accordingly, made it a point to
drop his voice at the last sentence
of any interesting comment he was
making. "What's that, Mr. Adams?"

the captain would ask in his birdlike
manner. Then Bus would shout
something proving that aviators alone
were saving the Navy.

I remember once when his bel-
lowed reply was, "He flunked out of
flight training, so they found him a
job in the Supply Corps!" Another
time he echoed, "We would have
sunk two more Jap ships, but we ran
out of supplies!"

Bus could speak like Charles
Laughton, the actor who portrayed
Captain Bligh in "Mutiny On the
Bounty." Frequently, when he had
two or three whiskies safely stowed,
he would thrust his lower jaw out,
walk like a martinet on the bridge,
and stick his face into mine.

"What's that, Mr. Christian?" he
would sneer in the manner of the
great slave-driver.

Bus repeated this performance
often enough so that enlisted men
finally got wind of it. Then, for
several weeks, two hundred ware-
houses rang with the battle-cry:
"What's that, Mr. Christian?"

Then for Christian, the luckless
mutineer, was substituted the name
of any officer who might at that
moment be under Captain Kelley's
heel. "What's that, Mr. Adams?"
would come bursting forth from
some dark building. In mock terror
a clown on the outside would chat-
ter in reply, "Yes, Captain Bligh!"

It became my unpleasant task to
visit each of the two hundred-odd
buildings and tell the men in charge
that no further catcalls would be tol-
erated.

I pride myself on the fact that
not once did I wink or show by any
outward manifestation what I
thought; although at times I must
admit that I found it difficult to
keep a straight face when some able
mimic would sham mock horror at
the thought of my suspecting him.

I remember one gaunt lad in par-
ticular called Polikopf, whose strange
name later became famous at the
Depot. He was a gifted mimic, and
one of the first to adopt the cry,
"What's that, Mr. Christian?" He
feigned ignorance of what I was
saying about.

"Very well, Polikopf," I said,
"but in the future save your gibes
for the enlisted men. It's dangerous
to go about mocking naval captains."

"Aye, aye, sir!" he replied in mili-
tary fashion. I could detect no
mimicry in his voice, although there
must have been much in his mind.
"I'll follow your advice, sir. Save
my efforts for the enlisted men."

The result of my extensive tour
was that any bitterness the enlisted
men felt for Captain Kelley was
thereafter hidden. I took no sides
in the arguments that were rife
among the officers and men alike
concerning the captain's ability. As
a matter of fact, I now think he
was one of the ablest men I knew in
the Navy.

The incident of the hurricane
doors will show what I mean.

One day the Depot received or-
ders from Noumea to take proper
precautions against hurricanes. Our
entire island received the order.
Other activities made up a routine
hurricane bill whereby personnel
would be evacuated to safe land and
gear lashed down as well as possible.

Such cavalier precautions would
not do for Captain Kelley. He ap-
pointed a committee to study what
should be done in event of sustained
and gusty winds up to 150 miles an
hour.

He established one building as a
testing ground, and ran small hand-
carts loaded with concrete down in-
clines to determine at what point
gunnet huts buckled. He studied
all he could find on hurricanes, and
then asked me to converse with
planters and natives in the region
to discover what they knew of hurri-
cane.

Please turn to page 70

Now!

3 1-oz. tins

KRAFT

Fish Pastes

for 1/1 or 4d. per tin



Six Savoury Varieties

HERRING and TOMATO

ANCHOVY

LOBSTER and TOMATO

SALMON and SHRIMP

LOBSTER

ANCHOVY and TOMATO

3 TINS FOR 1/1

Also available in 1 1/2 oz. jars

PF70

Rid Kidneys of Poisons and Acids

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains,
if joints are swollen, if shows your
blood is poisoned through faulty
kidney action. Other symptoms of
Kidney Disorders are Backache,
Aching Joints and Limbs, Stiffness,
Nervousness, Sleepless Nights,
Dizziness, Headaches, Swelling under
Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and
Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc.
Ordinary medicine can't help much
because you must get to the root
cause of the trouble.

The Cystex Treatment is specially
compounded to soothe, tone and clean
kidneys and bladder and remove acids
and poisons from your system safely,
quickly and surely. Yet contains no
harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex
works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are
attacking your Kidneys, Bladder
and Urinary System in two hours,
yet is absolutely harmless to
human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying,
deadly poisonous acids with which
your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the
Kidneys, protects from the ravages
of disease-attack on the delicate
filter-organism, and stimulates the
entire system.

Prescribed by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time suf-
ferers in 13 countries from the troubles
shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas,
Twinville, Queensland, recently
wrote: "My back was all ailed, I had
leg pains, my back used to ache day
and night. My bladder was weak. I
had backache and an appetite. The
first dose of Cystex helped me and
before I finished three boxes my health
and strength came back."

Sufferers in Salford, or Honey Buck
Get Cystex from your chemist or
store-to-day. Give it a thorough test.
Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel
younger, stronger, better in every way,
or your money back. If you return the
empty package. Act now!

This is a
GUARANTEED
Treatment
for your Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatism

Cystex

FILM FLASHES



You need an "EVEREADY" Flashlight for fishing at night. Keep it shining brightly with "EVEREADY" brand Flashlight Batteries.



"EVEREADY" for getting a drink of water at night



"EVEREADY" for getting the car out.



"EVEREADY" saves you turning on lights and waking the family when you go to the bathroom.



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
BATTERIES
AND BULBS

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 69

I VISITED each available plantation and learned from the owners that hurricanes occurred about once in nine years. The season lasted from January through March. They started with heavy rains which lasted two days.

On the beginning of the second day winds began to rise, and on the night of the second day they came in short bursts, followed by calm spells in which the rain was intensified. If that stage was reached, a proper hurricane was in progress, and it must blow itself out.

From natives I learned much about the big winds. In their horrible Beche-le-Mer they told me much that was fanciful and more that was instructive. One old man who had lived near the channel for half a century told me, "Wind he come, he come, he come. Takem, takem, takem! Trees he go, ocean ally, lallay! Bimeby wind he go Vanicoro, he go Banks, he go, he go. Bimeby stop."

The old man told me this with much waving of arms and with many words I did not understand. It was enough, however, to lead my inquiries in the right direction. I determined that whereas floods and lightning might come when the wind was east and north, trees were usually blown down only in the first stages of the hurricane, when wind blew from the south-east.

By the time it had worked around to the west, danger was gone.

I relayed this information to Captain Kelley. Characteristically he decided instantly that any quonsets whose ends opened to the south-east must be completely repacked so that gear inside would strengthen the relatively frail tin walls. This was a prodigious job, and when the captain informed his officers that work on the project would start immediately, they showed astonishment.

"We must take no risks that can be avoided," he insisted.

"Can we do this before the task force arrives?" an officer asked.

"If not, we must do it while the force is here," said Captain Kelley. "We shall stow gear at one end of the building and issue it at the other end. By to-morrow noon see that all issue desks are placed at the north or north-west ends of buildings."

Two nights later the Depot was in the swing of a full nine-hour day followed by special four-hour emergency duty at night, ending with another nine-hour day till dawn. Each man worked thirteen hours a day, seven days in a row. On the seventh night they worked an additional six hours and were then given a day to sleep.

Lights blazed all night. Men shivered and sweated. Even middle-aged men who normally worked as guards were called to duty. A company of Marines was brought in to take over their guard duty.

Navy chow ashore is rarely as good as it is afloat, and for enlisted men it is usually much worse. As work increased, quality of chow decreased, and lamentations were loud. Nevertheless, men worked on. With no beer, no movies, poor food, frightened officers, and relentless Captain Kelley in charge, the men worked on, ninety hours a week. Tension, at such times, mounts.

Half the buildings were secured against hurricane when two unfortunate things happened. The rain started and the fleet came in. The rain alone could have been tolerated. The skies opened torrentially every morning, afternoon, evening, and night.

In between the sun alone and generated steam wherever water lay. Men's shirts were never dry save for one fleeting instant when the sun had finished evaporating rain water and sweat had not yet started to pour. Mould grew everywhere, and men afflicted with fungus found it spreading rapidly. The rains were started.

But to have rain and the fleet at one time was too much. For most ships' crews the Depot was a place to loaf and a place from which the most wonderful things could be procured . . .

If you knew somebody, you might get a radio! If you could wangle a chit, you might get two new knives! If you pestered a hot, ill-tempered storekeeper long enough, he might give you a wristwatch band in desperation. And if you could manage to finagle a boiled ham, or a tinned turkey, or a coconut cake . . . well, you could probably get an entire quonset hut! And the storekeeper thrown in!

All day men of the Depot would work and quarrel with men of the fleet. Then at night they would wrestle with boxes to protect their buildings against a hurricane which might never come. And invariably the fleet wanted what had two days before been packed at the bottom of the pile against the doors.

It was my job to keep the enlisted men happy, and I think I succeeded. At any rate, the Depot never before had handled so much gear in so short a time. But I could not have succeeded in keeping spirits up had I not received help from a most unusual quarter: a man in a long black coat! Said he was from Naval Intelligence!

He appeared one night at about 0200. It was a dark, rainy night,



"Let's talk about something besides my pretty bridesmaids, shall we?"

and work had been knocked off. The floodlights were dark, and in the channel rode a hundred ships. Mysteriously, at the east end of the Depot, a man in a long black trench coat appeared.

"Naval Intelligence," he whispered to the guard.

"What's up?" the guard whispered in return.

"Horrible," Longcoat replied. "Jap saboteurs have landed at the other end of the island! Stand your post! We're getting reinforcements. They're going to try to blow this place up. Stop the strike! We've got to outwit them. I'll be in charge. When I flash my light once, you will fire twice. Up in the air. That'll keep us together. Then the troops can take over!"

"Yes, sir!" the guard replied grimly.

Up and down the buildings the man in the long coat went. Few of the men standing guard had ever expected to be addressed by a man from Naval Intelligence! They were stunned at audacity of the Japs. But they were ready!

At about 0235, the man in the long coat suddenly appeared where three guards could see him. Flash . . . The guards fired twice each into the dark night. Longcoat hastened to another vantage point. Flash . . . Four more guards fired.

Down the long row of buildings hurried Longcoat, flashing his light and drawing a fusillade. When he reached the last guards he flashed his light four times. A true volley of shots responded. Then Longcoat disappeared.

By the time the second batch of guards had fired, half the officers were out of bed. By the time the last watchman had followed instructions, many officers aboard ships were awake. Lights flashed in earnest now. Bells jangled, and before long Captain Kelley himself appeared, quiet, incisive, and determined.

"It's a hoax, sir!" a lieutenant reported.

"What's that, sir?" Kelley asked. "A hoax, sir. Somebody fooled the guards!"

Captain Kelley said nothing. He grew pale with anger and personally interrogated each guard. He did not raise his voice nor display his rage in any way. Relentlessly, he pursued his questioning, and by the time he had reached the last guard descriptions and hints had mounted so rapidly that we knew for certain who the culprit was.

We went directly to his bunk, and there we found him, shoes wet, and a long coat at the foot of his bunk. It was Polikopf! He had followed my instructions to save his jokes for the enlisted men to the letter!

Captain Kelley did the speaking. "Polikopf?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" the boy in the bunk replied.

"Stand up!"

Naked, Polikopf obeyed.

"Put your clothes on!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Did you give the guards orders to fire?" Captain Kelley asked.

"Yes, sir!"

Captain Kelley turned his back on Polikopf. "Arrest that man!" he ordered. The Master-at-Arms led Polikopf away.

By that time sleep was impossible! I and another officer inspected all guards, checked their revolvers, and issued new ammunition.

When we reached the office, base police were there. While we talked the Island Commander called on the phone. Blinker was going out to all the ships. One replied, in the slow code of a learner, a message which could read: "God help Polikopf!"

God and Bus Adams did help Polikopf! God helped by having created in man a sense of humor. Nobody could listen to the story of what happened without smiling. If you had enough rank, you laughed. And if you were an admiral, you roared, but only behind doors.

Polikopf's adventure, had it occurred in peacetime, would have been disastrous. He would have been gaoled, at the least. But in the South Pacific, with a great strike in the offing, with Japs trying to infiltrate positions, and with nerves on edge, his actions were a hilarious burlesque of naval life. Men laughed more at Polikopf and his long coat than at any movie the area ever had!

For myself, I think it was the long coat that saved him. The idea of anybody in a long coat, all wool, when the thermometer was at 90, was so hilarious that one simply had to laugh. And the burlesque of Naval Intelligence, which is the most secret and circumspect of all military organisations, was too much. Everyone had to roar at the long woolen coat.

That is, everybody but Captain Kelley. He was coldly furious, and ordered a court-martial first thing next morning. But when the problem arose as to what Polikopf was to be charged with, Captain Kelley was stumped! He started to speak three times. Each time he stopped.

"This needs some looking into!" he said, sending Polikopf back to his cell. He went in to breakfast.

Bus Adams was the officer who threw the gail in Captain Kelley's wound. He laughed about Polikopf at breakfast while the captain was thinking. "You know," the insolent pilot said, "I don't see what we can try the boy for."

Please turn to page 71

Pure, Safe

Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY



Quick Relief from Sore Feet

There is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the one pictured above. It is the scientifically refined and purified petroleum jelly—which never varies in odour, colour and purity. Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Ask for it by its full name—it's available everywhere. Keep it in your home for 101 daily uses.

Available Everywhere

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Cheebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.



Don't forget my ROBOLEINE mummy!

Children really enjoy this natural, health-giving addition to their diet.

Roboleine stimulates the appetite, builds up resistance to infection, and helps form strong bones and healthy bodies.

Start your family on Roboleine to-day and bring the glow of radiant health to young cheeks.

Roboleine is the Tonic Food that Doctors use in their own homes.

In 15oz. and 50oz. jars at all Chemists.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Holds My FALSE TEETH Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out and wash away, but "stays put" all day. I can eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of false teeth dropping or slipping. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1950

The Bell Silhouette



Smart the woman who wears this bell-skirted taffeta gown.

Smart the woman who chooses soft, safe Modess for her personal protection. Modess, made only by Johnson & Johnson, is available at all chemists and stores.



BACKACHE GONE!

What a blessing when backache is relieved by DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. DOAN'S help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisons and so ease the misery of backache, rheumatism, loss of pep, disturbed nights, swelling, pinpoints under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Ask your Chemist or Store for DOAN'S, a stimulant, diuretic made to rigid standards of purity, and used successfully by millions for over 50 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS
Bale Pharmaceutical, Foster-McClellan Co.
DE27/10

A lovely CLEAR SKIN FOR YOU

The beauty of your complexion is helped more by good health than any expensive facial treatments. A fresh and radiant feeling is the foundation of loveliness.

To clear blotchy skin and pimples often means restoring vitamins B1 and B2 to the diet. Certain foods tend to lose some of their vitamins in modern methods of preparation and this lack has to be compensated.

Yeaston, is one of the richest known forms of Vitamin B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly soon balance your diet.

Pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 23, 1950

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 70

GLARING at Bus, Captain Kelley snorted, "Don't call him a boy! He's a grown man!"

"What are you going to charge him with on the specification?" Adams asked.

"Impersonating an officer, for one thing," Captain Kelley replied.

"But he didn't, sir," Adams contended. "He never said he was an officer!"

"He wore an officer's uniform!" "Excuse me, sir," Adams replied. "There were no insignia on the coat."

"How do you know?" Captain Kelley asked.

"I looked," Adams answered.

Captain Kelley put down his coffee. "Why did you look, Mr. Adams?"

"Because," Bus replied, "I've done a lot of work with Polikopf. I wouldn't be surprised if he requested me for counsel!"

Captain Kelley was choleric. Although he could hide his feelings when talking with guards and Polikopf, such insolence from Adams was beyond his understanding. He rose and dismissed us. Adams followed us out of the mess hall.

"I'll bet I get back to flying pretty soon now!" he said. "This case is foolproof! Polikopf hasn't done anything. Peace, it's marvellous!"

Bus was dead right. Polikopf hadn't done anything. At first Captain Kelley was going to get him for impersonating Naval Intelligence, but Polikopf had never said he was Naval Intelligence. All he did was matter the words mysteriously.

The captain tried to pin a charge of giving an unlawful order, but he knew that wouldn't stick. For Polikopf hadn't ordered anybody to do anything! He had merely suggested it.

He and Adams went round and round in circles. Bus never yielding a point. Captain Kelley finally thought of something. In speaking to one of the guards Polikopf had stepped into a restricted area. The man had broken a lawful order! That was it!

They would try Polikopf for trespass! But again God intervened, and Bus Adams. Everywhere Navy men met, Bus would merely drop the hint that "Boy, this time they really got him! Trespass!" At that the assembly would break into a roar.

In time the laughter reached Captain Kelley. He called Polikopf to his office. Then he dismissed the Master-at-Arms.

"Polikopf," he said. "We can't hold you. Much as I want to. This is a Navy of laws. You can thank heaven it is. I intended to punish you drastically for what you did. You endangered the war effort. You impeded our work. Fortunately for you, I would have to cook up some general charge to punish you adequately."

"The Navy doesn't like that. It's a Navy of laws, Polikopf. You have rights that even I can't trespass."

"Inadvertently, he winced at the word. "You may go, Polikopf. Your time in gaol is your punishment."

Captain Kelley wheeled around and looked out the window. Then he whipped his chair around once more. "Man to man, Polikopf, and what either of us says must never leave this room? Agreed?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Did Lieut. Adams put you up to this?"

"Oh, no! Excuse me, sir. No, sir!" The sailor was so obviously astonished by the question that he must be telling the truth. Captain Kelley dismissed him.

From then on Bus Adams had rough sailing. A great carrier came into the channel for supplies. Bus was forbidden to go aboard. He was not permitted to fly with pilots he had known in the States. They

zoomed the volcanoes on Vanicoro and flew low over jungle villages.

He had to stay behind on desk work that mysteriously piled up. He worked and swore and worked. Like the rest of us, he did more work in a week than he had ever before done in a month. He began to reconsider some of the jokes he had once pulled on the Supply Corps.

"Real officers with their brains beat out!" he used to say. Now he began to wonder if maybe the Seashore Navy wasn't the real Navy and the Big-Boat Boys merely a gang of vacationists!

Even the weather conspired against Bus. He finally arranged to borrow a plane from the carrier on his day off. But on the day he was to fly, definite word was received that a hurricane was moving north. All ships for the strike moved out into the ocean under forced draft and headed away from the great storm.

We had to stay and take it! We stayed at the Depot and watched other activities move on to higher ground. We tied down our sleeping quarters while other units abandoned theirs and fled to safe positions. We locked doors, moved trucks against weak walls, hustled delicate instruments and chronometers to a small hill, broke out helmets to wear in case trees should blow over, and waited.

The fleet was gone by the time night fell on the second day of rain. There was a strong wind from one point off south. Gradually it veered



"In the book it was different."

to sou'-sou'-east. There it stayed and increased in velocity. It was now forty miles an hour, but it was still constant.

I had the watch that night, and for a while I hoped that the wind was subsiding. It did, for half an hour. Then a huge gust came in eight or ten violent puffs. I judged the velocity of the puffs to be about ninety miles an hour.

Then there was another calm. I saw the rain perpendicular against the tired lights. Slowly, slowly it began to slant toward the coconut palms, in from the empty channel. Then, with a burst of tremendous power, the slanting rain was cracked like a whip and lay out parallel to the ground.

A light went out, and then another. Wires were whipped away like the rain. Coconut trees threw their palms toward the hills, as if eager to flee, and some went down.

"Building 97 is buckling!" a voice cried over the phone. Our plan was to rush fire trucks and dump wagons to any building that weakened, but before I could put the plan into operation I could hear, above the storm, the sound of a quonset hut ripping to pieces.

"Building 135 is going! All men safe!" another voice reported, and then that phone went dead.

Runners came into the barricaded office breathless and afraid.

"It's rough out there!" one advised. "We can't send trucks into it. We'll have to trust to luck!"

We did. All that night men kept

running to and from my watch to tell me of incidents that occurred. At 2300 Captain Kelley left his post at the switchboard and came in with me. Two other officers reported from a foot tour of the buildings.

"They're holding, captain," the inspection party reported.

In furious gusts the wind howled and drove water through every opening in every building and shack. One generator burned out and half the Depot was in darkness. Cooks brought kettles of coffee at 0300.

"Potato shack done for," they reported. A jeep must have been left in neutral against strict orders. The wind caught it and dashed it through the night until it struck a building."

Then quiet followed, and from all parts of the Depot men rushed in with reports. Dripping from rain and sweat they blurted out their news and left. Mostly they said, "They're still standing!"

Captain Kelley's buildings stood that night and the next day. I tried to sleep in the morning after I got off watch, but a falling tree capsize the hut next to mine and severely crushed two officers. I helped to drag them free of the ruins and spread ponchos over them until doctors arrived.

After that all huts were cleared. In the afternoon two more were capsize by trees.

But still the buildings along the waterfront held. Only four blew apart, but in one of them a man was killed. The other two hundred buildings stood fast, and by right o'clock at night the hurricane was over.

It was followed by a mournful rain that lasted two days. Roads were washed away and life was miserable, but the hurricane was past. As several of us walked among the buildings, surveying what had happened, I tried to remember what a tropical hurricane was like.

It was strange, but I could remember little. There were no massive waves, for we were in a protected channel. To me a hurricane will always be a jangle of bells, horizontal rain, and deathly silence. It will also be the sound of steel buildings tearing apart and coconut trees snapping off.

When the great storm subsided forty ships of the fleet hurried into harbor and demanded immediate supplies. So our enlisted men turned promptly from holding buildings up to emptying those same buildings. Again the Depot went on a thirteen-hour day for every man, and finally the laggard ships were filled.

When the last one pulled away, the strike was on! We had done everything that could be done. Like villagers who have watched a haggard army pass through in pursuit of the enemy, we put our hands to our hot foreheads. For us the battle was ended.

But that very night there limped into our channel a worn and beaten ship. It was the old ammunition carrier Torpex, loaded with explosives for the strike. Acting under orders, it had stayed at sea during the hurricane rather than venture into a harbor where it might explode.

The Torpex had fled to a position away from the hurricane, but a tail of the storm caught the unhappy ship. For three horrible days the small, desperate Torpex had lashed through heavy seas. Decks were awash, stanchions were torn away, and even the permanent superstructure was scarred.

Two men were washed overboard. Six others suffered injuries for which they were hospitalized at the Depot.

The Torpex lay in mid-channel, lighted fore and aft and with guard boats to ward off chance stragglers. Accidents with ammunition ships were weird, because no one could ever determine what had caused them.

Please turn to page 72

HERCO the all purpose LOTION



for the husband

Yes, Herco lotion is fast becoming a favorite with the male, too. Herco is rich in lanolin and olive oil, which soften the toughest beard and give the smoothest shave.

Try the Herco Shave routine—a generous smear of Herco rubbed well into the beard, apply your usual shave cream, lather, shave and massage the face well again. It leaves even the tenderest skin smooth, refreshed and cool. Razor chafe and rough skin are things of the past to the Herco user, and you find no 5 o'clock shadow either. From all stores.

CONTAINS Olive Oil

H.W.57

101 uses —



ANDREX

Cleansing Tissues

- ☆ For removing cosmetics.
- ☆ Gentle on babies soft skin.
- ☆ Use as a handkerchief.

In the handy dispenser, cut from all Chemists and leading Department Stores

Suffering with a COLD

DO NOT RELY ON HALF MEASURES TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES

Get after your chest cold with moist heat—a time-proven treatment endorsed by many doctors all over the world. Antiphlogistine Poultice gives you the benefits of moist heat—rest in your own home. Just do three two simple things recommended by many doctors:

1. Put an Antiphlogistine Poultice on back and chest. Throat, too—if it's sore.
2. Go to bed. Antiphlogistine Poultice works all through the night. Sleeps you get a good night's sleep.

Antiphlogistine

The soothing warmth of Antiphlogistine Poultice relaxes tense or aching muscles, stimulates circulation, helps ease coughs due to colds.



AT its lonely berth the Torpex was no more lonely than its crew and officers. It was the backwash of the invading fleet. Its officers were ghosts who came after the heartier crew had left.

On the third night after its arrival four officers of the Torpex happened to run into Bus Adams at the Officers' Club. Bus was having a whisky when they passed his table. He knew one of them, and in the manner of all naval personnel, invited them to have some drinks with him, to eat dinner with him that night, and to spend the night with him, if possible.

Not yet recovered from their recent severe experiences, the Torpex officers were delighted. Bus drove them to the dock so they could send necessary messages to their ship. Then he brought them to dinner.

Captain Kelley was not pleased. In the first place, he suspected any of Bus Adams' friends. In the second place, they were slightly drunk. And in the third place, one of the officers said something which caused the captain apparent concern.

"Did I understand you to say, sir," the officer asked at dinner, "that you lived in Madison?"

"Yes, sir," Captain Kelley replied, "I did."

"I used to attend the University there."

"You did?" the Captain inquired coldly.

"Yes, sir. I was a Phi Chi."

Captain Kelley stared at the man for a moment, and said no more during the rest of the meal. After he had left, Bus invited me to join the four officers and himself on a small verandah overlooking the channel. It was a peaceful scene. The Torpex rode at anchor, its two guard boats moored some distance away.

Wrecks of four huge quonsets lay strewn about the Depot, but moonlight danced quietly upon the roofs of two hundred others. Negro truck drivers hurried endlessly up and down the waterfront. At one dock a barge was loading with gear for the Torpex. And along myriad paths through the Depot trucks, lifts, dollies, mules, finger

lifts, cherry pickers, stone crushers, and paint machines moved in grim precision.

It was an orderly scene, a quiet scene after rush and hurricane. A low moon hung to the south, and coconut trees were everywhere. It was a tropic night in early March. Autumn would soon begin and there would be some respite from the heat. We felt at ease when suddenly from the bay came a great noise and rush of wind. The Torpex exploded!

Destruction was instantaneous and complete. The Torpex and the two guard boats were never seen again, no part of them. Our dock was blown down and all hands on the loading barge killed. Four quonsets nearest the channel were blown apart. And the blast did not last five seconds!

All that we saw was a flash of light. All that we heard was a great sigh of wind that knocked us to the deck. And the Torpex was gone. Of the crew she carried, only four guests and two enlisted men remaining in our hospital lived. The rest had vanished.

It was, later said that the two men in sickbay knew at once what had happened and that neither would speak to the other all night.

Our four guests reacted differently. One, a tall Kansan, said nothing, picked himself up from the deck, turned his back on the bay, and started drinking. Another, from Massachusetts, knelt on the deck and said a prayer. Then he, too, started drinking.

A third, from Oregon, kept swallowing in heavy gulps and biting his lips. Later on he became very hungry, and we cut open a can of chicken. The fourth man, from Wisconsin, started talking.

It was he who answered the telephone and reported his four friends alive. Then he told us all about the Torpex, who her captain was, a fine man, who her officers were, and how the enlisted men never gave them any trouble. He told us about his home in Madison, and how he was going back there to University to take a law degree when the war was over.

He talked in a low, rapid voice.

Tales of the South Pacific

Continued from page 71

From time to time he would ask one of the other officers to corroborate what he was saying. He would snatch a small piece of the canned chicken or take a quick drink of whisky, and then he would be off again.

Finally, when the terror had worked itself out, he sat on the verandah and looked at the magnificent channel where the Torpex had been.

TARTANS OF PORTUGAL

TARTANS of the people of Nazare, a small fishing village on Portugal's Atlantic seaboard, disprove the theory that tartan is a Scottish monopoly.

Tartans have been the fashion in Nazare as long as the old people can remember.

But the men of the village don't go in for kilts. Or whisky. They have been brought up on wine, which they drink instead of tea with their meals.

Most of Nazare's 5000 people live on deep-sea fishing, a hazardous calling in those parts. This year 26 of the village's fishermen have been drowned at sea.

The people of Nazare are said to descend from the Phoenician traders, who established settlements on the Portuguese coast in the fourth century, B.C.

The story of Nazare and its people, with beautiful color illustrations, is one of the features of A.M., the Australian Monthly, for September.

A.M. is on sale everywhere. Buy your copy to-day. Price 1/-.

Little boats were hurrying about. We knew, we knew too well, the grisly haul those fishing boats were taking that night.

The man from Madison turned his back to the scene. He could still hear the chugging engines, though, so he started to talk again.

"You know," he said, "our skipper was the finest man. He was so considerate. We could go to him with anything and he would listen

to us just as patiently. He had three kids, and at every port there would be eight or ten letters from each of them. He loved them very much. The only time he ever spoke of them to me was to show me his girl's picture. She was about fifteen and lovely.

"He said, 'It's really funny, you know. She'll probably have been on her first date and fallen in love by the time I get back. I haven't seen her for twenty-one months. And do you know what I was thinking?' he asked me. 'I was thinking something foolish. But I kind of wish that she would marry a naval officer. And not necessarily an officer, either. I don't mean it that way at all. Just some nice boy from the Navy.' He blushed and then put her picture away."

The man from Madison drew a deep breath and reached for some more chicken. "I'll break out another can," Bus volunteered.

"My skipper," the future lawyer continued, "doesn't seem at all like yours. He's a cantankerous man, isn't he?"

"He is that!" Bus agreed.

"If you won't tell anyone," the lawyer said in a low voice, "I think I can tell you why. Men aren't born mean," he said slowly. "Things make them that way. I think Captain Kelley is the same man I heard about in Madison. He had a daughter, too. Just like my skipper. Only his daughter fell in love with an Army man. A flier."

"He was a fraternity brother of mine. I saw him only once. He left the University to join the Air Corps. Well, he was killed, and then they found out Captain Kelley's daughter was going to have a baby. The Captain was furious, I understand. So she killed herself."

I was watching Bus Adams as the officer from the Torpex told his story. Adams had the fresh can of boneless chicken in his hand and was looking down at the lights in the channel. He squeezed the can until some of the liquid ran down his wrist. Then, politely, he offered some chicken to the hungry, deep-breathing young fellow from Oregon.

BUS stood looking at the dark shapes in the channel for a long time. He left the chattering lawyer, and I spent the rest of the night listening to the man talk himself out. Then I put him to bed. I also took the boy from Oregon in to his bunk. He sat on the side of the bed all night long. The other two officers had to be carried to their quarters.

As Bus and I went to ours he said to me, "Perhaps you'd prefer to miss breakfast."

"I'll be there," I said.

It was a shaken, uncertain crew that ate breakfast next morning. The sun was bright, but death was in the air. Bus Adams looked as if he had not shaved. Captain Kelley was grim and precise. We ate our papayas and time in silence.

Then Bus spoke, "I should like a transfer to a fighting squadron," he said. Captain Kelley stared at him. To discuss business at breakfast was an unforgivable breach of etiquette.

Bus continued. "I just heard that Screwball Snyder is up north. He's one hot pilot. I'd like to fly with him." He said this last directly to Captain Kelley, who ignored him.

"This Screwball Snyder was quite a boy," Bus went on. "And quite a lad with the ladies!" Again he spoke directly to Captain Kelley. Again he was bitterly ignored.

The other officers were horrified. Such talk had never before passed current at our mess. They looked at one another. I looked at Captain Kelley. His face was ashen. He looked at his plate and crumbled a piece of toast in his left hand. There was a long silence, and then Bus spoke again. His voice was cold and grey.

"And do you know . . ."

Captain Kelley rose from the table. His junior officers rose, too, as a compliment to their skipper. Dropping his napkin unfolded, he left the mess hall. That afternoon Bus Adams, fighter, tough guy, rouse-about, was on his way north to share in the bombing of Kurelei.

To be continued



Make yours
a smile to
remember

MACLEAN your teeth with Britain's biggest-selling tooth paste

Australians arriving in Britain get a very strong impression of the large number of people there with very WHITE natural teeth. When they remark on it, they learn that more British people clean their teeth with Macleans than with any other tooth paste. This has been proved again and again by independent surveys.

MACLEANS will quickly make YOUR teeth whiter and healthier and protect them MORE THOROUGHLY against decay.

The "tingle" of Macleans means quick extra WHITENESS

A pleasant, refreshing "tingle" is the first difference you notice, when you use Macleans Peroxide tooth paste.

Next you find that Macleans quickly removes film and stains, and makes your teeth dazzling white.

You find, too, that Macleans instantly freshens your breath and cleanses your mouth.

And finally you discover that Macleans immediately and safely neutralises excess mouth acids and helps to stop tooth decay.

So—don't just clean your teeth . . . Maclean your teeth and get extra protection, safety and WHITENESS.

Buy a big 1/6 tube from your chemist or store.

MACLEANS PEROXIDE Tooth Paste
makes teeth WHITER



*Mail Orders
Supplied*

CRISP COTTON

Housefrocks

AND DAINTY

Accessories

APIWW/9: Caesar Fabric Dirndl floral striped or all-over floral in a wide range of summer colours. Note buttoned front, frilled yoke and pocket. SW and W, 24/9. SOS and OS, 26/6. XOS, 27/6.

AP2WW/9: Magyar sleeved Dirndl, buttoning in front, tying at back for a neat waistline. The unusual design comes in an excellent range of colours SSW, SW, and W, 23/9

AI3WW/9



AI3WW/9: Hand-painted white rayon Blousette with colourful floral design that will launder perfectly. SW and W at 31/6

AI4WW/9: A "Marjoy" rayon Blousette, guaranteed washable and crease-resistant. With two-way neckline. In white, light blue or gold. 32" to 42", 21/6.

AI4WW/9



23/9

24/9

APIWW/9

AP2WW/9

AI5WW/9

AI5WW/9: Attractive printed crepe rayon Head Scarf in multi-colour patterns with borders of royal, lemon, or wine. 32" square, 12/11.

AH10WW/9

AH11WW/9

AH12WW/9

AI4WW/9

AH10WW/9: 6-row Plaited Pearl Necklet with large diamante clasp. At 78/9
AH11WW/9: Beautifully designed "Mule" Brooch or diamante in variegated colours, 16/3
AH12WW/9: Single-row Graduated Pearl Necklet with reliable safety catch — 12/11
Pearl and Diamante Drop Earrings with reliable screws. Pair 4/11

THESE LINES AVAILABLE ON GROUND FLOOR

GRACE BROS PTY. LTD.
SYDNEY - P.O. BOX.
42 BROADWAY.

"Fresh off the Cob"



For those who
PREFER the BEST
in
SWEET CORN
"Cream Style"

Rosella
Of Course



SORE THROATS, COUGHS, COLDS & 'FLU
with **LARYNOIDS** *Actively changed with*
ANESTHESIN
instant-acting... soothes in seconds!

In seconds after placing a Larynoid Pastille in your mouth that sore throat is soothed, that shattering cough eased—thanks to Anesthesia, the quickest-acting specific ever prescribed for successfully quick relief. It soothes the inflamed throat membranes. Relief comes immediately. Soreness is deadened. Irritation disappears. A sensation of blessed relief is enjoyed. The extraordinarily effective properties of Anesthesia make Larynoids universally demanded when quick relief is sought. But Larynoids go even further. By virtue of the other important medicaments contained in their famous formula, Larynoids can prevent sore throats and coughs developing, stop infection from spreading and thereby protect you from more serious ailments, such as Bronchitis, Flu, and those dangerously persistent colds.



WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT:

Sore-throat, sore-throats and highly effective antiseptics quickly reach the troubled area. If taken in time, Larynoids can prevent the infective germs spreading from the THROAT (1) to the PHARYNX (2) and then to the LARYNX (3) and BRONCHIAL TUBES (4).



A specially medicated
pastille sold by chemists only.

Famous Larynoid Formula includes: Anesthesia, Bismuth, Ipecac, Menthol, Peppermint, Pine Oil, Oil of Aniseed, Clove Oil, Indigo.

MISS ALMEY took command again with gusto: "She's not telling the truth, of course. This is a complicated and dreadful affair, Mr. Lenster. Now I have found out that she certainly did invite two of her classmates here last night—to a party—and she told them she lived here—this was her home—and that you, Mrs. Lenster, are her married sister!"

"Well," declared Phil, "now I've heard everything!"

Julia's wail began again: "I did not. I did not invite them."

"Crying won't help you," said Miss Almey, "nor will lying. You must tell the complete truth and help us get to the bottom of this."

"If you wasn't such a big girl I declare I'd whip you," added Mrs. Topping virtuously. "Making up such a story and denying your own folks."

Emma rose with quick decision. "This is all too painful," she said.

"I'm going to take Julia and let her wash her face and get hold of herself. You come with me, Julia."

She got Julia to her bedroom and dropped her on a chair, brought a glass of milk and a damp towel.

"Now, drink this," she ordered, holding the glass to Julia's lips, "and then wipe your face. Miss Almey's right, crying won't help you. Straighten up, child, I'm not going to hurt you."

She sat down beside Julia and studied her as she drank the milk. When the glass was empty she set it aside.

"Now we're going to talk quietly," she said. "Please listen to me, Julia. You wanted to have a party, didn't you? You wanted very much to have a party. And you didn't want to have it at home. Why not? You can tell me, I'm not going to be harsh with you. Why didn't you want to have your party at home?"

"It was because of Pa. Pa don't work ever, he just lays around and he gets drunk. Miss Lenster, you don't know how awful Pa is. And I've been to parties at the other girls' and Minnie Courcy said I never had a party myself. They make fun of me all the time, they know Ma's old lady pays for me. I hate that school, anyway. Oh, I wish I was back at my old school, where we all seemed the same."

There was passionate truth in her words now, and the picture they drew made Emma wince. She saw the drunken father, the sordid home, the sneering girls.

"I can see how you'd want to give a party, Julia. I understand that perfectly. But why did you ask boys, too? There aren't any boys in your school. Where did you get the boys, Julia? What kind of boys were they?"

"Two of 'em go to our church and the other two live in our block. They're all nice boys Miss Lenster, really. One of 'em—" her voice trailed off and a fleeting look of ecstasy touched her thin face.

"One of them you like very much, is that it? But Julia, these boys knew you didn't live here, they knew you hadn't a married sister—what made you say that?"

"They knew I didn't live here, I guess. But they didn't know you weren't my sister—people don't know much about other people in our neighborhood."

Emma let that go. After all, it didn't matter. "This boy," she asked, "the one you like? What's his name?"

It came to her lips with a hopeless tenderness, slurred and softened in her emotion.

"His name's Eddy Lukens, oh, Mrs. Lenster, Eddy's keen—he's terrific. He was in my confirmation class, he goes to high school, he plays the trumpet—oh, he's wonderful. I wanted to show those girls I knew some keen boys. I didn't mean any harm."

"Look, what I said about paying for the cokes was true, cross my heart and hope to die. I brought a lot of

Baby Sitter

Continued from page 59

cokes along with me last night, and crackers, too, and Joe let me have 'em on credit and I paid for 'em this morning with the money Mr. Lenster gave me last night, that's the honest truth, Mrs. Lenster."

Emma nodded.

"I hid the stuff out in the hall till you got away," Julia went on, "and then I brought it in. I didn't mean they should eat up your stuff, Mrs. Lenster, but I couldn't stop 'em. They said they was hungry. Eddy was hungry, I had to make him some supper, didn't I? But I didn't mean to take your food. I mean, when I came in."

"I see," said Emma. "The party got out of hand. I take it they went all over the place and looked through everything, including my clothes?"

"It was the girls. I tried to stop 'em. I said you'd be sore. I tried to put everything back in its right place. On'y—I did take some of your cologne, Mrs. Lenster; I couldn't help it. I never smelled anything so good."

"Let that go for the moment," said Emma. "Tell me this, Julia: did Eddy like your party? Did he have a good time?"

"I guess so; he ate a lot. But he danced most with Minnie and she asked him to take her home. Mrs. Lenster, it's not etiquette, is it, for a girl to ask a boy to take her home? If he wanted to take her home, wouldn't he ask her?"

"Yes, he certainly would," said Emma, oddly thankful to give one honest crumb of comfort. She got up and walked about the room, remembering her own sweet and stable girlhood, her home, her gentle parents, her friends, her fun.

EMMA

had always been secure, protected, loved. And here was this wail who had to snatch at a moment's happiness with lies and deceit and conniving. And perhaps with theft.

She stood in front of Julia. "I understand why you wanted a party and what happened, Julia. But—that money in the desk . . . do you know who took it? You must tell me, if you do."

"I don't know, hope to die, hope to drop down dead this minute." There was no validity in the protest, only a frantic wish to convince. Now it was clear to Emma. Eddy had stolen the money and Julia would let herself be drawn and quartered before she would reveal it.

"So it was Eddy!" she said. "And you're shielding him. Oh, Julia!"

"He never took it. Maybe one of the other boys, or that Minnie, but not Eddy. Eddy'd never do such a thing in this world!"

"Well," hesitated Emma, "well—if you—"

Julia interrupted fearfully: "Anybody who steals money'd be sent to Reform School. I guess everybody knows what Reform School's like." She dropped her head in her hands, shivering.

There was an impatient tap at the door and Phil said: "Emma, come on back. What are you doing?"

"I'll be there in a minute," said Emma. She looked down at Julia and tried to arrange her scattered sympathies.

Here was a self-confessed liar, a very stupid liar, a thief or a thief's accomplice, a shirker of the simplest duties, a weak foolish creature with criminal potentialities—and yet—and yet, Emma could not find it in her soul to be the sentencing judge.

There was a silence and then Emma made up her mind. "You come with me, Julia," she said. "I'm going to get you out of this, some of it anyway. Maybe you don't deserve it but I can't do anything else."

Miss Almey and Mrs. Topping were at explosion point, and Phil was little better, but Emma forestalled their protests. She spoke directly to her husband.

"Phil, I understand more about what happened now," she said, "and I'm willing to drop it if you are. Let's forget about it. Let's give Julia another chance. And please, Miss Almey, don't require Julia to make an apology before the school. It's too cruel."

"No, Mrs. Lenster, it is not cruel," snapped Miss Almey. "It is only justice. Besides, it's our rule."

Emma gave her a long thoughtful look and turned to Mrs. Topping. "Then Julia must leave that school and go back to her old school. And—if you'll permit her to do that Mr. Lenster and I won't insist that the money be made good." She made this impressive.

"But what'll I say to Mrs. Arnold?" bleated Mrs. Topping. "She's been so kind to Julia and taken such an interest. She'll be very put out."

"I don't know what you can say to her except that you've decided Julia will do better at her old school. I don't think Mrs. Arnold matters much, it's Julia who needs your attention—and your—your love. She's at a difficult age."

Miss Almey glowered and Mrs. Topping sniffed self-righteously. "I'm sure I've always done my duty by Julia the best I know how. It's not so easy, working like I do and my husband in poor health. Julia'd ought to be thinking about helping me instead of pleasure."

Emma couldn't stand any more. "There isn't anything further to say, I think," she said, dismissing them.

But Mrs. Topping wanted her release confirmed. She didn't quite believe it. "You won't make us pay back the money, then?" she asked, with the professional beggar's twang.

Emma cut her off. "No, let the money go. Just you try to look after Julia a little better and be more sympathetic."

"You're behaving very foolishly, Mrs. Lenster," Miss Almey said, biting it out. "If everyone behaved with such complete sentimentality, ignoring the patent facts and letting erring people off their just penalties, we might as well be gangsters."

"You know, Miss Almey," said Emma, "you're perfectly right. We might all just as well be gangsters. And as a matter of fact I consider you a sort of gangster right now."

She opened the door and motioned them out and did not say good-bye. And then she turned and flung herself into Phil's arms.

"I couldn't do it," she wept. "I couldn't beat her down any more, Phil. That awful background—and no fun—no fun ever—and that snug old Almey just torturing her! And you and I with so much and so safe and secure and happy! Oh, Phil, Phil, my darling!"

She held tight to him while she told him what she had learned from Julia, and he heard her out fondly, patting her back now and then and wiping off her tears with his handkerchief.

And at the end he said, considering: "Yes, I know, Em. I know you couldn't do anything else. I know we couldn't. I felt it when they came in and saw that poor, beaten-up young thing. And I was glad you landed a fast one on old sourpuss."

"But, even so, I just can't see that it helped much. I mean, helped in the over-all picture, social conditions and all that stuff. Do you honestly believe it helped much?"

Emma took the handkerchief for a last wipe. "No," she said, "I don't. But I wasn't thinking about social conditions. I was thinking about a lost child!"

(Copyright)

NOW-faster, easier ironing

with 

Hotpoint

Look at these

6 de luxe features



OBTAINABLE FROM

YOUR LOCAL HOTPOINT RETAILER

**AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC**
PRIVATELY OWNED

SYDNEY, NEWCASTLE, LISMORE, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE,

ROCKHAMPTON, TOWNSVILLE, ADELAIDE, HOBART, LAUNCESTON.

AGENT IN W.A.: ATKINS (W.A.) LTD.

IT'S FASTER!

Super-smooth soleplate, 20% larger, cuts ironing time.
More heat all over the soleplate—625 watts. Heats rapidly,
retains temperature on damp work.
Soleplate is hottest at the point, where most heat is needed when ironing
damp clothes.
"Buttonooks" permit ironing under buttons quickly, easily.

IT'S EASIER!

Balanced low-slung design cuts out wrist fatigue, makes ironing
smoother, quicker.
Comfortable, cool plastic handgrip has thumbrests for left or right hand users.
Reversible Cordset for left or right hand ironing.
Large, steady heel-rest for greater convenience.

IT'S DE LUXE!

Styled for to-morrow with gleaming chromium-plate finish that
will look sparkling and new for years.

IT'S A BUY!

All these new features, plus Hotpoint guaranteed quality, 65/-,
capital cities.



20% larger soleplate.



More heat—hottest at
the point.



"Buttonooks" each
side.



Comfortable handgrip
—thumbrests for left
or right hand users.



Modern design—styled
for tomorrow.



Reversible Cordset
to suit power-point
location.

Hotpoint
presents...
*the newest thing
in Radio!*

Here's a brand-new, just-off-the-press Hotpoint
receiver that gives you everything you want in
mantel radio! The beautifully styled plastic cabinet
features duotone combinations of ivory with bronze
first, walnut and ivory, burgundy and ivory. There's
a new type 6" x 9" elliptical speaker, improved
circuit and newly developed Radiotron Valves to
bring you better performance. You'll like the
convenience of the 240-volt outlet for an electric
clock or lamp, and the pick-up and extension
speaker terminals. The dial is big—brilliantly lit
and easily read. Dual or medium wave models
available. A.C. from £26/15/6, capital cities, except
Perth.



Model V5

COLES



Eleanor Parker
of Warner Bros.

Chosen for Beauty

Starlet
COSMETICS

- Propelling lipstick 2/11
- Crepe make-up 2/11
- Matching nail enamel 1/11
- Compact rouge 1/6
- Cuticle and Polish remover 1/6

AT ALL
COLES
STORES
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
G. J. Coles & Co., Limited
(Incorporated in Victoria)

When children
need a laxative—

SAN-BRAN



When your child needs a laxative try adding two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN to her morning cereal. Specially milled to provide gentle-acting bulk, it is often all a youngster needs to enjoy regular daily health. Not a medicine, but a natural wheat product, SAN-BRAN is deliciously flavoured and contains important mineral elements. From grocers everywhere.

MADE BY

Sanitarium
IT MUST BE GOOD

SR21-8153

The Youngest Vice-President

Continued from page 9

MR. BIGGERS leaned back and regarded William warmly. "I've been watching your work closely, boy. Satisfactory. Most satisfactory."

"I'm glad," William said simply. He felt dazed. At least two of the other vice-presidents, in age and length of service, outranked him. This, he thought jubilantly, would prove to Hilda how careful planning and politeness paid off. He would present this latest triumph to her like a nosegay. But modestly, of course. No sense risking another scene like the one in his office.

It was the funny, William reflected thoughtfully, but all the small triumphs of his life had seemed most satisfactory when he had been telling Hilda about them afterwards.

"Now there's a little favor you can do for me, if you will," Mr. Biggers said.

"Certainly, sir."

"We're having a dinner party to-night," Mr. Biggers said. "There will be a dance at the club afterwards. Birthday party for my daughter Barbara."

"I see," William said groggily. Success was coming almost too fast. Neither William nor any of the other vice-presidents had been invited to dinner at Mr. Biggers' before.

"Barbara's escort was, unfortunately, called away," Mr. Biggers said. "Most disappointing. Barbara wanted to call the whole thing off."

"Tsk, tsk," William said. "Precisely," Mr. Biggers told him. "But I knew you wouldn't mind filling in. You do understand, don't you?"

William did. He understood quite a lot quite suddenly. The tumultuous on-again, off-again romance of Barbara Biggers and Clint Carruthers, grandson of Agatha Carruthers, was once more ended. And of the four vice-presidents of the Hilldale Trust Company, William alone was single, young enough, taller than Barbara, and the owner of a full head of hair.

He stopped at Hilda's desk. "About to-night," he said miserably. "Could we make it to-morrow night?"

"I hardly think this passionate little affair will cool off in twenty-four hours. Why?"

"Mr. Biggers invited—commanded me to his place for dinner."

Hilda's eyes widened. Hilda whistled softly. "To-night's Barbara's party. Her nineteenth. And the dashing Clint has been squiring around an aspiring young actress." She raised her long lashes and looked him square in the eye. "Nice planning, William."

"Hey, look," he said.

But Hilda's fingers were flying on the keys, and Hilda's air was one of remote and chilling indifference. William sighed and moved away.

Mr. Biggers lived, as he put it, unpretentiously. The simple life. The butler doubled as chauffeur. It was, William could see as he milled through the throng in the forty-foot living-room, almost Spartan.

Barbara came towards him—a tall girl with dark hair. Her eyes were wide and bright, and her mouth an inviting curve of crimson. The wine-colored, strapless gown that clung precariously left William a

little nervous, but fully convinced that Barbara Biggers had been constructed by a master hand.

"Darling," she said, "How wonderful you're looking." William looked behind him. No one was there. "Oh," he said, "happy birthday, Barbara."

She tucked his arm in hers and moved through the press of people, her chin high, her air one of sparkling animation. "This is marvellous, darling. I was asking father only the other day why we don't see more of you."

"There, uh, isn't any more of me," he said lamely.

Barbara chuckled loudly—far more heartily, William felt, than the weak sally called for. He looked up to see a dark, sulky looking but undeniably handsome male glowering at him. Barbara patted William's hand, dimpled at him, batted her eyelashes at his chin, and drew him along. At the other side of the room she dropped his arm heavily and moved a little apart.

"The rat!" she said bitterly. "The repulsive jerk! Think he can get away with it, does he?"

William suddenly remembered the name that belonged to the sulky, handsome face. Clint Carruthers.

"He wasn't coming to dinner at all," Barbara said. "Aunt Aggie must have dragged him here."

"I don't," William said politely, "see how he could possibly have stayed away. Certainly he couldn't have wanted to. He looked normal enough."

"He's too normal," Barbara said viciously. "Every time a pair of ankles passes by, his head swivels automatically. But this dish-faced Bernhard is the last straw. I'll show him he can't treat me like that. I'll make him rue the day."

"Mble," William mumbled tactfully.

BARBARA patted his shoulder. "You're sweet, darling. Go find the bar and get yourself a drink." She moved off, and William stood alone. He threaded his way through the groups and came at last to the dining-room. For a minute he was blinded by the glitter of snowy damask, the gleam of silver, and the shimmer of crystal. Then he turned away and tried the other end of the room.

A small, tight little knot of people blocked it completely. They were laughing uproariously over something. Short of knocking them down, William couldn't figure any way of getting through, so he wandered back again glumly.

A maid came along with a tray of glasses, and William clutched one gratefully and made for a window-seat half hidden by the draperies. He wondered what Hilda was doing. He thought of himself and Hilda somewhere in a cosy restaurant, just the two of them, with Hilda smiling at him over the rim of her glass. The thought made him slightly dizzy.

"Ah, there you are, my boy!" Mr. Biggers said. "Barbara said she'd seen you."

"Just left me," William said. "Having fun?" Mr. Biggers demanded jovially.

"Certainly, sir. Wonderful party." "Just a few close friends," Selby Biggers told him. "Nothing elab-

orate. We live simply here." He beamed and moved away.

Quite a long time after William's left foot had fallen asleep dinner was announced.

He was on Barbara's left. His partner on the other side was a long-faced, wistful-looking woman of indeterminate age.

"Do you ride?" she asked in a voice approaching a whiny.

William made a sound which successfully failed to convey his monumental indifference to horses.

"Ohhh!" she screamed in an excited little voice, her weak eyes sparkling. "Withers—hocks—forelegs—fetlocks—hands—high."

William picked up his shrimps moodily. Eventually the woman turned her head to the other side and William smiled at Barbara. She flashed a glance of scorn down the table. "The arrogant little toad—who does he think he is?"

William took a deep swallow of sauterne. . . .

The Cloverleigh Country Club, William decided, was just a big showy place. The music was only music. The people just people. He wondered what Hilda was doing. Somewhere along the way Clint Carruthers had disappeared, and Barbara had lapsed into a tight-lipped silence, which was, William considered, all-in-all something of an improvement.

When he danced with Barbara, it was with a decorous two inches between them. He remembered dancing with Hilda and the funny way it had always affected him and the effortless grace with which she floated in his arms and the cap of copper curls against his shoulder and he sighed heavily.

He led her back to their table. On the way they passed Mrs. Carruthers, Agatha Carruthers, watching them with a cold and fixed stare.

"Hello, Aunt Aggie," Barbara said. It was a courtesy title. There was no relationship. There might never be, the way things looked.

"You look lovely, dear child, as usual," Agatha boomed. She was a large woman with a magnificent bosom and a florid face. Around her neck, under the second chin, was a dog collar of pearls. Her iron-grey hair was piled high on her head and anchored in place by a velvet band that circled the exact middle of her forehead.

"You know William," Barbara said. "Certainly," Agatha told her loudly. She reared back in her chair and examined him. "Although I must say I find myself disappointed in him. Mighty disappointed."

She had a speaker's platform voice. People at surrounding tables began turning to watch them.

Agatha Carruthers waggled a pudgy, diamond-bedecked hand at William. "Young man," she announced to the room at large, "you will find, as you go through life, that the only satisfactory things you get, the things worth having, are those you've worked for. Worked for and earned."

William began to turn green. "Up to now," she boomed, "your record has been commendable. However, if you think"—she drew a deep breath—"if you think that you can advance your career by playing up to your employer's daughter"—another breath, a portentous pause—"all I can say is that you are doomed to disappointment."

Please turn to page 77

In the home for a
LIFETIME



"Carlton" Teapot—6 cup, in Swan Brand line of Polished Aluminium. Complete "Carlton" Teaset includes teapot, hot water jug, cream jug, sugar basin, and tray.

The beauty and quality of Swan Brand products can be seen at a glance—but their faultless performance and long life have to be tested to be appreciated.

SWAN BRAND

ALUMINIUM HOLLOWWARE
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES.

Identified by the Quality.

SULPITT BROS. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18,
ENGLAND

M-W-144



A
**BEAUTIFUL
FINISH**

Generations of fine craftsmanship have created the finished beauty of good furniture. Such careful craftsmanship demands the same loving care and protection.

Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction, it is most economical and gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. For your car too... LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

**LIQUID
VENEER**

PRICES: 4 oz. 2/3, 12 oz. 3/11.

Australian Distributors:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



We keep
clothes
colourful
Dolly Dye & I!

So can you - team up with Dolly Dye... it imparts bright, vivacious colour to dowdy clothes.

Economist with
DOLLY DYES

25 Fast & Lasting Shades

DOLLY DYE
DOUBLET OR TRIPLE DYEING
FREE - SEND TO ONE 3/6/6, C.P.A. MELB.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



It isn't the burnt-on custard that makes your saucepan an old-timer



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on your pot-cleaner



VIM's added cleansing power will remove grime without harming the surface.



HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

Keep your underarms and legs satin-smooth with this amazing hair-removing cream. VEET dissolves away ugly unwanted hair deep down below the skin surface. No risk of cuts, leaves no stubble like the razor. Successful results guaranteed with VEET or money refunded.



At all chemists and stores—3/- per tub.

Always ready to treat a cold-

VAPEX INHALER

FOR HANDING OR POCKET. Ideal for use during the day, non-intrusive, convenient—simply pull off the cap. Easily recharged from Vape bottles.

Of all Chemists



The Youngest Vice-President

Continued from page 76

WILLIAM was aware of a sibilant murmur in the background now. A faint whisper of laughter. The audience was enjoying itself.

Other people might be thinking the same thing, but only a woman as old, and as rich, as Agatha Carruthers, William knew, would have dared to say it aloud. He stood frozen, unable to speak.

Barbara saved the situation. She bent and pecked the old woman's cheek. "Aunt Aggie, you're a riot, if you know it!" She took William by the hand and led him across the room out on to the terrace. William lit a cigarette with hands that shook.

"Never mind her," Barbara said consolingly. "She does it to everybody."

The terrace was dark and cool. The moon was a large, orange disc floating in space. Barbara stood by the wide railing and eyed the dancers inside. Suddenly she stifled and clutched at William's sleeve. "Look at that. He had the brazen effrontery, the unmitigated gall to bring her here."

William saw, just inside the froch doors, Clint Carruthers dance by. In his arms was a fragile, blonde girl.

"The cur, the heel, the poisonous snake," Barbara hissed. "If there was only some way to get back at him." She bit her lip, staring at them. "He thinks I will just sit around waiting for him. One of these times," she promised darkly, "little Clinton's due for a surprise. I could marry somebody else. Why not? The world is full of men. Delightful men."

She was staring at him, her large dark eyes speculative, appraising.

"No!" William said loudly. "No, No, No!"

"... And that's how it is," he told Hilda moodily. "And don't think she wouldn't do it, either. She's been terribly spoilt. She's used to getting her own way."

Hilda started to laugh. She laughed so hard she began to choke and William had to come around the table and pound her on the back.

"You've got a funny sense of humor," he said bitterly.

Hilda took a drink of water and tried to suppress the amusement she felt welling up in her. She bit hard on her lips and succeeded in keeping them straight but the dimple at the corner of her mouth came and went. "So Fate finally got around to you, William," she said. "And about time too."

"I didn't sleep all last night," William confessed. "Except for a little while and that was even worse than being awake. I couldn't run. I wanted to run and my legs wouldn't move. It was hideous."

"Why don't you just marry her?" Hilda asked. "Look what it would do for your career."

"Shut up," William said kindly. "She wouldn't be hard to take."

Hilda told him. "Not with that face. Not with that . . . er . . ." She outlined an hourglass with her hands.

"Joke on," William said.

"You can't get tough with a girl like Barbara," Hilda pointed out. "Papa would get very, very annoyed. You know what happens to vice-presidents at whom papa gets annoyed?"

William knew. "What am I going to do?" he asked helplessly.

"You've always planned things so neatly," Hilda said. "It looks as if you'll have to make some new plans."

The waitress brought the check. William got to his feet. "Come on," he said tiredly.

They walked back to Hilda's house slowly, in silence. Just before they parted Hilda lifted her face for his good-night kiss. William put his arms around her and drew her close. Her hair was fragrant and her lips were sweet. She was small in his arms and exciting and terribly desirable.

When they drew apart she smiled at him shakily. "If it isn't an impertinent question," she said, "what plans have you?"

"I plan," William said desperately, "to drown myself."

DURING the next few weeks William was busy. He spent quite a lot of time going over the Personal Investment Services of other establishments, studying them all thoroughly, and amassing a more comprehensive knowledge of his subject. At night, when he fell into bed, he slept dreamlessly. He had never, William considered, worked so hard in his life, nor been so completely satisfied with the results.

Early on Monday morning he laid the results on Selby Bigger's desk. Selby nodded vaguely. "I'll look into them shortly, William." Selby seemed slightly preoccupied.

William came out to Hilda's desk. "You haven't changed a bit," he said.

Hilda smiled at him. "It's been lonesome around here."

"Anything much happen in my absence?"

"A few trifling things," Hilda informed him. "Like Barbara and Clinton flying off to make it legal. Just little things like that."

William nodded. "I know."

Hilda looked startled. "You know?"

"Who do you suppose gave the young aspiring actress a letter to Bert Miller the producer?"

Hilda looked dazed. "You don't know Bert Miller?"

"Roomed with him for two years at college."

"You mean she was willing to turn Clint loose just for a letter of introduction?"

"She mentioned something about Clint being a dope. She tangled with Agatha Carruthers one night and was only beginning to heal. She wants to be a great actress."

Hilda sighed admiringly. "If you haven't done it again."

William rocked on the balls of his feet.

Selby Bigger beckoned from the door of his office. William crossed the floor. "Like to speak to you about this now," he said.

"Yes, sir," William said.

"Fine work," Selby told him.

"Thank you," William said modestly.

"Only one thing," Selby said and rubbed his chin. William realised then that not once, since his return, had Selby allowed his eyes to meet those of his youngest vice-president. "I suppose you've heard my daughter got married?"

"I did," William said. "Congratulations, sir. I'm sure they'll be happy."

"Um . . . ah . . . yes," Selby said.

"Thing is, now that Clint's a married man we feel that it's time he settled down. You know, nothing like responsibilities to keep a man's nose to the grindstone."

William sniffed faintly. There was a faint permeating odor of something not quite decomposed.

"He's young, of course," Selby said, "and not too experienced but he's bright. Very bright. I predict he'll go far."

Agatha Carruthers' grandson would hardly be likely to fall on his face career-wise.

"As a matter of fact," Selby said, "since everything in our Personal Investment Department is still tentative, I . . . uh . . . felt it might be a good spot for Clint."

"In what capacity?" William asked quietly.

Selby stuck out his jaw. "Managing it," he said.

"I see," William said. "He'll be made vice-president, naturally."

"Naturally," Selby said.

"That's nice," William said vaguely.

He was outside Selby's office again, walking slowly towards Hilda's desk, his shoulders were back and his chin high, but he felt dazed and bruised and there was a hard knot in his throat. He walked past Hilda's desk, into his own office, and sat down in the swivel chair.

After a while he started opening drawers and removing his personal effects. He reached back in the middle, flat drawer and drew out his bankbook.

Hilda stood in the doorway. "William, what happened?"

He told her, dully.

"But doesn't he want you to stay on here? To assist Clint or something?"

"No doubt," William said.

"Attahoy," Hilda said softly. "I wouldn't either. Let's take the rest of the afternoon off."

"What for?" William asked.

"To get married, of course."

William looked at her. "You'd marry me now?" he asked. "No job? No prospects?"

"I love you, you idiot. I've loved you for thirteen years. How patient can a girl get?"

William and Hilda looked up. The arrogant, booming voice of Agatha Carruthers resounded in the hushed quiet of the Hillsdale Trust Company.

" . . . and he will find, as he goes through life," Agatha roared, "that the only satisfactory things you get, the things worth having, are those you worked for. Worked for and earned."

Hilda started to grin.

"Clinton will start where all the others started," Agatha informed the world, "in the bookkeeping department."

"About that proposal," William said, "I accept."

He kicked the door shut and gathered Hilda into his arms.

(Copyright)



WAIT!
THAT GRAZE NEEDS
RAPID HEALING
REXONA
OINTMENT
FIRST

COVERING
THE WOUND
ISN'T ENOUGH!

Infection starts right under that skin break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts. A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

© 1950 W.W. 61g



Watch
your skin become
radiantly lovely

when you use . . .

Oatine
SNOW
(vanishing cream)
... every day

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—

"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlax Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlax Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME WITH TAYLOR'S PAINT PRODUCTS!

A few shillings spent on the right paint and a few hours spent brushing it on make all the difference. A dull, shabby house becomes bright, cheerful and modern. Taylor's Paint Products are at your service.

ASK YOUR LOCAL TAYLOR'S AGENT FOR THE COLOUR CARD OF ANY TAYLOR'S PAINT PRODUCT



THE ARISTOCRAT OF ENAMELS!

Taylor's MIRAGLOSS QUICK-DRYING ENAMEL

This smooth-flowing enamel dries dust-proof in an hour and iron-hard overnight. It dries with a tough, brilliant surface of outstanding beauty. You choose between 18 glorious colours including pastel shades.



A BRIGHT, NEW MODERN KITCHEN. Your kitchen will be a joy to work in—all bright, colourful, gay and gleaming.



LIKE AN ENTIRELY NEW BEDROOM. Transform old furniture into new in your own personal choice of lustrous colour.



DRIES AS HARD AS IRON!

Taylor's NU-PATH PAVING ENAMEL

An entirely new, iron-hard enamel for concrete and stone and to re-surface worn linoleum. A delightful range of 9 colours. Stands up to the heaviest foot-traffic.



FOR GARDEN PATHS & VERANDAH. A bright, gay path of iron-hard enamel makes your garden ever so attractive.



TO RE-SURFACE WORN LINOLEUM. Re-surface old linoleum with your own choice of long-wearing, gleaming colour.



THE SUPER-SILVER FINISH!

Taylor's Silvar ALUMINIUM ENAMEL FOR ALL TYPES OF METALWORK

A silver finish of unique lustre and beauty. It's a modern, tough, long-lasting enamel that resists rust and protects and beautifies every kind of metal work.



BEAUTY FOR METAL GATES. This amazing silver lustre on your front gate adds the final touch of distinction.



TO PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY. For tanks, wheelbarrows, pipes, caps, fronts of stoves and every kind of metal-work.



and Taylor's PREPARED Paint WITH THE NEW MIRACLE GLOSS!



Manufactured and guaranteed by: Taylor's Paints Pty. Ltd., Sutherland Av., Paddington, NSW. (Telephone FB 1221).
 Distributed interstate by—Queensland: A. C. Baker & Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111, Albert St., Brisbane (Tel. B 3306).
 Victoria: Taylor's Paints Pty. Ltd., 402-410, Swanston St., Melbourne (Tel. FJ 3010). S. Aust.: Harris Scarfe Ltd., Gentell St., Adelaide (Tel. Cent. 3300). W. Aust.: W. Drabble Ltd., Bayview Terrace, Claremont (Tel. F 1516).
 Tas.: A. G. Webster and Sons Ltd., 66 Liverpool St., Hobart (Tel. 4031).

Parents are only human

By MARIA PIERS, Ph.D.,
and EDITH NEISSER

"You never help me with the washing-up," stormed the mother. "Why should I?" retorted the teen-ager. "I have my homework to do, and you've been playing cards all the afternoon."

"I certainly have not. I spent the afternoon washing and mending my good blouse I let you wear, and look how you brought it home." "Yes, because you won't buy me one of my own."

UNFORTUNATELY most of us can add lib to this angry conversation, for it has an all too familiar ring.

Almost every mother has sometimes been shocked to find herself "practically hating" her child, the same child she is sure she loves with all her heart.

Similarly, there are few fathers who haven't been shocked to catch themselves ready to murder their offspring. They forget that they were human beings long before they became parents.

Literature, painting, folklore, our songs, and the very catch words we rely on in our conversation have combined to play up the inexhaustible quality of mother love.

Our world has emphasised the kindly patience of mothers to such an extent that even the momentary absence of patience makes a mother feel she is a failure.

It is considered perfectly all right, for instance, to say you dislike your neighbors, or that you hate housework, but you are almost an outcast if you confess to wishing occasionally that your children were anywhere except under the same roof with you.

Mothers have been encouraged to think that giving birth to a child automatically endows them with special patience and kindness, fireless muscles, and everlasting buoyant enthusiasm.

It would relieve the feelings of a great many people if there were a more general acceptance of the true state of affairs.

No woman becomes more perfect because she has borne one or more children!

Mothers need the comforting reassurance that their relationship with their children has the same fallible and human quality as their relations with other people. Not even a mother is all gentleness. Fathers are not born patient.

Since we all have angry feelings it may be helpful to inquire where they come from.

Some psychologists claim we are born with the capacity to hate, while others maintain that everybody's resentments are the results of not getting what we wanted when we wanted it in our earliest days.

Even the most carefully tended baby fails to get what he wants, is "frustrated" many times a day. How do we know he feels like a bath at the stroke of ten each morning? How can we tell whether he wants the extra cover we put on?

We can't know. Even if we did, it would not always be possible to consider the baby's whims. Even his need of the moment might have to wait. A baby has to learn to conform to some extent, but sometimes conforming makes us angry.

Fortunately, there are also countless times when a baby responds to the experience of being loved.

Mothers who fathers who cuddle the baby are contributing something toward his ability to love.

Now, it is the very same people, his parents, who are making him conform and who are giving him affection. So it comes about quite naturally that the baby responds with both anger and love to the same individuals.

In this way the "two-way pull" is created during the earliest weeks of life. It becomes a combination of responses that carry over into and color all intimate relationships at every age.

Sometimes resentment weighs the balance, but, fortunately for family life, very often love is stronger.

Psychologists have a word for this two-way pull which follows us through life because in babyhood we learned to respond to the same person with love and anger. They describe the presence of such contradictory emotions as "ambivalence," meaning "the possibility of opposite reactions."



COMPLICATED EMOTIONS towards one's children are natural enough. If we understand what makes us that way we can more readily handle our feelings.

A consideration of some spots in which the two-way pull is evidenced at various ages may help us understand it better.

The experiments in communication that one-year-olds make when they are put in the same play pen are not at all subtle. Smiles and gleeful gurgles may accompany a blow on the head with a block.

Children are able to accept the fact that you can feel two ways at once about someone.

Fighting and friendly feelings are entirely compatible to an eight-year-old.

Adults have learned to conceal mixed feelings. We have learned so well that we even fool ourselves.

If you have any doubts that devotion and loyalty, too, play a part in the relation of brothers and sisters, watch what happens when the boy next door starts a fight with young Jimmy.

No matter how vociferous the argument between Jimmy and his older brother may have been five minutes before, the older brother immediately champions Jimmy's cause against the outsider.

Or let the other boy suggest that the older brother is something less than the best football player in the neighborhood, and Jimmy will rise to his defence against all comers.

Much the same thing holds true of the fifteen-year-old girl who is constantly embroiled with her mother or father—or both.

There is an immense loyalty to her own family, even though the family may seldom get the benefit of it.

Adolescents are not sure where they are going—figuratively and literally. As they struggle toward an independent adulthood, they resent any interference with their cherished self-sufficiency. At least, they may feel that way to-day; but to-morrow they may be asking for guidance.

They rebel against rules and family customs, yet they need and want rules and customs, just so they can rebel against them. Don't forget that some rebellion is a healthy symptom in adolescence.

If there is one thing that outrages a teenager more than a "stuffy, old-fashioned parent," it is a parent who doesn't offer a framework of stable values or who acts like an adolescent himself!

Small wonder that parents feel a two-way pull. Even if you are the most self-effacing mother who has taken gracefully the late hours, long telephone conversations, chronic untidiness, not to mention criticisms of your hats and friends, you may occasionally expect to feel something less than love for your children.

If we understand what is happening when parents and children, brothers and sisters, behave inconsistently, we can more readily handle our own feelings and help them to handle theirs.

If we accept the inconsistent two-way pull as a natural kind of human behaviour, we can keep it from becoming destructive, and even turn it to good use.

Yes, Trufood Fullcream is the whole milk—pure and creamy. There are 4 pints of dairy-fresh milk in every 12-oz. tin . . . milk that's rich with nearly half a pint of golden cream. You see, Trufood is all fresh full-cream milk, only the water has been removed and no preservatives are added. That's why it is the richest powdered milk for drinking—ideal and safe for babies and youngsters—the best for all cooking that calls for milk. Trufood's as good as a cow in your pantry!

FREE!

Trufood is made and mixed in a natural way and it's 100% soluble in water. Trufood is ideal for all milk recipes—why not drop a line for the Trufood Recipe Book? Write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper marked "Trufood Recipe Book" and post to Box 3922, G.P.O., Sydney.



TF-87/47WWy

"Who is she?"

She can be YOU. Because that's what men and women so often ask about the girl who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than give her hair amazing richness and depth of colour (even to the duldest shades) they make it MORE SHINY, RADIANT — and her GLAMOROUS. You, too, can be a "hit" personality. Won't you just try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark? Do it tonight — see what your friends say tomorrow!

NOW AVAILABLE AS LIQUIDS—IF YOU PREFER

STA-BLOND & BRUNITEX

FOR FAIR HAIR FOR DARK HAIR

make you prettier

SB 25/R

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 45 York Street, Sydney.

BUFFET CASSEROLE

—a Bargain in Nutrition

Kraft Cheese is rich in high quality proteins, vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus the valuable milk minerals calcium and phosphorus. Saves you money, too — no rind, no waste.



**“Richer dishes—better flavour, too—
when you cook with Kraft Cheese.”**



says ELIZABETH COOKE, famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

“Try this Buffet Casserole soon! It looks good—it tastes good. And it’s only one of the many delicious dishes you can make with Kraft Cheese—the pasteurised packet cheese that melts, toasts, shreds and slices—and cooks so smoothly, without ever losing that mellow cheddar flavour. Kraft Cheese is the housewife’s answer to easier dishes with a difference. Start with this tasty Buffet Casserole and you’ll soon be a Kraft Cheese expert and a better cook.”

KRAFT CHEESE

—tastes better because it’s BLENDED BETTER

(Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. carton, or the economical 5 lb. loaf.)

NOURISHMENT? READ THIS. Kraft Cheese is eleven times richer in calcium than cream; has more proteins and calories than meat, plus phosphorus and the indispensable vitamins A, B₂ and D. Ask for Kraft Cheese today—it’s a grand food, and a real bargain in nutrition.



KIDDIES LOOK FORWARD TO
KRAFT CHEESE SANDWICHES

BUFFET CASSEROLE

6 small potatoes; 6 baby carrots; 1 cup peas; 1 small cauliflower; 8 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; parsley.

Cook the vegetables and break the cauliflower into flowerets. Place in a casserole. Melt the shredded cheese in a double boiler with the milk. Pour over the vegetables. Heat in the oven and garnish with parsley. Serves four.

First Choice for Cut Lunches—Mellow Kraft Cheese. Give the family plenty of variety. Kraft Cheese is delicious with celery, carrot, nuts or apple. And they’ll eat every scrap.

**FREE! ELIZABETH COOKE’S
NEW 32-PAGE RECIPE BOOK!**

Just send 6d. in stamps for postage and packing to:
Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd.,
Box 1673N, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

Name _____

Address _____

(PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS)



Fish Dinner



MENU

Fish Alexandra
Potatoes Green Peas
Peach and lemon
crunch
Savory slices
Coffee

WHETHER caught by the family angler, or bought prosaically over the counter, fish is a pleasant means of varying the menu for a main meal.

Easy to cook, carefully seasoned fish dishes are easy to eat too.

Over-cooking breaks the flesh and spoils the appearance of the fish, so cook just long enough to make the flesh soft, white, and flaky.

When cooking fish in liquid keep just at simmering point, do not allow it to boil.

FISH ALEXANDRA

Two cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, 2 thin slices onion, 1 stick celery, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 small diced carrot, $\frac{1}{4}$ small sweet green pepper, salt, pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2lb. fish steaks, anchovy paste, butter, 2 or 3 sliced shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, lemon and parsley or cress to garnish.

Simmer tomatoes, onion, chopped celery, parsley, carrot, and diced green pepper until soft. Season with

salt and pepper. Wash and dry fish, spread thinly with anchovy paste mixed with butter. Place under hot grill 5 minutes. Lift into ovenware dish, add sauce. Top fish generously with thinly sliced shallot and cheese. Bake uncovered in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Lift on to hot serving-dish, garnish with lemon and parsley or cress.

PEACH AND LEMON CRUNCH

Peach halves, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup peach syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

lemon juice, grated rind 1 orange and 1 lemon.
Crunchy Topping: 3 dessertspoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups cornflakes.

Dissolve gelatine in water; blend flour with peach syrup. Place both in saucepan with sugar, stir until boiling; boil 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add orange and lemon juice and grated rinds. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip until very thick and frothy. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mashed peach pulp. Fill portion of mixture into shallow serving-dish, balance into wetted mould. Melt butter, add sugar and flour blended with water. Stir until sugar is dis-

solved, cook 5 minutes. Pour over cornflakes, mix lightly. Spread over mixture in dish, unmould balance of mixture, decorate with peaches, cream, and cherries.

SAVORY SLICES

Two crisp bread rolls cut into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, butter, sliced tomato, peanut butter, chopped bacon, salt, pepper.

Spread bread slices lightly on both sides with butter, then with peanut butter. Cover each with a slice of tomato, season with salt and pepper. Top with chopped bacon. Place on tray in hot oven until bread is crisp and tomato and bacon cooked. Garnish with lettuce and radishes.

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

Wife of famous Radio Star
Mrs. BOB DYER
says



"I've found a new taste thrill in
Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES!"

You get that new, exciting flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Bob Dyer—you never knew that wheat could taste as wonderful as this! Suddenly you realise that the added bran makes as much difference to wheat as butter makes to dry bread! Here's a completely NEW taste thrill... a new kind of flavour!

And now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, PLUS the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to all your family.

What do you see—when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown flakes.

What happens—when you add milk? Each flake stays crisp and firm. They don't lie down—never go limp and soggy.



*The best part of WHEAT
with BRAN added!*

**Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES**
—specially good for children.



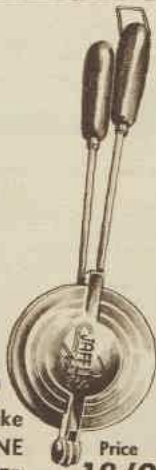
Everybody's Talking About

JAFFLE
Toaster

When buying your Jaffle Toaster look for this sign.

JAFFLES
You can only make
them with a GENUINE
JAFFLE TOASTER

Obtainable at Departmental, Hardware, and Electrical Stores.



Price
18/9

★
BAKED seasoned 'lamb's' tongues,
vegetables, and 'brown sauce'.

**This week's
winners**

- Salad clock
- Baked lamb's
tongues
- Date meringue
tart
- Sausage and
macaroni shape

THESE recipes with a new approach to the serving of homely, everyday food win prizes for enterprising readers.

Each week this page is reserved for the homemaker; through its columns reliable, home-tested recipes are shared with others and ideas suggested for using seasonal supplies to the best advantage.

Conditions of entry are easy; write your recipe clearly in ink, include full name, address, and State on each page. Post to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

SALAD CLOCK

Six hard-boiled eggs, 14lb. potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion or shallot, salt, pepper, 1 large cucumber, thin tomato wedges, 1lb. cream cheese, pink coloring.

Peel potatoes thinly, cook in usual way until just tender. Drain, cut into dice; when quite cold mix with mayonnaise, parsley, onion or shallot, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread over base of large platter, raising slightly towards centre. Smooth surface with knife blade. Cut strip of skin from cucumber and cut hands of clock. Score balance of unpeeled cucumber, cut into thin slices, and arrange around edge of platter. Shell eggs, cut into halves lengthwise and arrange around platter in same position as numbers on a clock. Place a tomato wedge between egg halves, giving scalloped edge to platter. Soften cream cheese with a little milk, beat with wooden spoon until soft and smooth. Color pink. Pipe cream cheese on to eggs in form of figures. Arrange cucumber hands in position. Chill before serving. Extra salad ingredients such as lettuce, cress, radishes, pineapple wedges, etc., may be served in a separate bowl.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Home-wood, Pinjarra, W.A.

BAKED LAMBS' TONGUES

Three or four lamb's or sheep's tongues, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1oz. shortening, 1 small onion, 3 mushrooms (may be omitted), 14 cups breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup stock or water.

Trim tongues, wash well. Place in saucepan with unsalted warm water to cover, add lemon juice. Simmer until tender, 2½ to 3 hours, or pressure cook 30 to 35 minutes. Drain, skin, cut in halves lengthwise. Melt shortening in pan, add onion and peeled chopped mushrooms (if used). Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in breadcrumbs and egg-yolk beaten with milk. A little more milk may be added if required to make seasoning moist. Season with salt and pepper, spread evenly over halved tongues. Arrange on well-greased baking dish, dot with butter. Add stock or water to dish. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Curran, 38 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

DATE MERINGUE TART

One 8in. or 9in. cooked pastry-case (biscuit pastry or sweet short-crust), 1 cup dates, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, extra 1 cup sugar for meringue, chopped walnuts.

Chop dates finely. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Do not allow to brown. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in sugar, salt, lemon rind, and dates. Simmer 5 minutes or until dates are soft. Beat

NOVELTY salad clock will have new attraction for children and those grown-ups who are not salad enthusiasts.

until fairly smooth, fold in egg-yolks. Fill into pastry-case. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, and beat to meringue consistency. Flavor with vanilla and spoon on to cold date filling. Spread with knife or back of spoon to cover top of tart. Sprinkle with walnuts. Return to very moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. McGibbon, Torquay, Qld.

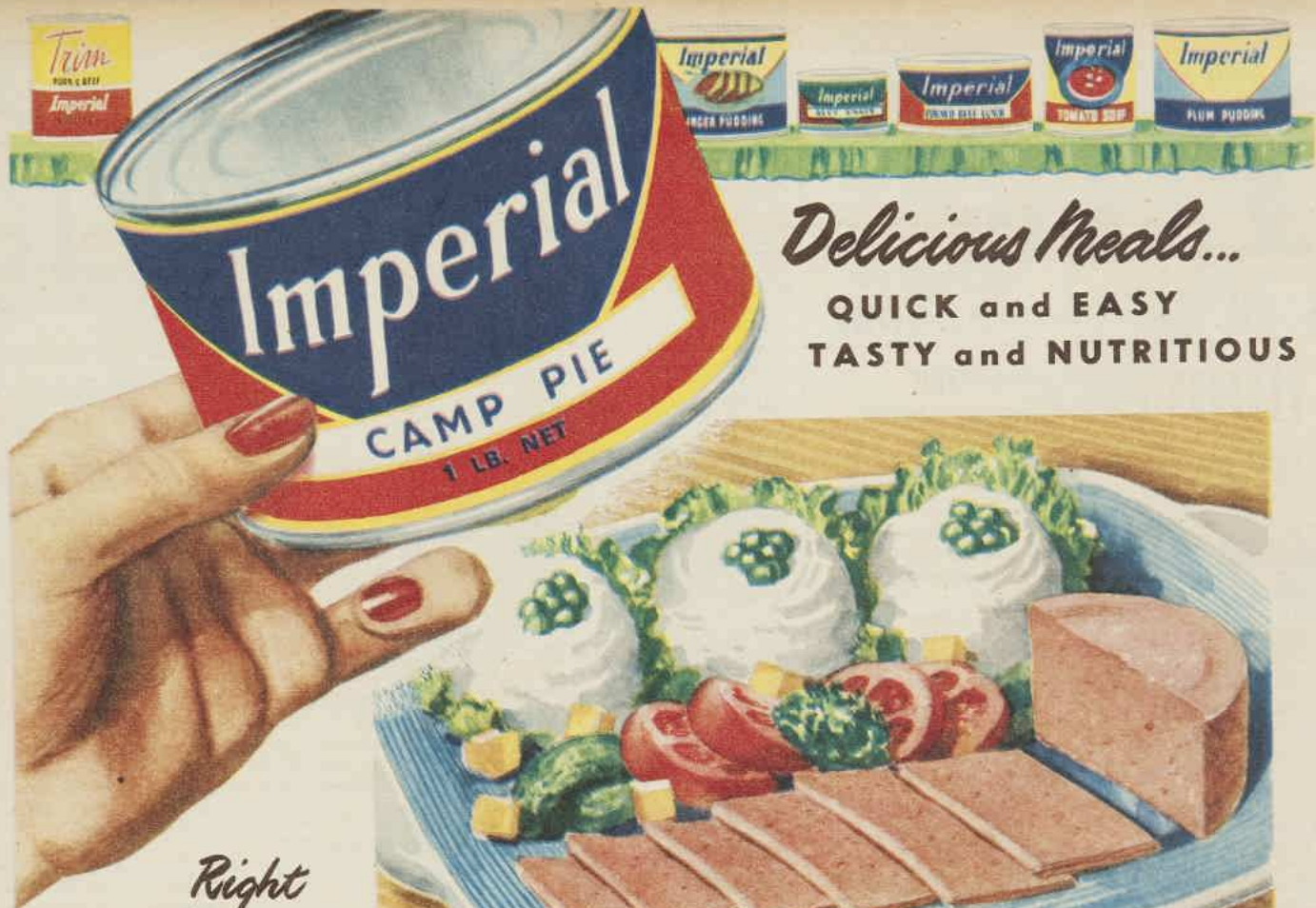
SAUSAGE AND MACARONI SHAPE

Six sausages, 3 or 4 tablespoons finely diced, cooked bacon or ham, 1 cup macaroni, ½ pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 peeled chopped tomatoes, salt and pepper, ½ pint tomato juice or puree, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, parsley.

Fry sausages until lightly browned but completely cooked through. Drain on kitchen paper, when cold cut in halves lengthwise. Pack round sides of mould, rounded side out. Place bacon or ham in bottom of mould. Cook macaroni in fast-boiling salted water, drain. Mix with grated onion, fill into mould. Cook tomatoes until quite soft in a small amount of the stock. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add balance of stock and tomato juice or puree; season with salt and pepper. Pour over macaroni in mould, chill until set. Turn out, garnish with parsley; slice and serve with salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to J. K. Beumley, 124 Summerhill Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.





Delicious Meals...
QUICK and EASY
TASTY and NUTRITIOUS

*Right
off your
Kitchen Shelf!*

Stock up your kitchen shelves with a range of "Imperial" flavour-sealed Canned Foods, and you can forget your meal-planning worries.

Saves time, and saves money, too—pound for pound in choice, tender meat, "Imperial" is tops in value.

Reach down that favourite "Imperial" CAMP PIE, for instance! It's the perfect blend of prime selected meats that you can use in many delicious ways! And "Imperial" Camp Pie is flavour-sealed, to retain fully that true "home-cooked" taste... to give you firm, fine-textured, full-flavoured slices. Try "Imperial"—you can taste the difference!

You can serve "Imperial" Camp Pie in many delicious ways—adding the food value, and the flavour, to hot dishes, salads and "quickie" meals of many kinds



"Imperial" Camp Pie spreads easily... quickly makes zesty meat sandwiches. Add to its delicious flavour with "Imperial" Tomato Sauce.

**A Superb NEW
TOMATO
SAUCE!**

Now "Imperial" brings you something extra special... rich, red tomatoes in a sauce that is new... a sauce that is different.

Rich, thick and spiced to a famous recipe, it's truly a sauce for the connoisseur. Just taste those ripe tomatoes!

**Imperial
TOMATO
SAUCE**



The best canned foods are branded...

Imperial

They're flavour-sealed

PRODUCTS OF AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST FOOD PROCESSING ORGANISATION

Who said you CAN'T afford
an electric washer?

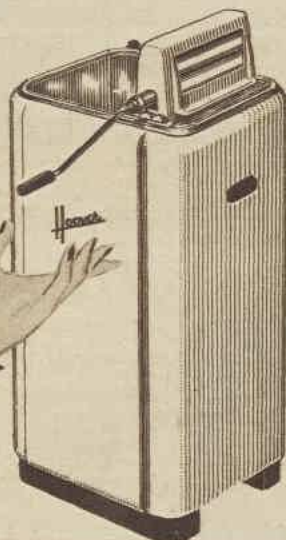
£41.10 (or from
7/6 per week)

is all you pay for your
HOOVER ELECTRIC
WASHING MACHINE

...and money cannot buy better!



Here it is — the wonder of the year... the washing machine that every man can afford to give his wife. Not an unknown manufacturer's product, but a Hoover — a proud, value-for-every-penny Hoover! Made by the same people who bring you the world-famous Hoover Vacuum Cleaner. It's the latest thing in washing machines! It's the lowest price you've ever heard of! It's a reliable, tried and true, all-British Hoover!



COMPLETE
COUPON AND
LEARN MORE
ABOUT IT

1. Does ALL the wash for a big family.
2. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
3. Washes whites in 4 minutes; rayons in 1 minute.
4. Washes cleaner than you can by hand.
5. So gentle because the exclusive Hoover Pulsator doesn't force and stretch the clothes, but pulsates the water through the wash.
6. Tucks away in less than 3 feet of space... gives you more elbow room in the laundry.

...AND IT'S MADE BY

THE MAKERS OF THE
WORLD'S BEST CLEANER

HOOVER

Free!

How to have spare time in washdays.

I am interested in the Hoover plan for easier washdays. Please send me details of the Hoover Washing Machine without obligation. Post to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., in unsealed envelope bearing 1/4 stamp.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

23/9/56.

HW1.WW142

"RAINMAKING CEREMONY," showing a group of aboriginal figures (right), by Mrs. J. O'Neill, won the technological prize at the N.S.W. Society of Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

©

FLOWER arrangement of early blossoms, camellias, and azuleas, by Marion Darlow, called "Promise of Spring," is shown in the picture below.



MADE BY HAND

● Photographs on this page show exhibits from the N.S.W. Society of Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Education Department Galleries, Sydney.

WEAVING, pottery, fabric printing, wrought ironwork, basketmaking, leather work, embroidery, color printing, flower arrangement, and lace were among the handicrafts shown.

Pottery exhibits covered the entire process from the clay to the finished article, including the glazing and firing for which the society has now its own kiln.

Embroidery in the modern manner was another interesting exhibit. Stitches were the basic ones that have persisted for centuries in some cases, but as materials of to-day are not as lasting in quality as the silks and linens of a few generations back, design and the use of color are aimed at, with variety in stitches instead of fine needlework.

Another practical example of embroidery was the use of discarded buttons as an economical trimming. Buttons were sewn on with a frame of leaves in brightly contrasting lazy-daisy stitch and made an attractive suggestion for the trimming of summer frocks.

Church embroidery and vestment making is a craft now taught at the society's Double Bay, Sydney, studio.

Information regarding this and other crafts may be obtained from the Bursar, Mrs. H. C. Stening.

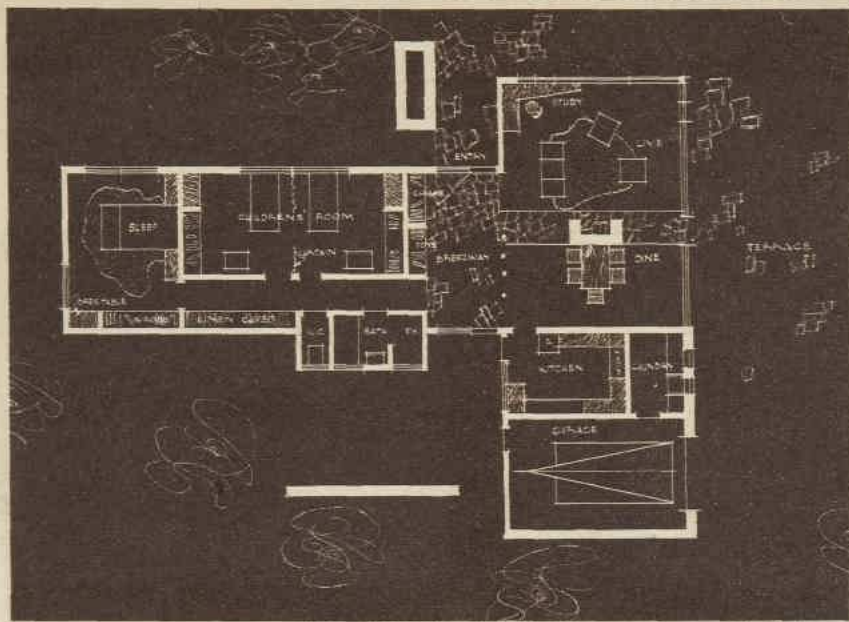
NATIVE REEDS were used by Nancy Davidson for the weaving of cocktail and utility table mats, sandwich, fruit, and picnic baskets.



REMNANTS of material finished with embroidery stitches make the bold designs on this embroidery exhibit, achieved without tedious labor. Basket work at the right was done by first-year students at the society's Double Bay studio.



HOUSE THAT TRAPS SUNSHINE



IN THIS floor plan of a house by Warwick Kells, of North Cremorne, N.S.W., rooms have been arranged to receive the maximum in sunlight and breezes.

THIS three-bedroom family home, designed for a flat, lightly wooded site with the natural foliage preserved, catches air and sun, and fits smoothly into its surroundings.

The designer, Warwick Kells, of North Cremorne, N.S.W., points out that floors are not raised off the ground as is the usual practice, but are built up from a concrete slab.

The division between the house and the site is less defined and so the building becomes a more integral part of its setting.

External walls of the house are of vertical cypress-pine boards. Lacquered clear, the grain and knots of these are shown to best advantage.

The unconventional but effective butterfly roof is built up from a series of bituminous compound layers, finished on top with quartz pebbles.

It is a two-way-pitch roof, sloping towards the centre.

The wide roof projection on the east shelters the glass wall from



VIEW from above of south-west aspect of model of house shows small windows as protection from cold southern winds and hot western sun.

midsummer sun. It is supported by a triangular truss, the lining boards fixed to the underside, the lining then sloping inwards from the eaves fascia to the windowhead.

Part of garage and laundry walls have been constructed of stone which combines pleasantly with timber and glass.

Main entrance door opens on to an informal space, paved with stone,

which serves many uses. It is an entry, a breezeway, a play-space, and, if required, an extension of the living space.

One wall of the breezeway contains cloak-cupboard and toy-storage, opposite is a "wall" of folding glass doors.

North and east walls of the living-dining room are of glass, which admit sunlight from early morning until late in the afternoon.

The central fireplace built of natural stone dominates the living area. It forms a division between living and dining sections.

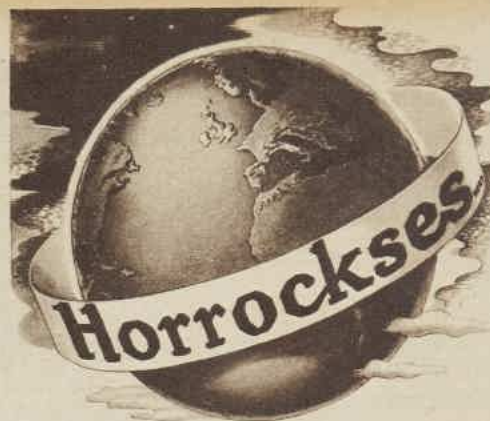
Direct access from kitchen to garden is provided.

In order to keep down costs, the plan shows the two minor bedrooms as one large room for the use of young children. Later, a wall can divide the large room into two identical bedrooms, each having built-in furniture.

A bank of cupboards flanking the passage provides ample room for storage of the odds and ends that every family collects.

Paved terraces have been placed on the north and east for the enjoyment of outdoor living during the warmer months of the year.

NORTH and eastern aspects, showing sunlight streaming through the glass wall of the house. Walls can be opened up for breeze or living-room extended on to patio.



the Greatest Name in Cotton

For over 150 years the name of Horrockses has stood for quality. All over the world their fabrics have brought prestige to that illustrious name . . . which is much . . . and goodwill to their country of origin . . . which is more.

Sheets, Pillowcases, Towels, Dress Goods, Furnishings, Flannelettes, Wincettes, Shirtings, etc.

Makers of "TYMELIN" the all purpose Fabric suitable for schools and uniforms.

Protect your family's health . . .



with this protective food!

Because they are one of the finest foods created by nature—and the perfect protective food—eggs are of special importance to young and growing children. Completely balanced and readily digested they contain—weight for weight—twice as much body-building protein as any other food, including lean, red meat. Eggs also supply other equally vital food elements including all the known vitamins except vitamin C—and every known mineral including blood-forming iron! Ample supplies now available everywhere!

- eggs are **twice** as rich in body-building protein as other foods!
- eggs contain all the known vitamins, except vitamin C!
- eggs contain **every** essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

To prolong freshness store in a cool place

Order Extra EGGS this week!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORIZED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS' COUNCIL

GARDEN TERRACES . . .

● The terrace is an important feature of the modern home. It is a connecting link between the house and the garden, as the verandah used to be, and is often the foreground of an open view. Wherever garden art has felt the Italian influence, terraces have been incorporated in the landscape design.



BIG HOME enhanced by gentle terracing, all steps faced with sandstone flagging. Curved steps give graceful effect.



GRASSY BANK takes place of stone flagging in the terrace wall of this house—an effective treatment.



GRASS JOINTS in stone require little upkeep and make a terrace paving in perfect harmony with the rest of the garden, which is informal in character.



AN OPEN VERANDAH or terrace, with rubble face, has sloping lawns for company here.



THE ITALIAN INFLUENCE is strongly emphasised in this terrace plan, which shows stone balustrades, topiary work, and steps in its formal arrangement.



SUNKEN GARDEN with a low wall gives height to an otherwise flat design. Semi-circular steps in the middle would improve the outline.

IN planning a terrace, house and garden must be taken into consideration. In the great Italian villas the terraces commanded views of the countryside.

In the architectural treatment of their outlines, with balustrades or low walls, they pleasantly combined architecture with plant forms.

Often they were embellished with sculpture, fountains, potted plants, and patterned pavements, and usually they were shaded by large trees.

In Australia, trees play an important part in the planning of terraces, but for the most part, if they are close to the house, shrubs, palms, or small trees are preferred.

This, of course, is largely due to our windy climate and the fact that native trees, anyway, are mostly brittle and provide an element of danger during gales and high winds.

Generally, it can be said, the terrace makes a platform for the house, and thereby adjusts it to its site in a graceful and easy transition.

Furthermore, the terrace, like the unroofed patio, provides another room to the house—

useful whenever it is pleasant enough to sit out of doors. For this reason then the terrace should be arranged in such a way that it provides privacy for the family, but yet is open to the breezes of summer, and partly hemmed in by the house so that it catches the warm sunlight in winter and springtime.

The size and proportions of a terrace are largely governed by the bulk of the house, the size of the ground, and the depth of one's purse. One has to consider, too, how it works in with the general plan, its relation to the lawn, the garden, and the house.

The house terrace may be raised above surrounding land by a wall or bank; it may be level with the lawn, the separation being made merely by the edge of the pavement; or it may be sunk below the adjacent ground.

In every case the terrace floor should slope slightly away from the house, and the surface water collected in drains or outlets at the outer rim.

The floor can be treated in a number of ways—flagging to match the stonework of the house; smooth turf; gravel or small pebble surface bricks; colored concrete slabs; or large tiles.

In our climate it will invariably be found that a large area of concrete or flagging just outside the house can become uncomfortably hot in summer. If only part of the terrace is flagged or paved, and it is shaded by large trees, summer heat will be greatly reduced.

If the house is built upon the side of a hill the job of constructing a terrace will be simplified, and in most cases it will be found necessary to step or ramp a considerable portion of the land, facing the edges with stonework to keep the soil in position as well as to add to the general appearance of the finished job.

A long, unbroken masonry wall should be broken up into bays by buttresses or semi-circular steps, or even stone-faced ramps, or long, wide steps.

Vines clinging to the walls, or crevices left in the rocks for small plants of a creeping or semi-trailing habit, will impart a softness of texture in pleasing contrast to the masonry.

Because of the importance of ridding terraces of rainwater promptly, drain inlets should be placed at frequent intervals. On a terrace 80 or 100 feet long, four to six inlets at the outer margin should be sufficient to carry off the surplus water of a storm. The ground surface should slope toward the drain inlets.

In some cases, where terracing is out of the question on the score of expense, an evenly sloping bank, simply treated, will prove appropriate, and will function as well as a retaining wall. The advantages of the wall are its architectural character, its economy of space, and its permanence.

The advantages of a bank are its more natural character and economy of construction costs.

Banks sloping down from a terrace or up from a terrace may be planted with interesting ground-cover plants to prevent erosion.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

639

641

642

643

644



Needlework Notions

NO. 639.—SMALL BOY'S SUIT

A tailored two-piece for the growing lad, cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth, in natural, blue, lemon, or green. Pocket traced ready to embroider. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., price 7/3, postage 10½d.; length 19in., 3 yrs., price 7/11, postage 10½d.; length 20in., 4 yrs., price 8/2, postage 11½d.; length 22in., 5-6 yrs., price 8/11, postage 11½d.

NO. 640.—THREE KIDS

Traced ready to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue; or on sheer linen in pastel shades of pink, blue, lemon, and white. Prices: Crepe-de-chine, No. 1, 2/3 (complete with ribbon), postage 3½d.; Nos. 2 and 3, 1/9 each, postage 2½d.; Linen, No. 1, 1/11 (complete with ribbon), postage 3½d.; Nos. 2 and 3, 2/8 each, postage 3½d.

NO. 641.—TABLE CENTRE

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and sheer linen in lemon, blue, pink, green, and white. Also an organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Measures 11in. x 17in. Prices: Linen 4/11, postage 4½d.; organdie 3/3, postage 4½d.

NOS. 642 AND 643.—PRETTY APRONS
Dainty aprons cut out ready to make in floral cutlin, in tonings of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Prices: No. 642, 5/11, postage 6½d.; No. 643, 7/11, postage 10½d.

NO. 644.—HOUSE FROCK
House frock with turn-back collar and large pockets. It is obtainable cut out ready to make in checked cotton gingham, in red and white, blue and white, or green and white. Sizes: 32-34in. bust, price 26/8; 36-38in. bust, price 28/9. Postage 2/3 for both sizes.

• When ordering Needlework Notions please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6150.—Floral one-piece, with puff sleeves, moulded bodice, and full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Special pattern price, 1/6.

F6050.—Tailored shorts. Sizes 26 to 32in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6042.—Maternity frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. plain material, and 2yds. contrast material. Price, 1/11.

F6151.—Tennis frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6152.—Frock with matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material for frock, and 1½yds. 36in. material for jacket. Price, 2/8.

F6153.—One-piece suitable for plaid cotton material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on Page 27.

Everyone can
afford the
luxury of...



Erin-Art

SCALLOPED
SHEETS
AND
EMBROIDERED
PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality linen-finished sheetings, Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, either hemstitched or scalloped, or plain if you prefer. Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style.

NO. 1-38



YOU
need a Holiday!

Work and responsibility prevent many much needed holidays. When you're feeling run-down, nervous, tired, but just can't get away, do the next best thing—take Wincarnis, the famous nerve and brain building tonic. Wincarnis has proved a God-send to countless men and women unable to get away for a rest. Thousands of recommendations from the medical profession support its amazing nerve-strengthening and energy-restoring powers.

Made from the choicest full-bodied wines, carefully blended, and special nourishing ingredients, Wincarnis just can't help doing you good. Start taking it right away. Ask your Chemist for Wincarnis—the Wins of Life.

Pimples Go

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Ringworm and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



Pictured here are just a few of the dependable NYAL medicines that you know so well. Like the remainder of the series, each of those illustrated is manufactured by the most modern methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists. Shown here are Nyal Antacid Powder (2/6), Nyal Milk of Magnesia (1/9, 2/9), Nyal Fruit Laxative (2/-), Nyal Creophos (3/-, 5/6, 7/-), Nyal Baby Cough Syrup (2/-, 3/-), and Nyal Figen (1/9).

Manufactured in the same laboratories and with the same exacting care as are the well-known Nyal medicines, these equally dependable NYAL Toilet Products provide you with a series of high-grade everyday products for your personal use. Kwik Tan Sun Oil (2/3), Kwik Tan Cream (2/-), Nyal Baby Powder (1/6), Nyal Baby Oil (1/6), Nyal Baby Soap (1/-), and Nyal Camphor Ice (1/6).



What every Mother should know about buying Medicines



More and more mothers are coming to realise that, in buying medicines, the name "NYAL" is their best guarantee of dependability. Why? Because, first of all, only the best drugs obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL medicines. They are compounded by the most modern methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. For your protection, the formula of every NYAL medicine is plainly printed on the package. That's why you should make the name "NYAL" your guide whenever buying a medicine.

Sold only by Chemists

NYAL
FAMILY MEDICINES